

# MODERN SCREEN

NOVEMBER

32



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Dietrich



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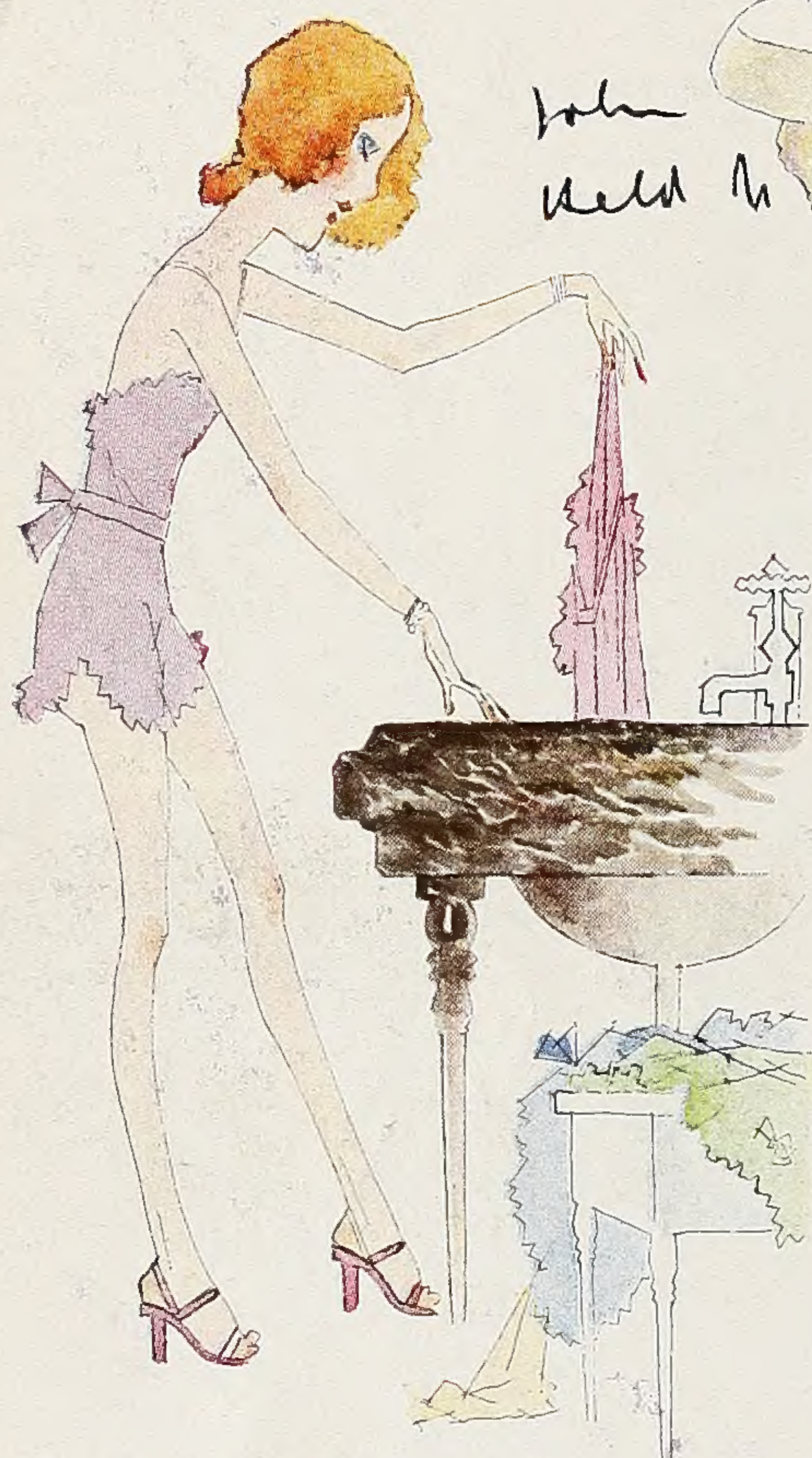
**WHAT'S REALLY HAPPENED TO GARBO**



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# CLARA BOW

IN

## **CALL HER SAVAGE**

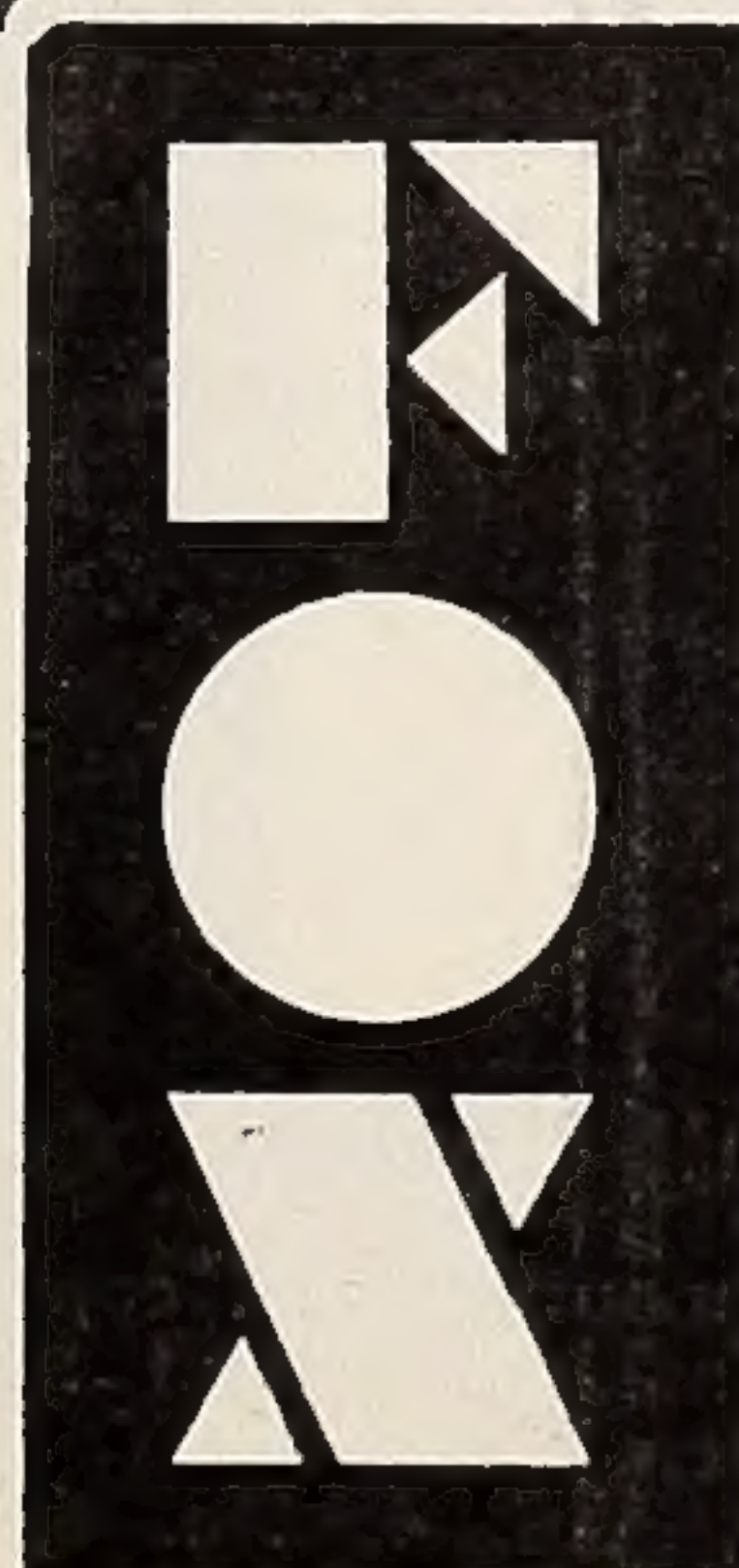
Best-seller by Tiffany Thayer

**SHE'S BACK!  
A GREATER  
CLARA BOW!**

The most important picture announcement of the current year. The answer to the overwhelming world-wide Public Demand for another Clara Bow picture.

Here she is! A New and Greater Clara Bow—revealing an amazing and brilliant dramatic ability, giving a performance that places her high among the screen's greatest emotional actresses.

Another triumph for FOX.





These famous authors  
give you their very best



**Booth Tarkington**, whose name stands at the very tip-top of American story writers, pens with his particular genius, humor and understanding, an open letter which deals with one of the greatest problems facing the movie industry today. Only Booth Tarkington can treat such a subject with such a delightful combination of intelligence and charm.



**Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt**, although not an author in the strict sense of the word, is famous for the searching qualities of her mind and her zeal in questions devoted to social service. Mrs. Roosevelt gives you her views on just what effect the movies are having on us as a nation today. What she has to say on this subject is bound to get your interest.



**Faith Baldwin**, whose name certainly needs no introduction to readers of Modern Screen, gives you a fascinating story on Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell. Everyone knows that Janet and Charlie make the perfect screen couple—the perfect Mr. and Mrs. as Miss Baldwin puts it. But not everyone reads into this histrionic perfection the charming and romantic idea which this author does.

And Jack Jamison, Lowell Thomas, Adele Whitely Fletcher, Virginia T. Lane, Walter Ramsey, Franc Dillon, Curtis Mitchell, and—as usual—our own beauty whiz, la Biddle.

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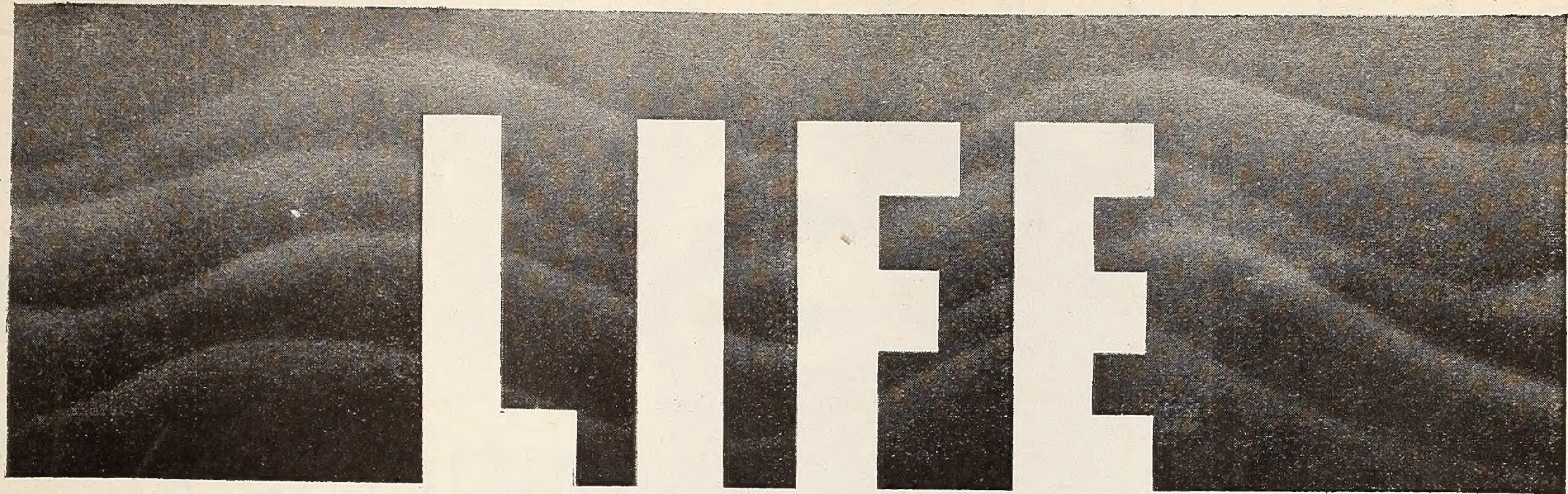
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Ernest V. Heyn, Editor

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Published monthly and copyrighted 1932 by Dell Publishing Company, Incorporated. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; H. Meyer, Vice-President; M. Delacorte, Secretary. Vol. 4, No. 6, November, 1932. Printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States, \$1.20 a year, 10c a copy. Canadian subscriptions, \$1.70 a year. Foreign subscriptions, \$2.20 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.





## • New York hails a new hit!

**"Life Begins" draws greatest critical ovation in years on Broadway. Read every word of these sensational opinions by famous critics—for every word says "You must see it!"**

"A film for all the women of all the world. And for every man born of woman, too. Startling, tensely dramatic, would wring weeps from a stone god—or a living one ... 'Life Begins' fulfills every promise, every hope."

*N. Y. American*

"Warner Brothers develop a new idea ... 'Life Begins' ... ought to be seen."

*Arthur Brisbane  
in his column "Today"*

"A true, simple masterpiece of motion picture drama . . . It is a great photoplay . . ."

*N. Y. Journal*

"Ought to make Hollywood sit up and respect itself."

*N. Y. Post*

"A searching human document that will stir the heart and mind and soul of every man and woman who views it . . . will linger in the memory of everyone long after most pictures have been forgotten."

*Film Daily*

"Refreshing, terrifying, astounding."

*Hollywood Reporter*

"Four stars . . . Film epic . . . Genuinely dramatic film."

*N. Y. News*

"Strong drama, powerful pathos, rich humor, everything which goes to make an entertaining movie went into this one."

*N. Y. Mirror*

**"'Life Begins' turns all eyes to  
WARNER BROS."**

*— N. Y. American*



With Loretta Young . . . Eric Linden . . . Aline McMahon . . . Preston Foster . . . Glenda Farrell  
Directed by James Flood . . . Co-directed by Elliott Nugent . . . A First National Picture



# BEAUTY ADVICE

Carol Lombard's hands are like herself—slim, well-groomed, lovely. But they wouldn't remain so if she didn't take care of them—oh, no, indeed! They could quickly become grubby, rough and most unattractive as to fingernails if she didn't use a lotion and a hand cream and give those lustrous nails ten minutes' care a day + + +

**Y**OU don't mind if I do a little weeping on your shoulder this month, do you? I'm all upset on account of the condition of the American hand. The American feminine hand. I almost never see a pretty one. And I want you to understand that I'm not screaming for small, perfectly shaped hands either. I mean just nicely groomed, white, soft hands and pretty, lustrous nails. Most hands I see are either ill-kept or old-looking or both. Even ladies of great wealth and high degree are so frantically pursuing outdoor sports these days that their hands look fifty years old when they're twenty-five.

The ladies on the Continent have the right idea. There, a lovely hand is important. Perhaps that's because a Frenchman or an Italian will pay compliments to a pretty hand, while an American gentleman doesn't give a whoop, as long as a rudimentary cleanliness is observed. But please, ladee-eez of the society for better looking manual extremities, let us, in the name of beauty, give more attention to our hands.

We'll sit down at our dressing tables and admit a lot of things: we'll admit that our hands are not small; that they're not particularly well-shaped; that the fingers are stubby at the ends, perhaps, instead of beautifully tapering. *And we'll admit that all those things don't really matter.* Then we'll admit some things that do matter: that the skin has a rough, granular look; that the cuticle is something terrible; that the nails are filed in the wrong

By  
*Mary Biddle*

Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She'll be delighted to help you in working them out. You may write more than once if you like. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. Enclose a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope, please

about the grooming. So draw up your chairs, everybody.

**F**IRST, washing. Never use very cold or very hot water to wash your hands. Tepid water is best. Never use a soap that you wouldn't use on your face. Use a soap that is free from animal fats. Use a nail brush, not only on the nails, but on your whole hand. Yes, go on, scrub 'em well—it won't hurt you. It'll scour away a lot of dead tissue that causes so many hands to look rough. It stimulates circulation, too, and takes away the coldness and clamminess you find so disagreeable in a handshake. Dry your hands (Continued on page 89)

Hands! Learn  
these simple  
rules to keep them  
lovely. Other hints,  
too, in profusion

shape; that the tips of the nails have a grayish look, although one couldn't actually call them dirty; and that the polish we are wearing is too bright and too red for our mode of life.

If you look about among your favorite movie stars, you'll find precious few truly beautiful hands, as classic beauty is judged. Constance Bennett and Dolores Del Rio are the only stars I can think of at the moment who have the tiny, slender, tapering hands poets rave about. But you'll never see an ill-groomed hand among the movie stars! They're all lovely with the loveliness that care and time can give. Most of them show character. I'm thinking of Ruth Chatterton's expressive hands, which are not beautiful according to the artist's standards. And Joan Crawford's, which look so strong. But I'll leave the character part of it to you and talk



# They looked at her hands ...and pictured her scrubbing the floor

Yet now red, rough hands can be  
made beautifully smooth and white  
... in only 3 days!

HER GOWN was an exclusive model. But her hands were those of a kitchen drudge. They ruined her smartness—her charm—completely.

How often this happens! Yet how foolish—how needless—to let it! Though you do housework, play golf, work in the garden, run a car or a typewriter, your hands can still be satin-smooth—enchantly, alluringly soft and lovely. All they need is a little simple care.

Keep a bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream handy. Smooth a little on the hands after they have been in water—and *always* at night. In three days you will marvel at the difference. Hands once more become delightfully smooth and white. Every trace of roughness and redness goes. You'll be so delighted that you'll decide to use Hinds *always* to keep your hands looking their prettiest.



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Hands become coarse and work-worn because the natural, softening, skin-beautifying oils dry out. Hinds restores these precious oils. It is not a thick, gummy, drying jelly but a delicate, chiffon-weight cream that seems to melt right into the pores. Instantly the tense, dry, drawn feeling vanishes. Almost before your eyes you can see roughness and redness begin to fade—new satin-smoothness appear. Hinds dries naturally. Just a few seconds and it's absorbed, leaving an invisible "second skin" to protect the hands.

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# HINDS *honey and almond* CREAM





WALLACE FORD RELAYS SOME  
EXCELLENT IDEAS ON THE PER-  
FECT SUNDAY BREAKFAST TO

# THE MODERN HOSTESS

**T**HE modern symbol of financial independence is a second cup of coffee on week-day mornings! Most of us just don't have time for a second cup. We gulp the first frantically, hoping wildly that we won't "be late." Unless you are one of those rare individuals who can manage to get up early—early enough to really *enjoy* breakfast *every* day of the week—you are pretty well reconciled by now to the fact that breakfast can not be a leisurely, civilized, friendly sort of an affair except on Sunday.

For a long time now, in our house, breakfast and lunch have been combined on Sundays into one meal, affectionately referred to as "brunch." We were delighted to have Wallace Ford tell us that this Sunday breakfast-and-lunch combination is an established custom in the Ford household, too. Wallace admitted that he never got up on Sunday until around noon. "And," said he, "in my opinion Sunday morning breakfast is one of the

Wallace Ford's favorite fruit for breakfast is a naturally sweet grapefruit covered with a little maraschino juice. And, if you cannot obtain the naturally sweet grapefruit you can learn from this article how to properly prepare the ordinary type. And read what Wallace says about fried eggs. Your menfolk will agree with him.

pleasantest meals of the week, with that 'nothing to do till to-morrow' feeling and none of that week-day rush to get to the studio on time.

"Sunday breakfast should be a luxurious affair," continued Wallace. "It should be eaten under the most attractive conditions and amid the

most comfortable surroundings. For instance, if you have a fire burning in the living room, I am all for having breakfast served in front of the fire."

"What is your idea of a good Sunday breakfast?" we asked Mr. Ford.

"Well," replied Wallace, "of course I like to start off with some kind of chilled fruit. Grapefruit, unsweetened except for a little maraschino juice poured over it, is my favorite."

(Here we made a mental note to warn you that if you try this you want to be sure that the grapefruit is naturally sweet. You know, out in California where the fruit can be allowed to ripen on the trees, it is naturally considerably sweeter than much of what is on sale in distant cities. So if your market cannot supply you with reasonably sweet grapefruit, add sugar and then set the fruit away in the refrigerator, over night or at least for several hours, to chill thoroughly. Then pour over the maraschino cherry juice just before serving and place a cherry in the center to add an especially decorative touch.)

**N**EXT to grapefruit what do you like?" we continued. "Sliced oranges, or peaches and cream, or an unusual sort of apple concoction which I've never had outside of my own home. It is a cross between apple sauce and glacéed apples, retaining the best features of each."

(We're delighted to tell you that you'll find the recipe for this Wallace Ford apple dish on one of this month's recipe cards—see the coupon in lower left hand corner of this page. Very worth having it is, too, we found. We gave it to the children for dessert as well as to the adults for breakfast, and how they all loved it!)

"Then, after the fruit—?"

"Usually eggs in some form (Continued on page 113)

## MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT  
MODERN SCREEN Magazine  
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for November—at absolutely no cost to me.

Name.....  
(Print in Pencil)

Address.....  
(Street and Number)

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(City) (State)



# UNIVERSAL SCORES AGAIN!

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STANFORD

DALRYMPLE  
TULANE

CARIDEO  
NOTRE DAME

BOOTH  
YALE

SCHWARTZ  
NOTRE DAME

CAGLE  
ARMY

“THE  
ALL AMERICAN”

with RICHARD ARLEN  
Andy Devine, James Gleason, Gloria Stuart  
and 1931 All America team

BAKER  
U.S.C.

SCHWEGELER  
WASHINGTON

YARR  
NOTRE DAME

MUNN  
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SHAYER  
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RILEY  
NORTHWESTERN

CAIN  
ALABAMA

PINCKERT  
U.S.C.

QUATSE  
PITTSBURGH

ORSI  
COLGATE

Never before such a cast in such a mile-a-minute football play. **The Greatest Grid-Iron STARS in history!** They never played together in college but they give you *the greatest football game in history* on the screen and you can see and hear it all in closeup at your favorite theatre.

Directed by RUSSELL MACK  
Presented by CARL LAEMMLE  
Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

APPROVED BY THE ALL AMERICA BOARD OF FOOTBALL

## Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

Carl Laemmle  
President

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



# THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Pictures)

Why spend time and money on pictures that you won't enjoy? Read these brief reviews before picking a show—then you'll surely have a good time

**THE AGE OF CONSENT** (Radio)—A true (well, pretty true) picture of modern college life. The young people in the cast are excellent—Richard Cromwell, Arline Judge and the newcomer—who was a stenographer, Dorothy Wilson. **Good—but we'll leave it for mothers to decide whether or not they want their children to see it.**

**AIRMAIL** (Universal)—A fast-moving, thrilling action film. Ralph Bellamy, Slim Summerville, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart and Lilian Bond are in the cast. **Good—couldn't be improved upon for the children.**

**AMERICAN MADNESS** (Columbia)—Walter Huston is, as usual, excellent in this story of a bank president who does the right thing for the depression. Pat O'Brien, Constance Cummings and your old favorite, Kay Johnson, are in it, too. **Good—the children will like parts of it.**

**AS YOU DESIRE ME** (M-G-M)—Just in case there is any mortal left who hasn't seen this—it's Garbo's latest and it's very fine, too. A romantic story, as replete with glamor as Garbo herself. **Excellent—but not particularly suitable for young folks.**

**BACK STREET** (Universal)—Fannie Hurst's story, which proves that the primrose path can be as dull and dreary as more respectable thoroughfares. An appealing and rather sad love affair is sympathetically enacted by Irene Dunne and John Boles. **Good—children may enjoy parts of it, particularly those which take place in the era of the horse-cars.**

**BIG CITY BLUES** (Warners)—Joan Blondell and Eric Linden team up very nicely in this story about an on-the-level chorine and an innocent country boy who gets involved in a murder. **Good—children will like it.**

**BIRD OF PARADISE** (Radio)—All about the beautiful native princess and the American chap who falls in love with her and the taboos which prevent the happy ending. Dolores Del Rio is the princess and Joel McCrea is the American chap. **Good—the story won't appeal to the children very much, but the native scenes will.**

**BLESSED EVENT** (Warners)—Lee Tracy is a columnist who'll do practically anything to "scoop" a bit of scandalous gossip for his paper and Mary Brian is the girl who heartily disapproves of his job and the way he runs it until—. **Good—the children won't understand it all but Lee Tracy will amuse them.**

**BLONDE VENUS** (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich's latest—in which she sacrifices practically everything for her child. She wears gorgeous clothes and the Dietrich legs are once more in evidence. Herbert Marshall is most attractive as her leading man and Dickie Moore is his usual adorable self. **Excellent—but youngsters won't care for it much.**

**BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES** (M-G-M)—Marion Davies, Robert Montgomery and Billie Dove in an amusing farce comedy which allows our Marion to be as funny as only she can be. **Good—take the children because great parts of it will entertain them.**

**BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE** (Radio)—Be sure to see this most thrilling animal picture. It tells of Frank Buck's adventures in the jungles of Asia. Most realistic and exciting. **Excellent—be sure to take the young folks.**

**CABIN IN THE COTTON** (First National)—Dick Barthelmess and Bette Davis in story of the South. **Fair—okay for the kids.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

**CHANDU THE MAGICIAN** (Fox)—Edmund Lowe and Bela Lugosi in a thrilling mystery story. **Very good—the kids will be thrilled.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

**CONDEMNED TO DEATH** (First Division)—English mystery drama, well directed and well acted by an English cast. **Good—exciting enough to entertain the children.**

**CONGORILLA** (Fox)—Another animal picture that you mustn't miss. It's the camera record of the Martin Johnsons' big game hunt in the African jungle. **Excellent—splendid for the younger generation.**

**CONGRESS DANCES** (United Artists)—A delightful bit of fluff. It's a costume comedy, filmed abroad, and in the cast is a charming young person named Lilian Harvey. You'll like the music. **Very good—not much in it for the youngsters, though.**

**THE CRASH** (Warner Bros.)—Ruth Chatterton and George Brent in far-fetched depression story. **Poor—children will be bored.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

**THE DARK HORSE** (First National)—Political comedy, amusingly acted by Warren William, Bette Davis and Guy Kibbee. **Very good—but the children won't care for it.**

**THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP** (Paramount)—A half-mad naval commander (Charles Laughton) suspects his lovely young wife (Tallulah Bankhead) of being in love with every attractive young man she sees. His insane suspicions finally focus on Gary Cooper and near-tragedy results. **Good—but send the children to something else.**

**DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY** (M-G-M)—Jackie Cooper and Lewis Stone as two characters who depict the havoc that divorce can do to a father and son. **Very good—children will like parts of it.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

**THE DOOMED BATTALION** (Universal)—A story centering around that part of the Great War which was fought in the Tyrolean Alps. Victor Varconi, Luis Trenker and Tala Birell are in it. **Good—children will find the action scenes thrilling.**

**DOWN TO EARTH** (Fox)—Will Rogers as Pike Peters again. And Irene Rich as his wife. Pike loses his money in this one. And utters many homely philosophies. Rogers' dry humor will amuse you. **Very good—couldn't be better suited to the youngsters' tastes.**

**DOWNSTAIRS** (M-G-M)—John Gilbert, his real-life wife, Virginia Bruce, and Paul Lukas in a story Jack wrote himself. John—you'll be surprised—plays the villain and does it well, too. **Good—but not for children.**

**DR. X** (First National)—These pseudo-scientific stories aren't quite as blood-chilling as they were back in the old "Frankenstein" days. But this one has some good acting by Lionel Atwill and Lee Tracy. **Good—not for children, however.**

**FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD** (Warners)—Joe E. Brown, torn between his love for baseball and blondes, is very funny. **Good—splendid for the kids.**

**THE FIRST YEAR** (Fox)—Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell are married in this one. And, oh dear, what minor tragedies they do suffer! But everything works out all right finally. A most appealing little story. And do watch for Leila Bennett, the colored maid who "washes best." **Excellent—take the children with you.**

**FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS** (Paramount)—The only thing notable about this is some good acting by Marguerite Churchill and several scenes from the silent "Ten Commandments" which you may enjoy seeing for sentimental reasons. Gene Raymond and Sari Maritza are in it, too, but they have little opportunity to prove their ability. **Poor.**

**FREAKS** (M-G-M)—This department can't quite see why anyone should want to see the poor, deformed scraps of humanity who make up the circus side-show. But you can if you want to and we must grant that the picture is authentic and well done. **Good of its kind—but don't dream of taking the children.**

**FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY** (Pathé)—A corking Western with Tom Keene. **Very good—especially for the children.**

**GRAND HOTEL** (M-G-M)—This is practically a classic by now. If you haven't seen it, by all means do so. Its cast includes Garbo, Crawford, Lionel and John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Jean Hersholt and Lewis Stone. **Excellent—but the young folks would probably be bored.**

**HELL'S HIGHWAY** (Radio)—Richard Dix and Tom Brown in chain gang picture. **Excellent—but a little gruesome for the kids.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

**HIS ROYAL SHYNESS** (Educational)—One of the entertaining Andy Clyde comedies. In this one, Andy dreams that he's king. **Good—fine for children.**

**HOLD 'EM JAIL** (Radio)—Wheeler and Woolsey are framed into jail because the prison football team needs new material. With this beautifully crazy idea to start with. Wheeler and Woolsey work up some hilarious comedy. Edna May Oliver is in it, too. **Good—fine for the youngsters.**

**HORSE FEATHERS** (Paramount)—The Four Marx Brothers inherit a college. And if the possibilities opened up by that statement don't inspire you to go and see the picture, then you're no true Marx-fancier. **Excellent—and, we beg you take the children.**

**IGLOO** (Universal)—An Eskimo picture, very artistically done. The native cast is splendid. **Excellent—entertaining and educational for the children.**

**IS MY FACE RED?** (Radio)—Ricardo Cortez plays a philandering columnist. Helen Twelvetrees and Jill Esmond are in it, too. **Good—not for children, however.**

**LADY AND GENT** (Paramount)—George Bancroft plays a strong-willed prize-fighter and Wynne Gibson a night club singer with a heart of gold. **Good—but the children wouldn't like it.**

**LETTY LYNTON** (M-G-M)—Joan Crawford, Bob Montgomery and Nils Asther in a story—but you've probably seen it already. If you haven't, we advise you to do so, because all three of these players are excellent and the story is unusual. **Very good—too sophisticated for the kids, however.**

**LIFE BEGINS** (First National)—Loretta Young and Eric Linden against a background of a maternity hospital. **Very good—children will be bored.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

**LOVE ME TONIGHT** (Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald in another musical romance. **Very good—but not the sort of thing that will amuse the tots.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

**MAKE ME A STAR** (Paramount)—"Merton of the Movies" in talkie form. Stuart Erwin is excellent as Merton. Joan Blondell is the girl. **Very good—children will love it.**

**MERRILY WE GO TO HELL** (Paramount)—Don't let the name keep you away, because it's just a gag that Fredric March keeps pulling throughout the picture. You'll enjoy March's acting, and Sylvia Sydney's and Adrienne Ames', even though the story is none too original. **Good—but take the children some other day.**

**MILLION DOLLAR LEGS** (Paramount)—An amusing lot of nonsense with Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Andy Clyde and Lyda Roberti. **Good—fine for the kids.**

**THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME** (Radio)—Fay Wray and Joel McCrea in gruesome, man-hunt story. **Very good—but you'd better consider before taking the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

**THE MOUTHPIECE** (Warners)—Warren William as a crooked lawyer, Sidney Fox as his innocent little typist and Aline McMahon as his wise secretary are all very good. **Very good—but not for the children.**



**MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE** (United Artists)—Doug Fairbanks as a wealthy chap who goes to live on a desert island for a bet. **Very good for everybody.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

**MOVIE CRAZY** (Paramount)—Why doesn't Harold Lloyd make more pictures? This is grand—very funny and refreshingly clean. Constance Cummings is good. **Excellent—perfect for the kids.**

**MY PAL THE KING** (Universal)—Tom Mix and Tony let loose in a mythical country. **Very good—especially for the kids.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

**NEW MORALS FOR OLD** (M-G-M)—The second generation crops again, in the persons of Robert Young and Margaret Perry, to do battle with the older generation as impersonated delightfully by Lewis Stone and Laura Hope Crewes. **Good—there's a lesson in it for the young folks.**

**NIGHT MAYOR** (Columbia)—Lee Tracy, Evalyn Knapp and Don Dillaway in a story supposedly based upon a famous political figure now in the limelight. **Excellent—children won't be especially interested.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

**OKAY AMERICA** (Universal)—Lew Ayres goes Walter Winchell. **Very good—some of it will amuse the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

**THE OLD DARK HOUSE** (Universal)—Mystery horror thriller. There's a big—and excellent cast which includes Boris Karloff. **Good—better not take very young children although the older ones might safely be allowed to see it.**

**ONCE IN A LIFETIME** (Universal)—Sidney Fox, Jack Oakie, Aline MacMahon in comedy with Hollywood background. **Excellent—okay for kids.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

**ONE HOUR WITH YOU** (Paramount)—Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, with Genevieve Tobin, Charles Ruggles and Roland Young in the supporting cast. Gay, light-hearted and frothy—and some nice tunes. **Excellent—but the children would be bored.**

**PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES** (Roach-M-G-M)—Laurel and Hardy go feature length again. This time in something or other about adopting a couple of kids. **Fair—okay for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

**PROSPERITY** (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran are friendly enemies again. Marie gets the civic betterment bug in this one. Anita Page and Wallace Ford supply the love interest. **Excellent—by all means take the children.**

**THE PURCHASE PRICE** (First National)—A night club dancer, trying to escape her past, marries a stern son of the soil. In other words, Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent, playing characters from vastly different modes of life, try to find romance. Eventually, they do, but not until they have suffered many trials and tribulations. **Good—parts of it may prove amusing to the kids.**

**RADIO PATROL** (Universal)—All about the policemen who chase around after crime in their little radio cars. **Very exciting.** Robert Armstrong, James Gleason and Lila Lee are in it. **Good—fine for the children.**

**RAIN** (United Artists)—Joan Crawford is superb as Sadie Thompson. So is Walter Huston as the hypocritical Reverend Davidson. And a splendid cast adds to this picture's merit—William Gargan, Guy Kibbee, Matt Moore and Beulah Bondi. **Excellent—but don't take the children.**

**REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM** (Fox)—Well, it's awfully sentimental. But somehow we think a great many people who have read this children's classic and have seen Mary Pickford in the silent version won't mind the sentimentality. Marian Nixon is a winsome Rebecca. And Ralph Bellamy is most attractive as the doctor. The two aunts are played delightfully by Mae Marsh and Louise Closser Hale. **Excellent—children, particularly little girls, will be crazy about it.**

**RED HEADED WOMAN** (M-G-M)—Jean Harlow does the finest work of her career as Lil Andrews, the girl from the wrong side of the tracks who makes up her mind to "get somewhere in this world." She does! And if her means are sometimes more foul than fair, let's give Jean great credit for her relentlessly realistic interpretation of Lil. Chester Morris, Una Merkel, Lewis Stone and Leila Hyams are also in it. **Excellent—but send the children to some other picture.**

**THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US** (Warners)—Ruth Chatterton, George Brent, Bette Davis and a capable cast. The story is about a woman who remains a devoted friend of her husband even after she has divorced him. A nice sophisticated play. **Good—but too "talkie" for the children.**

**ROADHOUSE MURDER** (Radio)—Dorothy Jordan and Eric Linden in a thrilling film about a young newspaper man who is so eager to get real news that he almost has a murder charge against him. Perhaps a bit unconvincing in spots, but exciting just the same. **Good—all right for the children.**

**ROAR OF THE DRAGON** (Radio)—We've seldom seen a more beautiful girl than Gwili Andre. As for her acting—well, we won't judge her on one picture. Richard Dix is his usual attractive self. **Good—boys will enjoy the action scenes, of which there are many.**

**SCARFACE** (United Artists)—The last—and one of the best—of the gangster films. Paul Muni, George Raft, Ann Dvorak and Karen Morley. **Very Good—but not for the children.**



## "Surprised to see how far it goes," says Baltimore woman

"I HAD been buying the small box of Rinso until the last time I got the large package, and I was more than surprised to see how far it would go. It did my week's wash consisting of:

- |                 |                               |
|-----------------|-------------------------------|
| 3 bed spreads   | 11 dish towels                |
| 7 bureau scarfs | 27 handkerchiefs              |
| 1 doily         | 8 children's dresses          |
| 8 face cloths   | 4 children's nightclothes     |
| 8 napkins       | 6 children's underwear        |
| 12 pillow cases | 14 shirts                     |
| 6 sheets        | 6 pairs socks                 |
| 4 table cloths  | 4 nightgowns                  |
| 12 towels       | 7 men's underwear             |
|                 | 11 pairs children's stockings |

"Besides that I washed down the wood-work, sinks and tubs 3 times and washed dishes 17 times."

Mrs. R. E. Martin  
Baltimore, Md.

Rinso is a most economical soap. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—even in hardest water. No bar soaps, chips or softeners needed.

### Great for tub washing, too

Rinso's thick, lively suds soak out dirt—save scrubbing and boiling. Clothes last longer this "no scrub" way. Colors keep their brightness much longer, too. And how wonderfully easy Rinso is on the hands!

Get the BIG package of Rinso today. Use it for dishes—and for *all* cleaning. See what a lot of work one box will do for you!

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.,  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Millions use Rinso  
—it's so easy on the hands



(Continued on page 122)



VOL. 1, NO. 9

HOLLYWOOD, OCTOBER, 1932

SUPPLEMENTARY  
SECTION

## BERN'S SUICIDE BRINGS TRAGEDY TO HOLLYWOOD

**Jean Harlow Widowed After  
Two Months. Bern Sixth  
of Family to End Own Life**

He was known, you know, as one of the kindest men in Hollywood. And one of the most cultured. He married the lovely Jean Harlow after a single week's courtship—but there had been a long, long friendship between the two. When he ended his own life by a bullet through the head on either the night of September 4 or the morning of September 5, he left this note to his wife. "Dearest Dear: Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you and to wipe out my abject humiliation. I love you, Paul." A postscript said: "You understand last night was only a comedy."

Jean had gone to spend the night with her mother, her own father being away on a fishing trip. She became hysterical with grief when she heard of the suicide. The disparity in their ages—Bern was forty-two and Jean is twenty-one—was hinted at as having preyed on his mind. And there may have been some inherited suicidal tendency, for Bern was the sixth member of his family to take his own life.

We are deeply sorry that this good and brilliant man has gone. And to his widow, we extend our sincere sympathy.

Incidentally, MODERN SCREEN wishes to state that the section containing the story, "Jean Harlow's Wardrobe," on page 56 of this issue, had gone to press before the unhappy suicide took place and no substitution could possibly be made.

## Joan Crawford Worried About Her Screen Lip Make-Up

You know how Joan Crawford's lips have changed in recent pictures? Become more, well—sex-appealish? Joan's kinda worried about the reception that the fans are giving to this particular make-up stunt. She is afraid that they don't like it.

Anyway she wants the fans to know that she had to do it for the particular rôles that she was portraying and that it may never be necessary again.

## John Gilbert Building a Special Wing for Wife Virginia

John Gilbert is going to do things right for his new bride, Virginia Bruce. The star has given orders for a special wing to be built on his up-to-now bachelor residence. The special wing will be for Virginia's very own.

Incidentally, we were surprised that no talk of a honeymoon for the two had been forthcoming. But now comes the news that John and Virginia will have a honeymoon soon. In China. Original?



## George Raft and Milla Sonde New Player, Romancing

**Has George Raft Succumbed  
At Last? Looks That Way. And  
What a Charmer the Lady Is**

Remember how George Raft, when questioned about women, once said, "I've been married, but I'm not now." And how he rather gave the impression that, well, while he was by no means a woman-hater, he was sort of watching his step as far as serious romance went.

But there seems to have been a change—at least, all indications permt that way.

For Georgie seems to have fallen for a gal by the name of Milla Sonde—and fallen hard. Better watch the papers for wedding announcements. Milla, incidentally, has just signed a long-term contract with good old Columbia. You'll be seeing the lady on the screen a lot.

## Riza Royce Drops Suit Against Marlene Dietrich

The famous alienation of affections suit which startled the nation not so long ago, brought by Riza Royce, former wife of Joseph Von Sternberg, against Marlene Dietrich for the sum of \$600,000.00 has finally been dropped.

Speaking of Marlene, she still has her child under guard. Because of the kidnapping threats, you know.

## Flashes from Here and There

The Dorothy Jordan-Don Dilloway romance is starting up again.

Douglas Fairbanks took a writer to China with him so that if the local color were good enough for a story he'd have one written there. And then send for cameras, etc., to film it on the spot.

Charlie MacArthur and Laurence Stallings lived up to the phrase "full dress obligatory" in a novel way at a recent Hollywood party by arriving in full parade uniform of General Grant and General Lee respectively. Maybe they've started a new Hollywood fad.

At the preview of "Bill of Divorcement," John Barrymore's newest screen appearance, the crowd went wild with enthusiasm over John. But, just the same, John wouldn't sign any autographs, the old meanie. Incidentally, at the same preview, "Tarzan" Weissmuller arrived escorting none other than Tallulah Bankhead.

Walter Huston is building a permanent home at Lake Arrowhead—about a hundred miles from Hollywood.

George Raft's next picture will be "Bodyguard"—a story of the waterfront.

Gloria Swanson and Jeanette MacDonald are being negotiated with to appear in a musical comedy on the New York stage.

## TWO POPULAR STARS ABOUT TO BECOME FATHERS

**Richard Dix and Robert  
Montgomery Mentioned as  
Prominent "About-to-Bes"**

Richard Dix and Robert Montgomery are both about to become proud fathers!

The junior Richard will be welcomed in the home of Richard Dix and Winifred Coe Dix—the San Francisco society girl whom he married about a year ago.

The addition to the Montgomery household will be doubly welcomed because, maybe you remember, Bob's first-born died while Bob was working on "Private Lives."

Incidentally, there are many, many rumors to the effect that Constance Bennett is going to become a mother. Connie, as usual, says nothing.

## Bebe Daniels Loses Wedding Ring on Studio Set. Panic!

Everyone knows how devoted Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon are, so you can imagine the consternation—nay, the turmoil—which started when Bebe Daniels discovered she'd lost her wedding ring. It happened while she was playing before the cameras and pretty soon every extra, every grip, every visitor—yes, directors and executives, too—were down on hands and knees searching for the circular bit of gold.

By the time everyone was looking, the panic had developed into a positive riot. Ring not found yet.

## Marion Davies Planning Huge Reception for Governor Roosevelt

When Governor Roosevelt visits Hollywood he will be given a tremendous reception by Marion Davies. Marion is planning to make it the most important occasion Hollywood has seen in ages.

It is hard to say just how the industry feels as a whole about the election. Certainly one thing is true—a great majority of the film people seem to be going Democratic.

## William Jennings Bryan, Jr., May Impersonate Father in Film

Warners is producing a film called "Silver Dollar." And who, more than anyone else, comes to your mind when you think of the phrase "silver dollar"? Right. W. J. B.

And Warners are dickering to secure the services of William Jennings Bryan, Jr., to play the part of his famous father in this film of old-time political doings.

It will certainly add a fillip to the story if they succeed in this aim.



## THE SPOTLIGHT IS ON

GEORGE M. COHAN, because he won't stay in Hollywood for long—in spite of the fact that he enjoyed the stay while he was there. He argues that his first love is the stage and, as far as he's concerned, his motto is: "Go east, young man."

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN, because she went to the hospital under an assumed name to have her child. The baby is a seven-pounder and Virginia Lee is doing very well.

PICKFAIR, because, for the first time in its history, it is to be opened to the public for the Motion Picture Relief Fund bridge-tea. Loads of stars will be there and won't the visitors from Skeedunk get thrilled? Watch MODERN SCREEN for pictures of this important event.

CLIFF EDWARDS, because the day after his divorce became final he flew off to Las Vegas by plane with his next-intended, Nancy Dover. Good luck, Cliff.

EDDIE LOWE and LIL TASHMAN, because they turned down an offer of \$6,000 a week because they can get much more than that if they appear separately. Here's one Hollywood separation that's sensible.

BUSTER KEATON, because he's bought the "land-yacht" which was once the property of the president of the Pullman Company. It will accommodate twelve and has a dining room and sleeping quarters.

RAMON NOVARRO, because, when Ruth Chatterton and George Brent arrived at his house on an invitation to dinner, there was no dinner! Ramon's cook had quit!

RENEE ADOREE, because she is once again back in Hollywood. When she left for the sanitarium she weighed eighty-two. She now almost hits ninety-seven. Welcome, Renée.

MODERN SCREEN, because on page twenty-five of this issue we state that Nancy Carroll is almost through "Night After Night" and although she was scheduled for it she is now going to do "Hot Saturday" instead. We're very sorry.

# Poor BUTTERFLY



so tired,  
so unhappy . . .

## • Until she learned One Simple Secret

What was wrong? Everything! So many irritations, every day—and she was too tired to cope with them. Too tired. She wasn't even pretty any more. Her eyes were dull—her skin blotchy and blemished . . .

Then—somebody told her a secret. A doctor. She must keep *internally cleansed* with a saline. *With Sal Hepatica.*

For Sal Hepatica contains the same salines as do the health springs of the famous European spas—Wiesbaden and Aix and Carlsbad—where the lovely continental goes to drink for new health, new vitality, new beauty.

All you need do is to stir Sal Hepatica

into a large glass of water, and drink the sparkling mixture down. Gently, thoroughly, wastes and poisons are flushed from your digestive tract.

But because Sal Hepatica is *more* than "just another laxative," your system is cleared of poison. Even your blood stream is purified!

Your skin freshens, clears, looks young again. You're not tired any longer. You begin to enjoy being alive!

Sal Hepatica is splendid, too, for headache, upset stomach, colds, and rheumatism. It is an aid in reducing, also. Begin, today, with this splendid saline treatment!



BRISTOL-MYERS CO.  
Dept. S-112, 71 West Street, New York, N. Y.  
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW . . .

● Cecil B. De Mille, popularly supposed never to have passed up a bathtub in a picture, has actually employed these articles of ablution in only seven of his fifty-nine productions: "Old Wives for New," "Male and Female," "Saturday Night," "Don't Change Your Wife," "Dynamite," "Madam Satan" (canaries in a bird bathtub) and "Sign of the Cross." In the last-named Claudette Colbert will bathe in a pool of milk.



Acme

Amelia Earhart has been doing the rounds of Hollywood in grand style. This was taken at the Olympic meet at which she was entertained by Fay Wray.



Keystone-Underwood

You've heard, of course, that after completing "Cabin in the Cotton," Richard Barthelmess and his wife went on a little European jaunt. Here you see them at a charity movie show. During the show, Dick's old picture, "Dawn Patrol," was run off.

**H**ERE comes the bride. Blonde, cute and blushing with pride.

She's your little favorite, Bette Davis, and her name is Mrs. Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., now, yes sir. Bette's romance is a sweet, sweet story. She met her husband when they were schoolmates. Then he went on to college—and she started on the road to screen recognition. The wedding bells didn't tinkle forth sooner because Mr. Nelson didn't want to be known as Mr. Bette Davis.

Just before Bette left Hollywood on her personal appearance tour with Warren William, her future husband was expected at the Davis beach house. He didn't arrive until three days after he was expected. And each one of those days, Bette and her sister traveled some forty miles into Hollywood to visit the beauty parlor . . . so they'd look their best when he did arrive. During those three days Miss Bette just couldn't be still.

She would light a cigarette, take a few puffs, put it out. Get up, try to read a book, and then toss it aside. All she talked about was Harmon. And if this isn't one Hollywood marriage that makes the grade one hundred per cent, we'll be out a-gunning for Dan Cupid.

● While Juliette Compton was making pictures in London, she stopped one day in a small shop to buy a chair. While she was looking about two women entered the shop. They were quite large and each one was wearing a long fur coat, as was Juliette. They also looked at chairs and just as Juliette decided to sit down on a couch, the two women had the same idea. The three sat in a row. The two women looked at Juliette. She returned their gaze. Suddenly she burst out laughing.

"We look just like the three bears," she giggled. "You," she said, pointing to the larger woman, "are the great, huge bear. And you," point-

ing at the smaller woman, "are the middle-sized bear. I am the baby bear."

The larger woman laughed and agreed with Juliette that they must indeed look just like the three bears in their huge fur coats. After they left the shop the salesman looked woefully at Juliette.

"Madam," he said sadly, "you have just called the Queen of England a 'great huge bear.'"

● So long considered one of New York's most fickle playboys, Billy Seaman, since his marriage to Phyllis Haver, has become one of the most devoted of husbands. As this is written, the Seamans are visiting in Hollywood and are being feted royally by their many friends.

However much he is enjoying himself at a party, when Phyllis wants to leave, Billy leaves, without a murmur of discontent. The one thing he does insist on, however, is that Phyllis does not return to the screen.

## All the dope on Bette Davis' marriage to Harmon O. Nelson, Jr.



● John Waldron, general manager at the Mack Sennett studio, has a young son, Bobbie, who is five years old. The kidlet and his mother were looking through the family album and came to an old picture of papa. "Who's this nice-looking man?" asked Bobbie.

"Oh, that's daddy, of course."

"Oh, yeah? Well, then, who's this bald-headed man that's living with us now?"

● There's a rule at Paramount that cars aren't allowed to pass in through the main gates. The Warner company for some reason or other was "locationing" on the Paramount lot, and Connie Bennett was determined to *drive* in. Nothing else would do, she simply would not walk in without the car. The gateman shook his head, kindly but firmly, and said "NO!" P. S. Connie finally did drive through!



Acme

Dolores Costello's second child was recently christened—John Blythe Barrymore. (Left to right) Dolores with her first child, Dolores Mae, John Barrymore, Helen Costello holding the latest addition, and Lionel Barrymore.



Wide World

Natalie Keaton in court when she divorced her husband, Buster Keaton. "My husband was impossible," she said in testimony. Connie's with her.

She's had several offers, you know, lately. But a resumption of her career would mean a clean break between Billy and Phyllis. "And I'm far too happy just being Mrs. Seaman to risk anything like that," says she. Wise lady.

● When Billie Dove's mother arrived from an eight-month sojourn in Europe, she got quite a reception at the railroad station. Billie, her young brother and his wife, all donned false beards. And to enable their mother to recognize her children, they had placards with their names on them across their chests.

"The biggest surprise mother is going to have is the discovery that although she owned only two Scotties before leaving—she now has six. And most shocking, the puppies don't look like thoroughbreds. "Scandal in the Dove domicile!" cries Billie.

● This star-lending between the studios may have a setback because

M-G-M claims that Columbia didn't do right by their Nils Asther. Nils was borrowed for a Chinese rôle in "Bitter Tea of General Yen." And the Asther Swedish physiognomy was Orientalized with tape lifting his eyelids. Nils is supposed to have been worked 18 hours daily for the last five days of the picture.

What burns the M-G-M bunch up good and plenty is that Asther was scheduled to go to RKO for a part opposite Gwili Andre . . . and now instead he must stay at home and rest up. Which doesn't mean any money out of his pocket . . . but it does mean shekels out of the M-G-M coffers.

● Everything isn't songs and ukuleles with "Ukulele Ike" Cliff Edwards. Cliff's "hot-cha-cha and voo-deo-doo" sort of stick in his throat when he thinks of the \$17,999.86 his ex-wife is trying to collect as back alimony. A year ago Cliff got a divorce from his wife, but a prop-

erty settlement entered into several months before was upheld by the court. To wit: The comedian was to pay her one-third of his earnings during life. And now Cliff's married again—to Nancy Dover.

● Hollywood has known Clara Bow, the madcap. Clara Bow, the cut-up. But heretofore we've never met Clara Bow, the perfect lady and charming hostess.

On her last birthday, Rex Bell gave a big party to celebrate the event. The guests included various studio executives and their wives. Everyone was pleasantly surprised to find an absolutely new and different Clara playing the rôle of hostess. A year or so ago, Clara wouldn't have dreamed that she would ever play that part. She herself wouldn't have imagined she could preside at a formal party with so much graceful dignity.

Then, like little Cinderella, Clara heard twelve midnight strike. And

Cliff Edwards isn't feeling so good—hearing that alimony decision



## WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW . . .

• \$44,000 worth of elegant furniture, and only \$30,000 actually paid on it. That's the situation in which the furnishings in Gloria Swanson's gorgeous Beverly Hills home are today. And Gloria not here to look out for it.

And with the trouble Gloria has been having across the ocean trying to star in and help produce "Perfect Understanding"—she has plenty of worries to trouble her brunette head.



Well, it seems that Joan Crawford and Doug Junior's trip to Europe was only a quick one—for here they are back again. Hello, there.



International

Ruth Chatterton and her new husband, George Brent, as they appeared after their marriage. They dodged reporters when they got back. Why?



Wide World

Edna Best and her husband, Herbert Marshall. He's got a big rôle in Dietrich's new picture. Remember how Edna deserted pictures for him?

with it, she changed just as much as the fairy story character. In a flash, she was the old Clara, laughing and dancing with a vengeance. Believe it or not, everyone present was tickled silly to see a spark at least of the old Bow buoyancy. She is to be admired all the more, because now it is evident that for the past several months Clara has set out determinedly to change her outward aspect and has been successful.

• With summer quite over, someone just brought to our attention the colossal bit of news that Lilyan Tashman has been wearing net gloves on the beach this season. Ittie-bittie-handies-musn't-get-all-burnt, Lil?

• A few days before Bob Montgomery was scheduled to start work with Tallulah Bankhead in "Tin Foil" (they're changing the title anyway) he was taken very ill and rushed to the hospital for an appendicitis operation. He came through it

very nicely, and the studio held up production on the picture until he had fully recovered.

• The wife of a major studio chief, and the wife of the chief's head assistant, haven't been on speaking terms for lo, these many months. The other evening both the executives and their respective spouses were invited to and arrived at the same party.

The hostess and the two husbands imagined that this might make for a reconciliation between the two ladies. But instead of matters between the two taking a turn for the peaceful—it wasn't more than an hour before they were battling royally. And from mere words, they went into a hair-pulling contest.

With red faces, the two husbands got their snarling darlings out into the garden, but the garden by moonlight only turned out to be a place to resume the battle.

Which all makes it pretty tough

on the two men folks who are not only good friends away from the studio, traveling in the same social set, but have to work together everyday!

• When M-G-M was casting for the second feminine lead in "Reckless Dust" to play opposite Monsieur Clark Gable they had every prominent actress in Hollywood angling for the job. Not because the part was such a dinger—

• Anticipating the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. George Brent (Ruth Chatterton, certainly), local news photo syndicates had their cameramen stationed at San Bernardino, where most of the celebs get off the train. They also had men on the train. But here's why you won't be seeing any pictures taken of Ruth and George as they arrived in Hollywood. They got the conductor in league with them, and had the train stopped at Azusa, a one-tank station about

## Why did George and Ruth dodge the news photographers?



● Always it is the producers who are in for ribbing. But, according to the *Hollywood Reporter*, this is the truth, so help them. At the Brown Derby a producer overheard someone praising the works of D. H. Lawrence. Immediately he wired his New York office to sign Mr. Lawrence to a contract! And didn't know the joke was on him until he got the return wire, reading: "Lawrence has been dead two years!"

● Remember Stanley Smith, that wavy-haired, good-looking juvenile? The breaks for him lately haven't been any too good. Then all of a sudden he got three offers. One was for a New York musical comedy, another for a lead in Paramount's "Hot Saturday" (which he's going to snap up), and another to be soloist at the Los Angeles Biltmore supper room, which he also jumped at. Bing Crosby started to fame there.



Wide World



Wide World



Much excitement—and the usual Hollywood gossip—was caused when Charlie Chaplin arrived at an opening with lovely Paulette Goddard.

Buster Keaton—maybe because he'd just been divorced from Natalie Talmadge—gets affectionate with Polly Moran. Tom Mix seems kind of self-conscious about it.

Eleanor Holm, cute Olympian, has been signed by Warners for movie work. She will be coached in acting and speaking and then let loose as a comedienne.

sixty miles out of Hollywood. Why all the secrecy, Ruthie and Georgie? You've looked into the camera lens together before.

● Lily Damita and Sid Smith never were one of those peaceful couples, who lovy-dovied their way to romance. One moment they'd be madly in love. The next, not speaking.

But the Olympic Games intervened in their hectic romance . . . and pronounced quits. The story, as whispered in our delicate pink ear, is that Lily reserved a box for the Games. Her guest was Sid. Then one of the handsome Argentinian athletes was brought to the box and introduced to Lily.

"Sid, do you mind giving up your seat?" she is reported as having asked. Sid did mind, and strenuously too, it seems. So Lily ups and has an attendant eject him. "I paid for the seats . . . and I'll have whom I please sitting in them." Somehow we don't believe she said it.

● A famous male star and the director of his picture were arguing about the advisability of taking a certain scene. The star flatly refused to make it; the director insisted. In desperation the actor yanked out his false teeth, threw them violently to the floor and cried: "All right, now make the scene!"

● You ain't heard the last of the Cagney-Warner Bros. battle to death. Not by a contract full!

Red-headed Jimmy is back in Hollywood—and looking around for another studio where he can do his hard-fisted rôles. Through his attorney, Jimmy let it be known that in view of the fact that Warners hadn't exercised option on his contract, as of August 15, his contract was null and void. Just no good at all!

But the Brothers Warner aren't taking it. They claim that Cagney's contract still has four years and six months to go, based on Jimmy's walk-out. In other words, they're standing

high and dry on the claim that a clause in his contract specified that when the actor failed to appear for camera duty, his long-term ticket was merely suspended until his return. Therefore, no need of taking up that option.

And Mr. Cagney won't be permitted to work for another studio in the meantime, either, if Warners have anything to say about it. Which they seem to have.

● When there is any fun to be had—your screen favorites will find it—and don't ever let anyone convince you to the contrary. Hollywood's famous are spending their evenings at the Dance Marathon being held at Santa Monica. Not surprising that the two couples who held out dancing for several days more than a month, stayed on the floor as long as they did. Every night the section

(Continued on page 108)

THERE'S MORE GOSSIP ON PAGE 68

Really, the way Lily Damita and Sidney Smith talk to each other!



# ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



COLLEEN MOORE HAS A WHOLE SCREEN MADE OF WORTHLESS STOCKS AND BONDS SHE HAS BOUGHT.



INSTEAD OF COUNTING TEN, IRENE DUNNE CONSULTS A BOOK ON HOW TO CONTROL THE TEMPER WHEN THINGS GO WRONG ON THE SET.

## MEMORY TEST



WHAT COMEDIAN TRADED THIS OUTFIT FOR A PAIR OF HORN-RIMMED GLASSES?



MARGE EVANS AS A CHILD POSED FOR A CALENDAR FOR THE WORLD'S LARGEST BREWERY, WITH ANITA STEWART (THEN 16) AS HER MOTHER.



ON SUNDAY DRIVES WITH THE BOY-FRIEND, CONSTANCE CUMMINGS TAKES ALONG HER KNITTING.



# P O R T R A I T S



Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

Jeanette MacDonald departs very shortly for a Parisian appearance in "The Merry Widow." She's completed "Love Me Tonight," opposite Chevalier. Incidentally, Jeanette is highly incensed over the linking of her name with Chevalier's when everyone knows—or ought to know—that she is engaged to Bob Ritchie. Particularly since their engagement is one of the longest Hollywood has ever seen. Jeanette has done some dieting and is much thinner than she has ever been before. It is not known at the moment what picture she will make when she returns from gay Paree.





Photograph by Freulich

"My Pal, the King" and "The Fourth Horseman" are Tom Mix's latest. Tom's new wife is a Hollywood social favorite. Tom says he doesn't know how he could ever have been happy without her. So highly does Mix value the appreciation of his youthful admirers and fans that he will not smoke nor drink on the screen for fear of the demoralizing effect on them. A very good idea, too, since kids are so very imitative. Tom is an unusually satisfactory person to work for. He has a Negro valet who has been with him for twenty-three years.





Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez are becoming something of a dramatic team. They recently finished "Thirteen Women," their second co-starring effort. Their first of course, was the famous "Symphony of Six Million." She's just been seen in "Back Street" and he's busy in "The Phantom of Crestwood." They'll probably team up again later. Irene recently returned from Honolulu with her husband who came from New York to be with her. Irene admits having a red hot temper. Ricardo's romance with Loretta Young seems to have expired.





Clara Bow is really happy only in one place—the Nevada ranch where she and hubby Rex Bell live. On her last birthday, Rex gave Clara her diamond engagement ring. The one he couldn't afford when they became engaged. Hollywood is absolutely flabbergasted, not to say bowled over, at the beauty and freshness of the new Clara. And Hollywood believes she'll be a grand success in her come-back picture, which as you've probably read a thousand times, is titled "Call Her Savage," from the successful novel of the same name.





Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

There's only one Clark Gable, after all, no matter how many attractive males pop up who look something like him. The Gables have just rented the first home of their own—they've lived in apartments heretofore. Clark has brought his own furniture from New York and the family is very comfortably settled, thank you. The gossips have found that Mr. and Mrs. Gable were much too fond of each other to get a divorce. Clark has finished "No Man of Her Own" opposite Miriam Hopkins for Paramount. His next is "Red Dust," opposite Jean Harlow.





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Richard Barthelmess, having completed "Cabin in the Cotton" for Warners, is now traveling in Norway and Sweden with his wife, daughter Mary Hay Barthelmess, and his stepson. His next story awaits his okay upon his return. Whatever it is, we're betting on its success because, you know, not one of Barthelmess' pictures, in all the years he's been acting, has ever had box office trouble. Dick's voluntary acceptance of a salary cut is still causing all the Warner brothers great joy. Bette Davis played opposite him in "Cabin in the Cotton."





Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

Nancy Carroll has recently completed "Scarlet Dawn" and is now almost through "Night After Night." Her husband lives with her in Hollywood. He is writing for the screen. Nancy's little daughter by her first marriage is in boarding school. Since her return to the screen, Hollywood seems to find the new Nancy Carroll a much nicer person than the old one. She has toned down her temper and thrown overboard a lot of her famous temperament. Congratulations are in order to the little redhead for achieving such fine self-control.



# WHAT ARE THE MOVIES DOING TO US . . . ?

. . . Mrs. Roosevelt, as a nationally important figure, has been interviewed many, many times. But, heretofore, she has never written an article for a fan magazine. She writes one now—on the movies' real value to us

**M**UCH has been said and written on the harm which movies have done in glorifying the crook and the gangster and giving oftentimes a glamor to a certain type of degenerate existence which does exist in some places, but which is hardly typical of the normal life of the greater part of our country. There is, of course, justification for these criticisms, and one which is even more valid is that the movie in picturing every day life in so-called high society, falsely teaches bad taste, bad manners, not to say bad morals!

There are many signs, today, pointing to the fact that in the movie industry itself there is a realization of possibilities for education along many lines for service to the community in this comparatively new art. With that growing power goes, of course, a great responsibility.

When we talk about the educational value of the movies, we do not mean alone the use of films in the classroom. In many big schools, films are now being used and an article which I came across lately tells of an investigation made in Great Britain as to the value of the films used in this purely scholastic way. Some people have feared that it would make our children lazy to receive instruction through the eye, but it has been proved, according to this investigation, that, "the use of the film forces children to find their own words to describe scenes and express ideas. Thus the film, instead of helping to form a mass mind, another general criticism against it, encourages originality."

**T**HE talking movie, of course, was attacked even more violently when it was first used in schools, for the same reasons given above; but this same report says: "Films encourage reading more widely, increase the pupils'

ability to discuss topics and to write about them. They enlarge the vocabulary, enlarge personal expression, correlate the work of the classroom with the life of the world outside the school, and increase the ability to concentrate mental activities."

They say that it increases the concentration of children by forcing them to look and listen at the same time. There is no doubt in my mind that it brings, much more vividly to children, certain things which they would never understand through books and oral instruction alone.

For instance, certain scientific films are of great value in scientific courses, particularly where certain things are difficult to show in a science laboratory. History and geography to my mind is inestimably more vivid where moving pictures are actually shown picturing historic scenes. Particularly is life made more realistic for young children if they, in studying about foreign countries, can see children of their own age in their native costumes playing or engaging in some of the sports of their country. It brings a child into closer relationship to the other children and their country.

If they are studying some historical episode and can see that episode acted out in a film, the characters come to life for them. Disraeli is a real person and

the occurrences are fixed in their minds in the way reading a history book or even a story would never do it.

These films, however, are frankly educational films and the great majority of films are not screened entirely for that purpose. The question is whether the ordinary film is giving the audiences which throng the movie houses anything beside a sensation and a false idea of different phases of life.

To me, it seems more and more that we are getting things in the movies which are of real value to many

Speaking of criticism of the movies, Mrs. Roosevelt says: "There is, of course, justification for these criticisms, and one which is even more valid is that the movie in picturing every day life in so-called high society, falsely teaches bad taste, bad manners, not to say bad morals!"

Mrs. Roosevelt also says:

"The educational value of the movies seems to me quite limitless if the men at the head of the industry have sufficient imagination to see what possibilities lie before them . . ."

"Many of the films showing wild life in different parts of the world have brought a knowledge of vegetation and habits . . . of animals and savage peoples. . . ."



By MRS.  
FRANKLIN D.  
ROOSEVELT



Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt is famous for her intelligence and capability. One of those rare persons who not only has a splendid mentality but uses it to good advantage. Her remarks on the influence of the movies on you and me contain some splendid thoughts by which we can most assuredly profit.

people. Many plays which are classics are now done in the movies and, where the play is historical, great thought is given to the costumes and settings and often really beautiful, artistic effects are produced not only in reproducing natural beauties of scenery but in reproducing historic cities and houses and their interiors at different times and in different places throughout the world. This cannot help but be of general educational value to all of us.

Many of the films showing wild life in different parts of the world have brought a knowledge of vegetation and habits and characteristics of animals and savage peoples, not only to children but to many other people who do not otherwise know much about certain of the remote but still interesting corners of our globe and their inhabitants.

In many a story film the actors and actresses do behave as normal people should and a sitting-room or drawing-room or bedroom does sometimes look more like a home

than a mansion or Pullman car. I think we sometimes do not realize what an effect a character in our fiction films has on the young girls and boys of today. These favorite actors really are people whom they try to copy in their various characteristics and here is a responsibility for the movie actor and an industry which is rarely thought about which I think has a greater influence on the standards in the homes of the country as a whole. So much for the possibilities, almost limitless, of education in good taste and good manners.

NOW, have the news reels any value in making better citizens? I think their power is very great for they bring the greatest education in current events to young and old alike. They force upon the attention of many people who do not even read the papers any new and important discovery or any new and important event in the political world. Let us (Continued on page 102)



# What's REALLY happened to

. . . Miles and miles of type have been used saying that Greta Garbo is going to do this or going to do that, and why. Here, garnered from various sources—all of them reliable—is the real truth at last about her contract, her visit to her native Sweden and her future plans

By RILLA PAGE PALMBORG



Keystone-Underwood

Garbo arriving in Sweden.

WHEN Garbo's contract came to an end with the completion of her last picture, "As You Desire Me," and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pulled down the blue and yellow flag that for over five years—to the envy of all Hollywood—fluttered from their highest turret, Garbo fans the world over eagerly waited to hear her next move.

The film colony expected her to shake the Hollywood dust from her brogues as soon as the "last shot" had been taken. As spring melted into summer the Swedish star was glimpsed here and there about town giving rise to all sorts of fantastic stories.

One had it that Garbo was already on the high seas while her double, appearing occasionally along the boulevard, fooled the public. Another rumor persisted that Garbo had given up her home and was hiding somewhere along the coast. Few gave any credence to the story that the tall, straight-haired blonde garbed in brown masculine corduroy trousers and blouse, seen occasionally on the boulevard, was Garbo.

The fact of the matter is that it was Garbo and that she had not left town nor given up her home.

Garbo did originally intend to leave Hollywood early in June—at the completion of her picture—and had booked passage on the "Gripsholm," her favorite boat, through G. Eckdahl & Son, steamship agents in Los Angeles. These reservations were cancelled when it was found that Garbo's business affairs could not be settled by that time. When the press all over the world precipitated a spectacular controversy on Garbo's plans, Garbo—clever show woman and business head that she is—became more mysterious than ever.

HER usual routine of spending a great deal of time with her two friends, Mercedes d'Acosta, a scenario writer who was at that time busy on the script "Rasputin" which was being prepared for Ethel, Lionel and John Barrymore, and Mrs. Berthold Viertel, wife of the German motion picture director who came to Hollywood under contract to Fox, was clothed in secrecy.

Miss d'Acosta lived in the plain two-story green frame house that squatted comfortably behind a trim hedge about a city block up the country road from Garbo's—a place that Garbo herself found for her friend.

Mrs. Viertel dwelt with her husband and three children in Santa Monica, a good Garbo walk away from the Swedish star.

But Garbo, that past mistress in mystery, knew how to keep the public guessing.

No longer were she and her friend Mercedes seen hiking over country roads. The canvas-inclosed tennis

court inside of the high iron gates that guarded her grounds was silent. No longer did her limousine glide in and out of the driveway. Reporters and cameramen haunting her gates got no glimpse of Garbo.

Garbo's colored chauffeur went around wailing that his mistress had left town and that he was looking for a new job. The gardener who worked for ZaSu Pitts next door vowed that the Swedish star had moved away.

But Garbo's household, secure from intrusion behind a closely woven high wire fence screened with thick shrubs, was going about its daily routine as usual. Garbo was simply out-Garboing herself.

FOR instance, she was so cautious that instead of revelling in a rare, unexpected early morning rain that drenched Hollywood a short time before she left, Garbo wouldn't risk walking even that short distance between Miss d'Acosta's house and her own.

Around eight o'clock of that particular morning, a fresh young blonde of some eighteen summers was seen to skip out the front door of Mercedes' house and into the garage, out of which she drove a small closed car into the circular driveway, stopping directly opposite the front entrance. When she jumped out to go inside she left the motor running and the car door open.

It was all of fifteen minutes before the blonde reappeared with Garbo—blue trousered legs showing beneath a tightly buttoned brown trench coat and blue beret tilted jauntily over straight blonde hair—following close behind. Both girls hurried into the car, which glided swiftly down the road turning through the wide-swung gates at Garbo's place.

When the car stopped at the side of the house the Swedish star jumped out and hurriedly disappeared through her front door. The young girl turned and drove back to the green frame house a block up the road.

And when Garbo visited her friends, the Viertels, she went under cover of darkness. With her estate bordering on two roads (Rockingham Drive at the front and Beverly Boulevard on the rear) the star was able to slip out unobserved.

If Garbo hadn't signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or with some other studio why was she staying in Hollywood?

For the simple reason that she, like many of her predecessors, was arguing over a contract.

ON good authority I have it that Garbo first was approached with a contract guaranteeing fifteen thousand dollars per week with a schedule calling for several pictures to be made during the year.

Well aware of her high box (Continued on page 96)



G A R B O !







By JACK  
JAMISON

. . . Lee Tracy talks fast, works fast, travels fast, thinks fast! Hollywood thought it had seen everything, but when he blew into town after making a lightning trip from New York, well—

**O**KAY, America! Here we are in our plane, a mile high, on a sunny morning. A landscape four thousand miles wide spread below us. Farms. Rivers. Hills. And there's the highway, like a thin grey ribbon, rolling out across the world from east to west. And what's that? Down the road comes a scurrying cloud of dust. Cows gallop away in terror. Chickens flutter into the air like bundles of rags. Tearing along! Racing! Roaring! Whirling around curves, slithering, careening, straightening out again. Can you hear the roar of that motor? Boy, how it's let out! Look at the sun sparkle on that windshield! Thhr-r-r-r! Listen to her hum!

Kansas. Oklahoma. Now he's cutting south. Texas. Listen to her roar, that motor! Day and night. Doesn't he ever sleep? Who's the driver, anyhow? Let's swoop down and take a peek. Here we are—low enough to make out a tousle of yellow hair. Looks as if somebody's been fraying a piece of manila rope.

Why, it's Mrs. Tracy's little boy, Lee, on his way to Hollywood! California, here he comes!

Photograph by Irving Lippman



# SPEED!



(Above left) Donald Dilloway, Evalyn Knapp and Lee Tracy in "Night Mayor." (Above right) With Mary Brian in "Blessed Event." Lee actually made four full-length pictures in three months. And one of those pictures was completed in twenty-one days. Speed did you say? That's no name for it.

... It would have taken a mighty fast-talking radio announcer to follow that Eight Cylinder, Night and Day, Paul Revere of 1932 race against time that brought Hollywood the dapper, fast-moving, finger-snapping, wise-cracking columnist of "Blessed Event." And it would be a fast-gabbing radio laddy indeed who could talk faster than Lee Tracy himself! Lee's tongue is greased chain-lightning on ball-bearings. If you have any long-distance telephone calls to make, where they charge you so much for three minutes, let him make them for you! In three minutes Lee can recite the Gettysburg Address, give you full directions for building a submarine, rattle off the names and batting averages of the players in the World's Series, read two volumes of the Congressional Record, sass you, and bawl out the operator! That's how fast his tongue works; if you multiply it by ten you'll have a rough idea of how fast Lee himself works.

HE hit Hollywood like a twenty-mule-team load of T. N. T., blew the town out of the water, caught it on the bounce, and kicked it into the Pacific Ocean before it could catch its breath! We thought we were pretty fast, out here. It is simple eloquence to say no more than—with a quick gasp, before he hits us again—"Tracy—is—faster!"

Why all that eighty-mile-an-hour, day and night pounding of the road? Fun! Why did he leave New York at the last possible moment, so that he barely arrived in Hollywood by the hour specified in his newly signed contract? Fun! He could have left the east a couple of days earlier and taken his time, but for Tracy, hurrying is fun. But didn't he stop at *all*, in four thousand miles? He did. At that point where the map of the United States bulges closest to the wide-open Mexican town of Juarez. He parked his car with its wheels two and one quarter

inches from the state line, got out, hired a taxi, crossed the border, stalked into a gambling-house, and said, "Hand Mrs. Tracy's boy Lee those ivories." Once, twice, three times they rolled. A few minutes, not many, ticked off on the clock. "*Muchas gracias*," said Mrs. Tracy's little boy. Swooping up three hundred dollars he strolled out, got into the taxi, drove back across the border, changed to his own car, and roared westward again—snickering now and then—with the expense money for the entire trip neatly wadded into his hip pocket.

If you want the most vivid possible notion of what Lee has done to Hollywood in the short time since he arrived, just think back to the last time you heard the drummer in the band give the bass drum a big whop with his stick. *Boom!*

HE walked into a studio and was hardly seen again by daylight for ninety days. "Now I know how those mules feel that work in mines," he says. The studio put him, in three months, through four full-length pictures. He worked *seventy* hours a week, for *thirteen* weeks, with *no* days off, an all-time record. "Molly Louvain," "Love Is A Racket," "Doctor X," "Blessed Event"—whizz! He went through them on oiled ice-skates! "Blessed Event" took twenty-one days, and it's a smash hit. A newspaper man in all four films, every character Lee played in them was high pressure, high tension, high speed, sizzling-fast! Michael Curtiz, the director of one of them, is famous in Hollywood for his battle-cry of, "Speed! More speed! Tempo! Giff me tempo!" Lee gave him Tempo. Lee gave him so much Tempo that all Curtiz could do, figuratively speaking, was fall into a chair and grunt and mop his forehead while the parade marched by.

Lee made four full-length pictures in three months, and the studio fired him for not working hard enough.

"What a rotten break. It's (Continued on page 118)



# THE ADVENTUROUS ROAD TO "THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME"



By LOWELL  
THOMAS

**T**WO men who have lived dangerous lives have just directed their first studio film, and appropriately enough the title of their picture is "The Most Dangerous Game." The story of how these two men managed to land on top in Hollywood is one of the romantic stories of the day.

The 88-ton yacht *Wisdom*, out of Los Angeles on a three-year cruise around the world in quest of pictures of the mysterious, the strange, and the bizarre sights of distant places, put into the picturesque port of Jibuti, French Somaliland, on the east coast of Africa. Aboard were Merian C. Cooper, second in command, and Ernest B. Schoedsack, the official cameraman of the expedition.

Jibuti is the port of entry for the few travellers who set forth on a visit to the only remaining independent country in all Africa, the kingdom of Abyssinia. A small party went into the interior to Addis Ababa, capital of Abyssinia and home of Ras Tafari, the modern Lion of Judah. The plan was for Schoedsack to film this dusky descendant of Solomon and his numerous wives.

Ras Tafari was most hospitable. For their special benefit he assembled the entire Abyssinian army on a plain near the city. And from a high platform Schoedsack filmed the stirring charge of the black warriors. On they came, the dark barbaric horde, Fuzzy Wuzzy—tens of thousands of him.

"Boy, oh boy!" shouted Cooper. "What a picture!"

**I**N the days that followed, Schoedsack and Cooper discussed the possibilities of making a nature picture on a grand scale. Their idea was to film the life of a primitive people in its day to day struggle for existence.

Both were especially qualified for the work that they were planning. Schoedsack, a long, lean fellow in face and form, had begun his career as a cameraman for Mack Sennett in 1915, but the advent of the war sent him out on the adventure trail. As a cameraman with the photographic section, A. E. F., he learned to love excitement, to crave thrills. Following the war he got an assignment to go to Poland as a news cameraman to get pictures of patriotic Poles sniping the beards off the Bolsheviks.

Traveling eastward by train he met Cooper, a husky,



Ernest B. Schoedsack and Merian C. Cooper, camera adventurers extraordinary. (Below) As the two of them looked after a long trek in the Persian desert where razors are not even in the dictionary.





# INTO NATURE'S BATTLEFIELDS—III

... The men who made "Grass" and "Chang" are now in Hollywood using their very real experience in the productions of studio-made adventure pictures. Read this vivid account of their breath-taking careers



(Above) Schoedsack giving pointers to Leslie Banks who has the leading rôle in "The Most Dangerous Game" which Schoedsack and Cooper are directing. (Below) Fay Wray and Joel McCrea are in it, too.



Leslie Banks, the English actor, whose sudden rise to fame on the New York stage won him a contract with RKO.

medium-sized chap, who had quitted the U. S. Naval Academy to ship before the mast in the merchant marine and who had successively become a newspaperman, a free lance writer, a soldier in the National Guard chasing Villa along the Rio Grande, an aviator in France, and then a colonel of aviation with the Polish Army. When they met Cooper was on his way to join an outfit of American fliers who had signed up with the Polish Army to fight the Red armies of Bolshevik Russia.

Schoedsack and Cooper found that they had much in common. But after two years spent in shooting the Reds, Schoedsack with a camera and Cooper with a machine gun, their companionship was interrupted. Cooper was captured by the Reds and held prisoner for ten months. This is one chapter of his career that he is reluctant to talk about. But I understand that he was slated to face a firing squad and the night before that party was to be held in his honor he managed to escape from prison and then to make his way out of Russia.

FROM Poland, Schoedsack was sent to picture the flare-up between Turkey and Greece. He filmed the burning of Smyrna, a satanic, a gorgeous spectacle, gorgeous for everyone but the unfortunate inhabitants of the blazing city. He was in Constantinople, or Istanbul as it is now known, during the Allied Occupation; and somewhere on the fringe of the Arabian Desert he filmed a scrap between desert tribes.

Meanwhile, Cooper, after his mysterious escape from Russia, had joined the *Wisdom* on its cruise around the world. Hearing that Schoedsack was in Paris he sent him a cablegram suggesting that he join the yachting party as cameraman. So at Jibuti, on the east coast of Africa, the two adventurers came together again. And now they ground out their reels of Abyssinian pictures.

When that was done the *Wisdom* left Jibuti and headed up toward the Red Sea. It was hotter than the proverbial hinges of Hades and everyone aboard stripped down to the barest essentials. Schoedsack wore gorgeous purple pajamas and Cooper sported around in a Malay sarong. The Red Sea is a tricky body of water, and while near Mocha, the ancient coffee port of Arabia, the *Wis-*





(Above) A scene from the famous picture "Grass." Cooper and Schoedsack lived the actual life of the tribe whose existence they were filming. It was the only way they could secure the film. (Right) Schoedsack and Cooper in their working clothes. Schoedsack had been a cameraman with Sennett. Cooper had been newspaperman, writer, soldier and aviator.



dom struck a reef. The jagged rocks gouged at her keel, as she slithered across into deeper water. Her lead bottom was torn off with an ominous wrench.

THE *Wisdom* limped into Jidda, seaport to holy Mecca, where an attempt was made to repair the damage, but the job was only temporary and by the time they got to Suez she was unfit for further service. The cruise was ended.

Then it was that Cooper and Schoedsack formed their now famous film partnership. And their first major job was the filming of the picturesque migration of one of the great nomad tribes of Persia. This was how that thrilling record of a primitive people in search of sustenance for their flocks, "Grass," had its beginning.

Neither of the partners had enough money to finance the jaunt, so they set out to earn it. They supplemented their original capital with an income from newsreels, stills, and the articles Cooper wrote for Asia Magazine. In Turkey, Schoedsack filmed the inauguration of Mustafa Kemal as president of the new republic.

But the money for the expedition was the least of their troubles. For almost a year they cooled their heels in war-torn Turkey, trying to get through to Persia. The Turks were even more suspicious than usual and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they finally made their way into Kurdistan.

While crossing the Taurus Mountains they were overtaken by a blizzard. The guide lost his way, and for hours they wandered in the howling storm. The guide gave out and lagged behind. Cooper took his place at the head of the column, and when he became exhausted

Schoedsack broke trail until an abandoned shelter on the banks of an icy stream was found. Stripping off their wet clothes, they threw themselves flat on the earth in front of the fire and lay there stark naked, while snow came drifting in through cracks in the shack. The only food they had was a small amount of Turkish candy; they dissolved it in hot water and drank the concoction. To them it tasted like a drink for the gods.

FINALLY, a short way inland from the Persian Gulf they reached the winter grazing land of a people called the Baktyaris. Cooper and Schoedsack were without weapons, but the innate hospitality of their Mohammedan hosts served them better than guns.

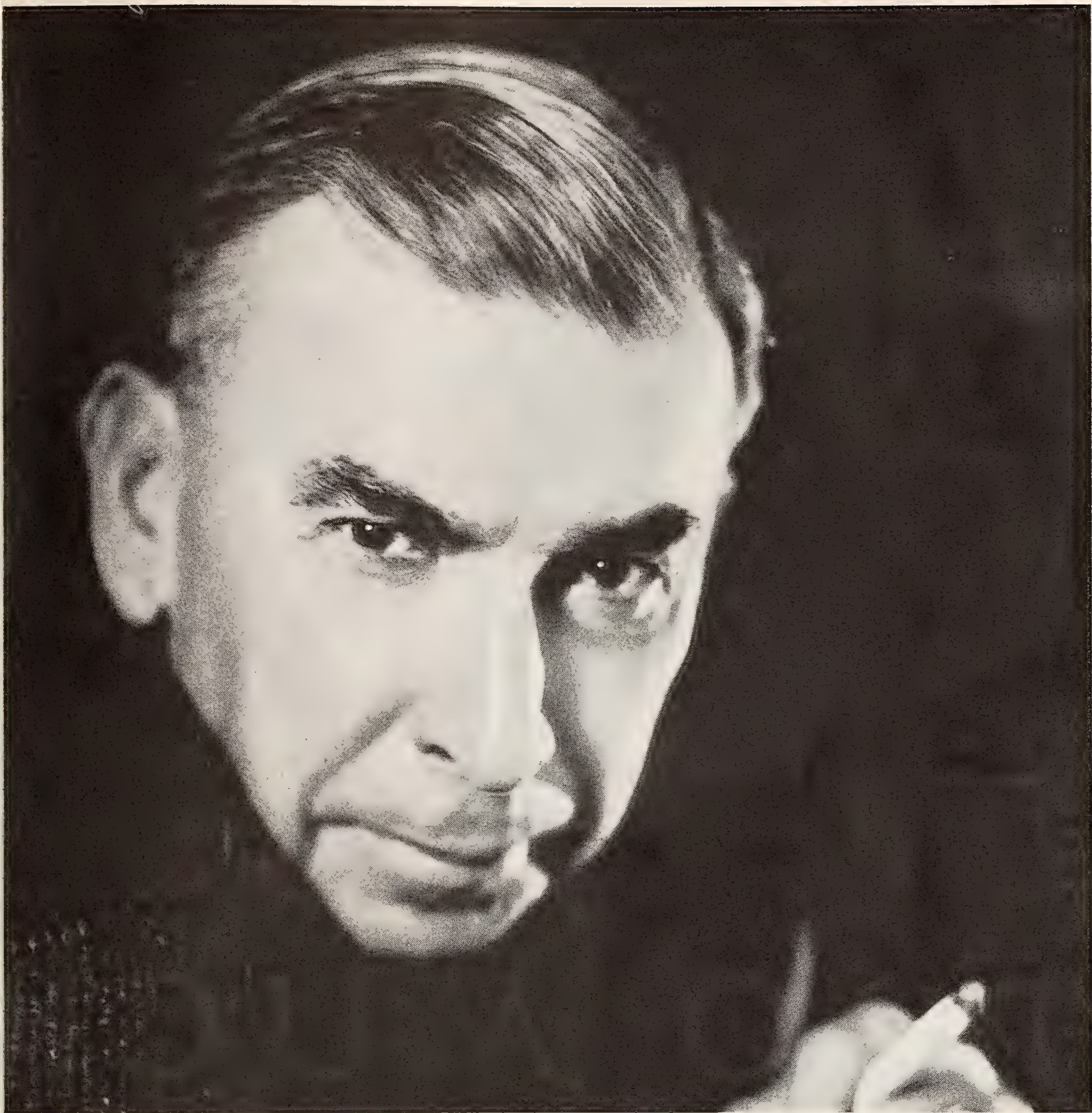
"We were the only people who had ever gone into that country without rifles," relates Cooper.

To the east a tremendous range of mountains stretched unbroken from the Gulf to the Black Sea, and behind that barrier was the other grazing ground, the summer home of the nomads. Twice each year the tribes make the journey across the bleak, altitudinous heights of the Zardeh Kuh. And grass is the lodestone that draws them irresistibly. Without it their herds must die.

At a meeting of the Khans, Cooper explained that they wished to accompany one of the tribes on its migration across the mountains, living with them and traveling as they did. Amir Jang, headman of the Baktyaris, liked his little joke.

"All right," he said, laughing heartily. "You go with the Baba Ahmedi. But they go a very hard road. Big mountains, big woods, big river; and then big, big mountain with plenty of snow. And (Continued on page 112)



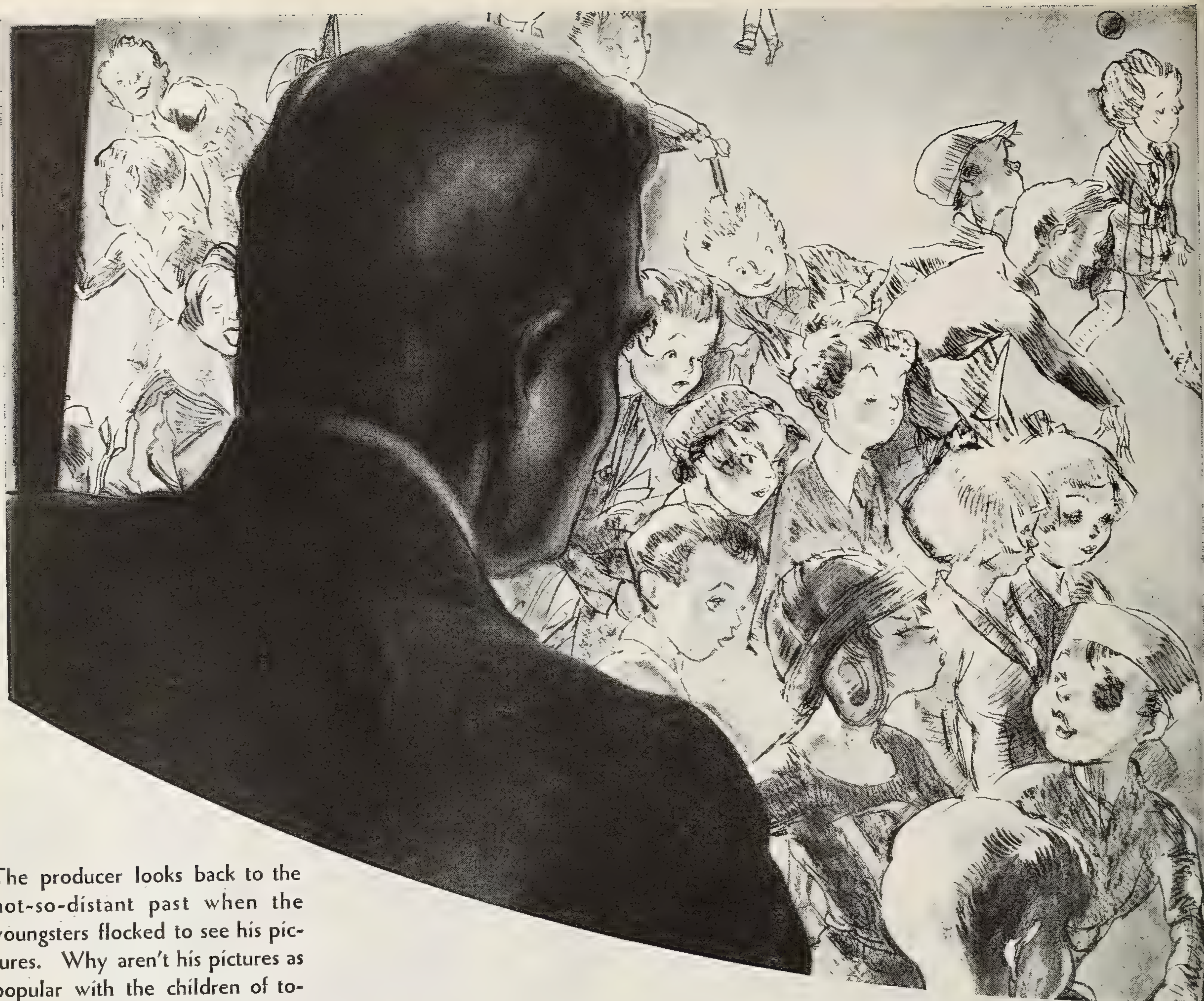


MODERN SCREEN  
PRESENTS:  
BOOTH

TARKINGTON

MODERN SCREEN is honored to present Booth Tarkington, one of the most important figures in contemporary letters. The famous author of "Penrod," "Seventeen," "Monsieur Beaucaire" and many other beloved stories, writes what is, in our opinion, one of the most interesting editorial features ever to appear in a fan magazine





The producer looks back to the not-so-distant past when the youngsters flocked to see his pictures. Why aren't his pictures as popular with the children of today? Mr. Tarkington tells you.

# TOO MUCH

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

MY DEAR MR. HEYN:

In your kind letter to me you ask for my "opinion on the serious problem of bringing the children back to the movies," and I realize that in expressing an opinion I am displaying some hardihood; for, at about the time that silent moving pictures began to be talking moving pictures, my eyes failed me, and now, though my vision is beneficently restored in one, it is not the sort of vision that permits me to look with any ocular pleasure at pictures that are not stationary. Indeed I have seen only one talking picture, and therefore my knowledge of what the movies now offer to children is gained through "what people say" and through what I see upon the billboards outside of moving picture theatres.

It must be apparent to anyone that very few movie posters display the sort of picture or flaunt the sort of title that would induce well-conducted parents to urge their

carefully brought-up children to patronize the entertainment thus advertised. Most of the billboards, indeed, show a highly-colored woman's head, usually furnished with an astonishingly elongated neck strained painfully from the lady's effort to gaze skyward into the brilliantly tinted masculine face directly above hers; and the words emblazoned about this pair are likely to account for their uncomfortable position in ways not reassuring to parents, guardians, uncles, aunts or probation officers. Superficially it would seem that one need venture no farther than the sidewalk to discover why children do not go to the movies as much as they ought: they are not allowed to go there. But I am told that the titles of talking pictures are misleading, that "no one pays any attention to movie titles anyway," and that as a rule the more improperly suggestive the title of the picture, the more demurely proper is the picture itself. I am given (Continued on page 117)





# LOVE

Illustrated by Floherty, Jr

... In this keenly discriminating open letter to the editor of MODERN SCREEN, Mr. Tarkington tells how producers could win the children back to the theatres. "Too much love!" is one great fault in today's talkies, he believes







# CAN YOU SAFEGUARD MARRIAGE?

(Above) Carole and Chester Morris in "Sinners in the Sun." Speaking of her marriage, Carole says that two people either care about each other or they don't. That happiness can't be worked at—like a job.

By HELEN  
LOUISE  
WALKER

**L**ATE last year a prominent astrologer issued a "warning" directed to Carole Lombard and Bill Powell. They must, he cautioned, take extraordinary pains to safeguard their marriage during the year—especially the summer—of 1932. Their happiness would be in grave danger during that period. Let them beware!

There had been rumors, even before that, of a rift in the lute of the Powells' happiness. Carole, you remember, had the misfortune to be taken seriously ill during their honeymoon in Honolulu—and she has not been really well since that time. She has been constantly under the care of physicians and she has been forced to spend days at a time in bed. She has had to watch her diet and guard her hours of rest. There have been few trips, few parties, few appearances in public for the Powells during this first year of their marriage. It must have been a little difficult for both of them for they are both cheery people who like to go about and see other people—and do things. That enforced withdrawal from society probably gave rise to the first rumors.

And—well, here it is 1932 and summer is gone—and Carole is feeling and looking better than she has in months—and the rumors are flying thicker than ever. But I can't see that Carole and Bill are doing the least bit of bewaring!

"How can you 'safeguard' a marriage?" Carole Lombard demanded of me, indignantly. "You can't take precautions about it or make predictions or do one single thing to stop it if it is going to fall apart. Two people either care about one another and want to be together—



or they don't. You can't work at happiness the way you can at a career or a patchwork quilt. Happiness is a thing that happens to you. The end of it comes, just as the beginning—unexpectedly and of its own accord.

**Y**OU can't plan emotions as you do a trip to the dentist. You can't say, 'I shall feel this way—and not that—a week from tomorrow.' You don't know anything about how you will feel.

"Bill and I agreed long ago never to make any predictions about ourselves—even to each other. Too many



. . . Carole Lombard believes that such a procedure is impossible. She believes that one cannot take precautions nor make predictions as far as matrimony goes. And that includes her own marriage to Bill Powell



(Above) William Powell with Kay Francis in "One Way Passage." When Bill married Carole, Carole was apprehensive because Bill likes a well ordered life and she prefers the opposite.



I recalled that Carole had had a few qualms (after all, what girl doesn't?) when Bill was trying to persuade her to marry him.

"We'll never get on!" she used to moan. "Bill will strangle me—or at least, he will want to. He likes order and dignity and an organized sort of life. I *can't* live that way. I can't have meals at certain times and be punctual for appointments and keep engagements that I have made a week before. I *have* to live a haphazard existence. I always do whatever it occurs to me to do at the moment. Bill won't be able to stand me. It's all right now—it amuses him—so long as I am just a girl he comes to see. But will that sort of thing amuse him in a wife? Even now, he looks at me often as if he suspected me of having just mislaid my mind somewhere. Bill wants to marry and 'settle down.' I *couldn't* settle down. It would kill me!"

It was that very impetuosity, the "haphazard-ness" which she bemoaned, the light-hearted carelessness about the formal details of living, I suspect, which attracted Bill to Carole in the first place. Bill was a little lonely and a little bitter. If he was a cynic, it was not without reason. Life had been a bit grim for him. . . .

CAROLE used to say—she still says—"I'd like never to do anything in my whole life but laugh!" It is easy to see the attraction that sort of girl would have for Bill. She was terribly in love with him. No doubt about that. It was not for herself that she was afraid in those weeks before her marriage. It was fear that she might not be able to adjust herself to Bill's way of living, fear that she might not make him happy that troubled her.

Whatever happens—and who am I to prophesy, if Carole and Bill won't?—they have been good for each other. Carole has matured subtly and gracefully since her marriage. She has always had poise. Now she has added a very pretty dignity. Despite her wise cracking and her quips, she makes you (Continued on page 87)

Hollywood couples have allowed their married happiness to be publicized and then have ended ignominiously in the divorce courts. They believed, most of them, sincerely and honestly, that nothing could ever shake their love and admiration and respect. Then something *did*. And they were just as surprised as anyone else.

"Bill and I are all right *now*. We like to be together. We have fun. Next week, for all I know, we may be at each other's throats and all the predictions may come true. But that is next week. . . . I certainly shan't do any prophesying about it!"



(Right) Dorothy Jordan, Donald Dilloway and Anita Page at the Grove. (Below) Marian Nixon wonders about the net result.



## THE ROVING CAMERA



(Right) Wally Beery and his wife caught between mouthfuls at the Coconut Grove party for George M. Cohan.



(Right) Buster Keaton tripping the light fantastic. The light fantastic is a non-professional. (Right above) Walter Huston—in costume, also at the Grove party.







(Left) Dorothy Mackaill and Ramon Novarro with incidental music by the real Mexican McCoy at Santa Barbara.

. . . A flying trip in and around Hollywood with intimate glimpses of the stars when they are being themselves



(Above) Mrs. Harold Lloyd and Harold Lloyd. (Left) Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna at "Bird of Paradise" preview.



(Left) Mrs. Howard Hawks, who is Norma Shearer's sister, at the Santa Barbara Biltmore. (Left, above) Fredric March and his wife attend the preview.







# AN AMAZING NEW ANGLE ON JANET AND CHARLIE

THE average person, no matter how much he or she wisecracks about matrimony, nevertheless fosters, heart-deep, certain ideals of marriage and could tell you, if persuaded, the exact characteristics of the ideal married couple—of in short, the perfect Mr. and Mrs.

For a characterization of Mr., we can go to the average girl, or even married woman, in an average motion picture audience. She will tell you that the ideal husband is handsome, but not "pretty," intelligent but not brilliant to the extent of self-absorption, romantic, considerate, able to earn a good living, athletic, capable of defending his wife and his household, a good comrade, a glamorous lover, and an idealist.

To reach the sum total of the traits which would make the ideal wife, we must go to the average young man, or married man, in the audience. And he would tell you that the average wife should be very pretty, with charm and personality, but with no veneer of hard, flashing sophistication. She should be thrifty and interested in her house. She should care a great deal for beauty and make the most of her own. She should wear the sort of frocks which call your attention to the girl inside them and not just to the frocks themselves. She should be sweet but spirited, capable of a little mischief, attractive to all men but true to one, interested in her own man's business and affairs, ambitious for him, helpful, but leaning on his strength.

Therefore, bring these two ideals together in a marriage-merger and you would certainly have the ideal married couple, the perfect Mr. and Mrs.

THEY probably do not exist, this couple, either singly or together, but upon the screen today we have a couple who typify these traits and who make them live to an audience.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell—the perfect Mr. and Mrs.

But whereas we have, for instance, two pairs of stage and screen stars who are greatly beloved and whose team work is unequalled—I mean Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, Edna Best and Herbert Marshall—they do not quite fulfill the average ideal. The one pair is too polished and sophisticated and they portray too worldly rôles for the ideal couple and the other pair is, after all, English and likewise veneered with the lacquer of worldliness.

Fontanne and Lunt, Best and Marshall, are married;



. . . This brilliant writer—who sees life and love so clearly—interprets Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell as “the perfect Mr. and Mrs.” and discloses the real reason for the glamor of their screen union

By FAITH BALDWIN

and to each other—and have been for some time.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are also married; but not to each other, a fact which has caused their enormous public more pain and speculation and sorrow and interest than one would think possible.

However, on the screen they are the Perfect Pair and this in my opinion accounts for most of their vast appeal. Even their willfulness has added a zest to that appeal. Before their marriages to other mates the public speculated eagerly on their possible marriage to each other. Since Janet Gaynor became Mrs. Peck and Charles Farrell married the beautiful Virginia Valli the public has not ceased to speculate. They wonder incessantly when Gaynor and Farrell will come together again, if ever; when, if ever, they will unmarry their respective mates and join hands in life as well as on the screen as the ideal couple, and why and how, in real life, they came to miss each other in the first place?

These speculations, no matter how much it may distress these splendid stars, to say nothing of the effect on Mr. Peck and Miss Valli, serve to keep public interest in the Gaynor-Farrell combination at white heat.

They are playing together again in “*The First Year*,” that very charming stage play from which such a delightful picture has been made, and it is certainly everybody’s opinion that Gaynor and Farrell, together, are better than Gaynor and Farrell alone. It isn’t that each of them hasn’t the talent necessary to carry on without the other; it is simply that they complement each other fully and that they are, on the screen, almost as one person.

TO understand them a little better, it is wise to go back a bit and recall their lives.

Janet Gaynor first. Exquisitely pretty on the screen, she is even prettier off the screen. She has great vitality and personality. On the screen she is sweet, wistful, elfin—all the adjectives which have been attributed to her since her appearance in “*Peter Grimm*” and her first great picture with Farrell, “*Seventh Heaven*.” The camera, however, by some odd trick of fate or lens, concentrates on the sweetness and wistfulness and does not give us the full force of her personality, the will of steel, the fire, the determination and the mischief.

She has always had that will; it, together with the help of her stepfather, took her into the motion pictures. She is shrewd. She does not permit (Continued on page 120)





# IN OUR OPINION THIS IS THE FINEST INTERVIEW EVER WRITTEN ON JACKIE



Photograph by  
Bill Grimes

**T**HE film colony is doing a great deal of talking and even more thinking about reincarnation these days. More than they've done since Jackie Coogan was "The Kid." And now another Jackie induces this interest . . . Jackie Cooper.

As one of our finest screen actors says:

"If you don't believe some of us are old souls, that some of us carry over a certain feeling and a certain knowledge from a previous existence, how in the name of thunder are you going to account for little Jackie Cooper?"

"Instinctively that kid knows more about acting than most of us ever will learn!"

I thought of this actor's words when I saw Jackie during his visit to New York. His genius, and I'm sure you'll agree to my use of this word, is like a strange, brilliant streak running through what is otherwise the engaging personality of a healthy, normal little boy.

In Jackie's manner, in Jackie's actions there is nothing to suggest he is any different from any other little American eight-year-old. Provided the other little American isn't extra good, or extra quiet or gentle. Providing too, that he doesn't dislike arithmetic . . . adores spinach so



Jackie was recently given a typewriter with his name engraved on it. Was he thrilled? And he knows how to run it, you bet!



By ADELE  
WHITELY  
FLETCHER

. . . The kid is a curious mixture of eight-year-old boyishness and amazing genius. But if you think he isn't regular—well, read this!

# COOPER . . . !

much he must have it twice a day . . . and has such an appetite for substantial food that he isn't ever especially interested in dessert.

Steak, by the way, is Jackie Cooper's favorite of favorites. He much prefers a piece of steak to an ice cream cone. And in the Metro restaurant where the stars' favorite sandwiches are named after them it is a man-sized steak sandwich that is known as "The Jackie Cooper Special."

Often on the way to lunch Jackie will say, "I've worked like a dog this morning, Mom. Can I have steak?"

**I**N New York Jackie was far more impressed with the ride a "cop" had given him on his motorcycle than he was by the flattering official welcome which the city had tendered him. And you gathered rather definitely that Jackie found the big expensive hotel at which he stopped—one which would impress most of us considerably—pretty stuffy.

Leaning his tow head as far as possible out of a high window of the lavish Cooper suite, contemplating Central Park, the silvery recessional buildings reaching toward

the sky, and the swift blue river which severs New York City from Long Island, Jackie said:

"You oughta see my clubhouse at home. Boy, it's the cats! Clean, too. We scrub the floor every Sunday and then everybody who hasn't broken any rules or anything gets taken to a show."

"What sort of rules have you?" I asked.

"Oh," Jackie tried sitting backwards in the big damask chair, with his head tilted over the seat towards the floor and his stocky brown legs hanging over the back, "Oh, no talking behind backs. Stuff like that. We give one warning. If anybody breaks a rule twice," his stubby thumb jerked backwards over his shoulder "out they go!"

Jackie had come into the great lobby downstairs whistling in what he undoubtedly considered a most circumspect manner. Hadn't his mother explained that when you live in a hotel you must be quiet and considerate of others? And wouldn't Jackie do anything in the world to please this mother of his! But eight-year-olds have a great deal of energy which they must burn up somehow. Besides whistling Jackie kept throwing his hat into the air and catching it. He'd like (Continued on page 98)



What, is the young man going to take up golf? Bet he'd make a good little player at that.



Culver Service

An unposed portrait of him snapped when he was in New York during his recent personal tour.



With Lewis Stone in "Divorce in the Family." After that he's going to make a picture with Joan Crawford.





Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee



Photograph by Freulich

# KEEP YOUR EYE ON

## DOROTHY WILSON

**T**HERE'S a new Cinderella in Hollywood. She's Dorothy Wilson, brown haired, blue-eyed Minneapolis girl with the body of a Polynesian and the mind of a Boston

school teacher—and we're not kidding, either.

Fate, with the golden slipper of fame in his hand, found the foot of Dorothy Wilson parked beneath a stenographer's desk at the RKO studio. One week she was typing the script of "Fraternity House." The next she had been given the lead in the college story.

Dorothy herself has accepted her stroke of good fortune rather calmly. She wasn't over-eager when they offered her a test. She wasn't unduly excited when she was given a lead. She's not over confident she'll be the success Radio Pictures executives prophesy.

She hopes her added income will last, however. She wants to save up enough money to go to Tahiti. She's always wanted to travel.

She's the sort of girl who would never pull up her stockings in public. She has a quiet dignity that attracts older men. All her beaux have been older men, and she knows how to pronounce the word *platonic*.

She likes Somerset Maugham . . . Percy Crosby's cartoons and thousand island dressing. She hates carrots, painted fingernails and overshoes. She'd miss a date to listen to "Myrt and Marge" on the radio and thinks watching Katherine Cornell's hands more exciting than an airplane ride.

She favors Anatole France's novels . . . sport clothes and Victor Herbert waltzes. She's afraid of surf bathing and crowds and her greatest ambition is to own a black pearl ring. She's five feet one and a half inches tall, weighs 103 pounds and has such beautiful teeth her school teacher used to have her show them off to a classroom full of boys and girls.

## RUSSELL HOPTON

**R**USSELL'S family was so convinced that they couldn't have produced an actor, that they had him buffaloed into their way of thinking for a good number of good years.

If he wasn't meant to be an actor, he thought he'd try farming. He did. Or be a sailor. He was. Unsatisfied, he turned to the selling of motion picture films. He failed in that and took a hand at arguing newlyweds into the purchase of ghastly velour parlour sets for their love nests.

Still that yen for the movies. To appease it, he got himself a job as property man at United Artists Studio. Then he was promoted to assistant director. In this capacity he worked under D. W. Griffith on three pictures. Still he wasn't content. Throwing family bugaboos to the four winds, he did what he had wanted to do for years. He went on the stage. Instantly, he knew he had found his forte.

He was offered a chance at movies. The idea amused him. That was in the days when the stage sneered, kindly but definitely, at Hollywood and pictures. But it was acting . . . and that was all that mattered. It became known around that Hopton was a "scene stealer" to be wary of.

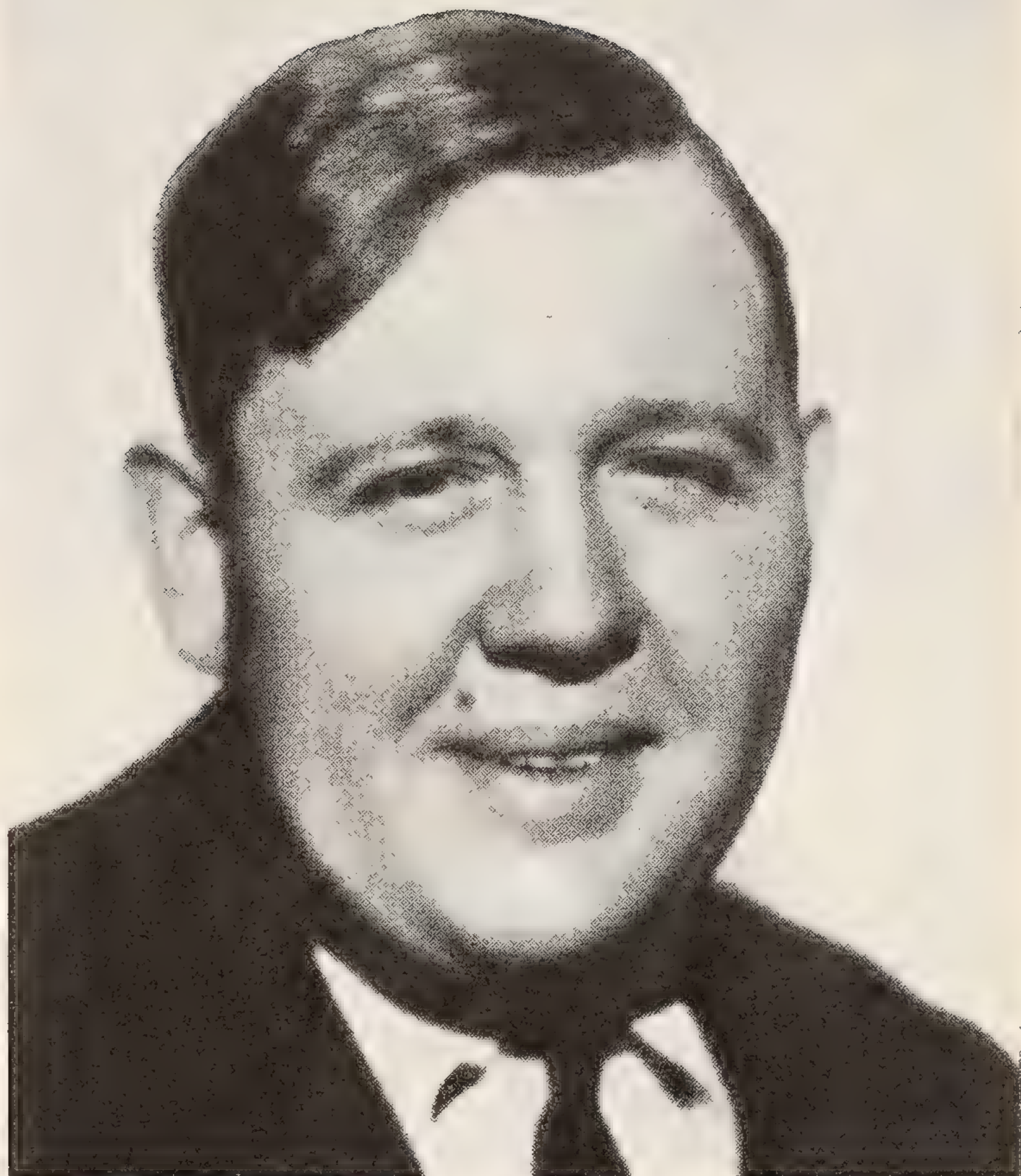
By way of illustration, as the home-wrecker in "Street Scene," he did a masterful piece of "grand larceny." The same with his gangster rôles. His first chance at a sympathetic rôle came in "Radio Patrol." He was delighted with his part in this, because it took him out of the "heavy" type class. As a result, directors and critics, consider him a very versatile young actor indeed.

Between pictures, he goes on fishing trips, with a couple of men friends. His charming wife seldom visits a studio and has no cinematic or stage aspirations. And that's how it should be, thinks Russell. They have a home in one of Hollywood's wooded canyons.





Photograph by Freulich



Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

# THEM

They're not stars now—but just you wait a year or so. All four of them look like first rate movie material

## GLORIA STUART

**G**LORIA is the girl that Paramount and Universal fought over. And she an unknown at the time! They both wanted to give her a contract.

Out at Universal they call her "our Gloria." She is one of the luckiest gals ever. If she wants anything she does not go after it. She just wants it and waits . . . and it comes to her. As her chance at pictures did.

Gloria always participated in school dramatics. Then financial reverses almost thwarted her hopes of going to college. But she wanted to go to college. And need we explain that business took an upward trend, enabling her to register at Berkeley? But three years of campus life found her tiring of philosophy from text books. She grew fond of the phrase "Bohemian life." It intrigued her. She met a young sculptor named Gordon Blair Newell, who with his sister, lived in the artist colony on Knob Hill in San Francisco. Visits to their little home found her fascinated with the artists, musicians, writers, poets she met there. Poverty assumed loveliness. She fell deeply in love at the end of her junior year, announced her engagement to the sculptor.

Gloria was invited to play at the Golden Bow, a Little Theatre, and was asked to write for "The Carmellite," a local weekly newspaper. The theater paid nothing; the newspaper \$25 a month; and her husband's income was \$20 per month.

A career became a necessity, but Gloria made no move. She knew things would work out without her interference. She was offered a rôle at the Pasadena Playhouse, one of the best-known Little Theatres. In her second play, "The Sea Gull," both Paramount's and Universal's casting directors saw her.

She's working in "All America"—with the All America football team. Her tall, lovely blondness will get you.

## CHARLES LAUGHTON

**C**HARLES LAUGHTON is a Britisher. His career in England reads much like that of his countryman, Clive Brook. Trained in the hotel business, he rose to the excel-

lent position of hotel manager before that old bug, acting, started buzzing in his ears. With frugal living he was able to save enough money so that he could enter the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

Literally, he starved for his art, the while he wasn't so certain he was just the fellow to be a successful actor. It seemed that fame and fortune were playing a game of hide-and-seek, until in April of 1926, they allowed him to catch them.

You will be introduced to him . . . as a madman . . . a fiend . . . a murderer. His first screen performance shows him as the insane commander in Paramount's "Devil and the Deep." There is an interesting little story leading up to his appearance in this picture. Arrived in Hollywood, Charles startled his studio bosses by demanding a small part in a picture to accustom himself to picture methods. Accordingly, arrangements were made with Universal, and he appeared as a "bloody" Englishman in "The Old Dark House."

At the moment M-G-M has put in their bid for Laughton to render his original rôle in "Payment Deferred," which they are bringing to the screen. After that, Charles will work with Cecil B. DeMille, as Nero in "The Sign of the Cross."

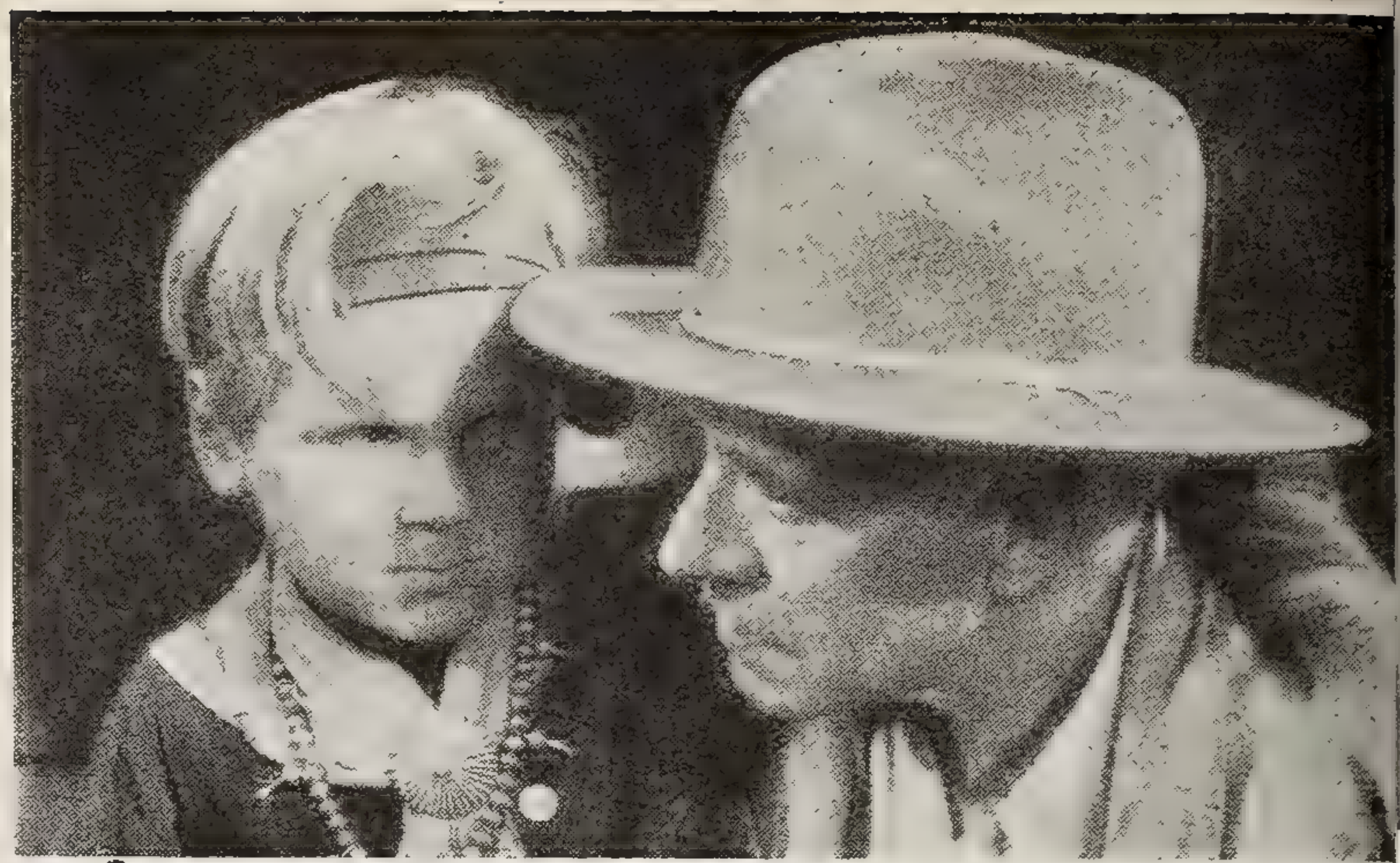
His resemblance to our mental picture of the wicked Roman Emperor is almost breath-taking. But for all of his forbidding countenance, he is a typically courteous and well-bred Englishman. Very reserved. And very charming. His hands are startlingly small.

His wife, Elsa Lanchester, accompanied him to Hollywood. She was famous on the English stage, too.





Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier in  
"Love Me Tonight."



Jackie Cooper and Lewis Stone in  
"Divorce in the Family."

# REVIEWS—A TOUR

## LOVE ME TONIGHT (Paramount)

Salute! To one of the most entertaining pictures to come out of a Hollywood studio for months; in fact, many months. Lavishly produced, with Director Rouben Mamoulian deserving highest praise.

Chevalier is better than his former best. Jeanette MacDonald was never lovelier. Charlie Ruggles, Myrna Loy and Charles Butterworth keep the laughs circulating. It all happens when a Parisian tailor finds himself in a nobleman's chateau. He woos and wins his Princess.

A little naughty and very nice. When more pictures of this caliber are made, producers need have no worry of box-office receipts. Don't forget to see it.

## DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY (M-G-M)

Jackie Cooper's screen life is no bed of daffodils. In his last he was the neglected, crippled boy. Now he's the unhappy son of divorce, torn between love for his real father and his stepfather.

Lewis Stone is the busy scientist who makes the mistake of sacrificing his two sons for a scientific career. Conrad Nagel is the stepfather, married to Jackie's mother, Lois Wilson.

Of course, it's Jackie's picture. Bernhardt herself couldn't have stolen a scene from this juvenile veteran. But Lewis Stone deserves no little acclaim for his portrayal.

## CABIN IN THE COTTON (Warner Bros.)

Yas, suh! Just a bit of the old South, with Richard Barthelmess as a po' white trash boy. When his father dies, he is taken into the home of the wealthy planter, whose beautiful daughter (Bette Davis) assists in Dick's education. Dorothy Jordan is the poor little girl in the triangle thus formed. Another conflict arises when Dick is torn between duty to his kinfolk and loyalty to his benefactor.

Young Bette Davis snatches the acting honors. Her supremacy was in part due to the fact that the time is past when Barthelmess can successfully portray an adolescent.



Tom Brown and Richard Dix in  
"Hell's Highway."

## HELL'S HIGHWAY (Radio)

Realism . . . with a capital R. RKO studio brings the first of the chain-gang stories to the screen, omitting none of the brutality of such a theme.

As the star, Richard Dix probably has never offered a finer piece of acting. Young Tom Brown, as Dix' younger brother, and every member of the supporting cast deserve highest praise.

Essentially this isn't entertainment. It's a piece of life.

## THIRTEEN WOMEN (Radio)

Tiffany Thayer's widely-read novel of the power of mental suggestion is transferred to the screen with a notable cast. As the half-caste girl who works evil on a group of her former classmates, Myrna Loy deserves a big hand for making an unbelievable story a little more believable. This could have and should have been better entertainment.

Ricardo Cortez is wasted on a small part.

You should know all there is to know about the new films





Aline MacMahon, Jobyna Howland, Sidney Fox and Jack Oakie in "Once in a Lifetime."



Eric Linden, Loretta Young and Aline MacMahon in "Life Begins."

# OF TODAY'S TALKIES



Douglas Fairbanks and Maria Alba in "Mr. Robinson Crusoe."

## LIFE BEGINS (First National)

Realistic . . . and artistic. The entire story unfolds in a maternity hospital, with Loretta Young temporarily released into it from her prison cell. Tense drama, poignant tragedy and a balance of well-handled comedy. With the denouement a little too shuddery.

Glenda Farrell, as one of the expectant mothers, proves she is a clever actress. Eric Linden as Loretta Young's young husband, and Loretta herself will surprise you with their dramatic sincerity. Aline MacMahon and Frank McHugh furnish the laughs.

There's no happy ending, but you'll wish there were. *Heavy* entertainment.

## ONCE IN A LIFETIME (Universal)

There were those who said "It can't be done"—but Universal ups and does it. This satire on Hollywood and its inhabitants is undoubtedly one of the funniest ever to be put on the screen. With a cast including Jack Oakie, Sidney Fox, Aline MacMahon, ZaSu Pitts and Louise Fazenda, laughs are inevitable. All about three dumb dodos who cash in on Hollywood's gullibility.

The situation is hilarious; the lines are comic masterpieces; and the cast . . . just superb. Universal deserves special praise for bringing this to the screen in such a manner that Hollywood will enjoy laughing at itself.

## SMILIN' THROUGH (M-G-M)

Here's Norma Shearer, again surrounded by a truly inimitable cast, in a beautifully produced filmization of that classical bit of sentimentality, "Smilin' Through."

Never was Leslie Howard's artistry more evident than in his characterization of John Carteret, whose Moonyeen is killed at their wedding altar. Fredric March also adds notable histrionics in the dual rôle of the drunken Kenneth Wayne and his son.

A far cry from Shearer's last two offerings, "Smilin' Through" will be welcomed by her many fans who like romance and tragedy, sweetness and tears.

## MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE (United Artists)

You'll enjoy this immensely if you like pictorial beauty, the Senior Fairbanks and natural comedy. Nothing could be photographically more exquisite than the South Sea Islands with their pristine allure. The plot and players are secondary in importance. Doug is physically-fit and quite amusing as the guy who jumps off his yacht and lives on one of the islands for several months, just to win a bet.

## OKAY AMERICA (Universal)

Walter Winchell was to have done a portrayal of himself for the screen, but the rôle fell into the capable hands of Lew Ayres, and Lew does right by it. The theme is timely, centering around a young columnist who becomes the go-between for the parents of a kidnapped child and a racketeer. He manages to deliver the ransom money, but the gang leader double-crosses him. There is lots of suspense.

And you can—by reading these reviews, straight from Hollywood





Donald Dilloway, Lee Tracy and Evalyn Knapp in "Night Mayor."



Edmund Lowe and Bela Lugosi in "Chandu, the Magician."

**NIGHT  
MAYOR  
(Columbia)**

Lee Tracy is some actor, and *some* Mayor. Head of the biggest city in the U. S. A., he much prefers the "Follies" (and Follies girls) to stuffy old board meetings. He's such a darn nice fellow, though, that the boys at the city hall indulge him. It's the higher-ups that almost sound his death-knell when the mayor's private indiscretions come to their attention.

His show girlfriend is true-blue, and refuses to marry him, saving him his office and giving herself lots of heartaches. It is really a one-man show but Evalyn Knapp and Eugene Palette rate mention.

**PACK UP YOUR  
TROUBLES  
(Roach—M-G-M)**

Your favorite three-reel comedy stars, Laurel and Hardy, try their hand again at a feature length picture. Their first, if our memory is aright, was "Pardon Us," a hilarious hour or so of screen fare. Too bad that "Pack Up Your Troubles" doesn't ring the bell as loudly. When the two comedians adopt an orphaned kid, child of their war-time buddy, the sentiment begins and the comedy ends, almost.

You may be interested to see blonde Paulette Goddard, the girl who is supposed to be making Charlie Chaplin's heart flutter. She's a right cute bit of femininity.

**THE MOST  
DANGEROUS  
GAME (Radio)**

Suspense and thrills. Horror and chills. Jungle and swamps. A boy and a girl shipwrecked on an island. A demoniacal Russian hunting them as he would animals. But then you may remember Richard Connell's short story from which this was adapted.

Most noteworthy is the *action* captured by the camera as Joel McCrea and Fay Wray are running from the madman hunter. The latter is a striking new screen personality, Leslie Banks, a dramatic thoroughbred.

**TIGER SHARK  
(First National)**

You know that when Portuguese fisherman Eddie Robinson, with a hook for one hand, introduces his buddy, Richard Arlen, to his sweetheart, she is going to fall for Dick. A Tiger Shark solves the triangular dilemma.

Pictorially, this is an intensely worthwhile picture, showing the tuna-fishing industry from hook to can. Eddie Robinson deserves praise for his Portuguese Mike. And Dick Arlen will make the girls' hearts pitter-patter.

This is the same Chandu whose adventures have been related over the radio. The story is just as imaginative and improbable, albeit exciting and entertaining.

Eddie Lowe is the Yogi, Chandu, whose mystic powers save his brother-in-law and the latter's secret, which would enable its possessor to destroy the world. Bela Lugosi is an effective Roxor, the madman who almost succeeds in wresting the evil secret from its owner.

Special photographic shots enhance the eeriness, and Eddie Lowe gives one of his best performances as Chandu. Children will love it.

**CHANDU,  
THE MAGICIAN  
(Fox)**

Football and murder. With an excellent cast to put the story through its paces. Phillips Holmes again comes through as the football player who doesn't know whether or not he's guilty of the murder of which he is suspicioned. His brother, you see, is a crooked gambler who forces Phillips to "dope" the star of the opposing team. During the big game, the star player falls and later dies.

Whether or not you like college yarns on celluloid, there's enough of the mystery angle to satisfy you. Charlie Ruggles (drunk again) carries off the honors.

If you know many people who were affected by the Wall Street crash, you know just what happens to Chatterton and her husband when they lose their money in the market. Brent turns to blackmail in an effort to recoup his fortune, and the lower he sinks, the more Chatterton seems to love him. She even turns down a chance to marry suave and handsome Paul Cavanagh. It's all too, too preposterous!

**THE CRASH  
(Warner Bros.)**

Cowboy Tom Mix gets very *palsy-walsy* with the boy-king of a mythical kingdom. This friendship eventually saves the kingling not only his domain but his life, when aspirants for his throne plan to do away with him.

Tom and Tony are "right there" when it comes to saving the king's life. Although the story seems not particularly adaptable to the hard-riding Mix, the kids ought to like this.

**MY PAL  
THE KING  
(Universal)**





(Above) General view of the Olympic Stadium with events in progress before record-breaking crowds. (Right) "Boy" Charlton, famous Australian swimmer, in Harold Lloyd's pool. That's a newspaper man with Harold. We are proud to print Harold Lloyd's impressions of the Olympics.

The photographs in this feature are by Hollywood Newspictures, Scott-Brinn, Paramount, Fox and M-G-M



# MODERN SCREEN'S OLYMPIC ALBUM

By HAROLD LLOYD

**I**T is, perhaps, a far cry from athletics to motion pictures, yet the tenth revival of the Olympic Games, recently concluded in Los Angeles, provided the greatest scenario that has been written in the last decade.

It was a "scenario" which had everything a dramatist could write into a story—drama, romance, pathos, comedy,

feats of superhuman endurance, skill—all of which, blended into a motion picture story, would make the greatest picture the screen has ever seen.

Frankly, I was carried away by the superb spirit of these great games, by the fairness of competitors and spectators. There was a feeling of intense national pride every time the Stars and Stripes was carried to the mast-

The Olympics were the greatest show Hollywood has seen in ages





Spectators (reading clockwise from lower left):

Leila Hyams and her husband watching the excitement.

Hedda Hopper, Fay Wray and Jack Morgan. Next, Clark Gable.

Bebe Daniels Lyon—and Ben.

Ruth Weston, Russell and Lucille Gleason.



Participants: (Top) The India-U. S. La Crosse game: The score was India 24, U. S. 1. Well! (Middle row left to right) The six meter yacht race. Swedish "Bissbi" in foreground. U. S. "Gallant" trailing. Imre Petnehazy of Hungary in a spectacular spill at the twenty-third jump of the steeplechase. (Bottom) The finish of the eight oar sculling championship race. The U. S. finished first by sixteen inches. (Hurrah for our side!) Italy was second and Great Britain third.



## MODERN SCREEN'S OLYMPIC ALBUM

head denoting an American victory, and there was a sense of pride in the winner and the nation he represented each time a foreign flag was unfurled on the victory mast.

**W**ORLD'S and Olympic Games' records were broken by the score, yet that fact paled into insignificance as you watched a virtually unknown Japanese boy, with what might have been his dying breath, drag himself

across the finish line of the marathon race, in eighth or tenth place—place did not matter—and then be rushed off to a hospital for emergency treatment.

No dramatist could have painted a scene more vivid than when the bronzed lad from the Argentine, Zabala, his last ounce of energy spent, literally hurled himself across the line, winner of the same marathon. Your throat felt parched, a band tugging tightly at it, when two of his





Spectators (reading clockwise from upper left):

Lily Damita as one of the audience.

Next, Marian Marsh, Harry Nasland and Jean Fenwick.

Next, Nancy Carroll and her husband.

Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker. Still friends and go around together.

Sid Bartlett and Alice White.



Participants: (Top) The finish of the 100 meter race. Tolan, U. S., first; Metcalfe, U. S., second; Jonath, Germany, and Simpson, U. S., third. Well, we seem to be good runners anyway. (Middle row, left to right) Miller, U. S., winning pole vault at 14 feet 3 inches.

The wrestling bout. (Lower) "Dutch" Smith, the high diving champion of the Olympics.



## HOLLYWOOD OUTDID ITSELF IN ENTERTAINING THE OLYMPIC TEAMS

countrymen rushed from the stands, past police lines onto the field, carrying the Argentine flag, which they threw over the boy's shoulder, kissing him and hugging him.

No god of ancient Greece ever fought harder for his country than did these boys during the Olympic Games.

It mattered not that a man won or lost in these games. It did matter, however, that he fought to the very last drop of human endurance. During the entire track and

field competition I did not see more than three men quit because they were hopelessly beaten. These boys did not know the meaning of the word quit. They gave their all, and not until that was gone were they beaten.

From the point of view of Hollywood, the games were a tremendous source of value. Not a day passed that did not see the stands containing every player of prominence who could possibly get away from the studio. The games





(Reading counter clockwise):

(First) Marlene Dietrich, Josef Von Sternberg, Cecil DeMille and several hundred "Sign of the Cross" extras welcoming the German Olympic contingent.

(Second) Clark Gable greeting the Japanese Equestrian Team.

(Third) Ernst Lubitsch, Jeanette MacDonald and Sari Maritza with the German team.

(Fourth) Anita Page with Sera Martin, of the French Olympic team.

(Fifth) Johnny Weissmuller and Helen Madison, American swimmer.

(Sixth) Will Rogers with the Olympic wrestling team.

## MODERN SCREEN'S OLYMPIC ALBUM

were inspirational. From them should develop a number of great screen stories. They might not be about athletics, but they will contain the vivid impression of drama, of all the ingredients of literary fervor that ran rampant throughout this marvelous meet.

International amity could have been cemented in no better way. Except for one instance, there was not the slightest gesture of misunderstanding, or reflection on the

sportsmanship of any man or woman competing in the games. Hundreds of foreign athletes, and newspaper correspondents, who had an opportunity of meeting the motion picture folk, of visiting the studios, and being visited in turn at their quarters in the Olympic Village, carried away with them a deep-rooted impression of American hospitality and cordiality. They took with them a better understanding, perhaps, of the fundamentals of





(Reading clockwise)

(First) Katherine Rawls diving at the party given in honor of the Olympians at the home of a Paramount executive.

(Second) Groucho Marx with Georgia Coleman, U. S. diving champion and Elinor Holm, U. S. backstroke champion.

(Third) Helene Madison, Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, Fredric March and Edward G. Robinson.

(Fourth) Katherine Rawls, Fredric March, Georgia Coleman, Josephine McKim, swimming champ, Mickey Riley, diving champ, Groucho Marx, Helene Madison and Chico Marx. All the pictures on this page were taken at the home of Mel A. Shauer and Lorenz Hart.



## HOLLYWOOD SAID: "IF HE'S AN OLYMPIC ENTRANT, HE'S THE BEST GUY IN TOWN"

picture making, of the vicissitudes of production.

It was an extreme pleasure to everyone in Hollywood to have been of some service to our foreign visitors.

As anxious as the athletes and their countrymen were to see motion pictures and motion picture people, so were those of us in the picture business eager to shake their hand and wish them—all of them—the utmost success.

The athletes of every nation left behind them an indeli-

ble mark of friendship, and took with them a feeling which I am sure will go farther in the promotion of good will and in cementing the peoples of different nations and different races than all the governmental protocols that could be issued.

*Harold Lloyd*

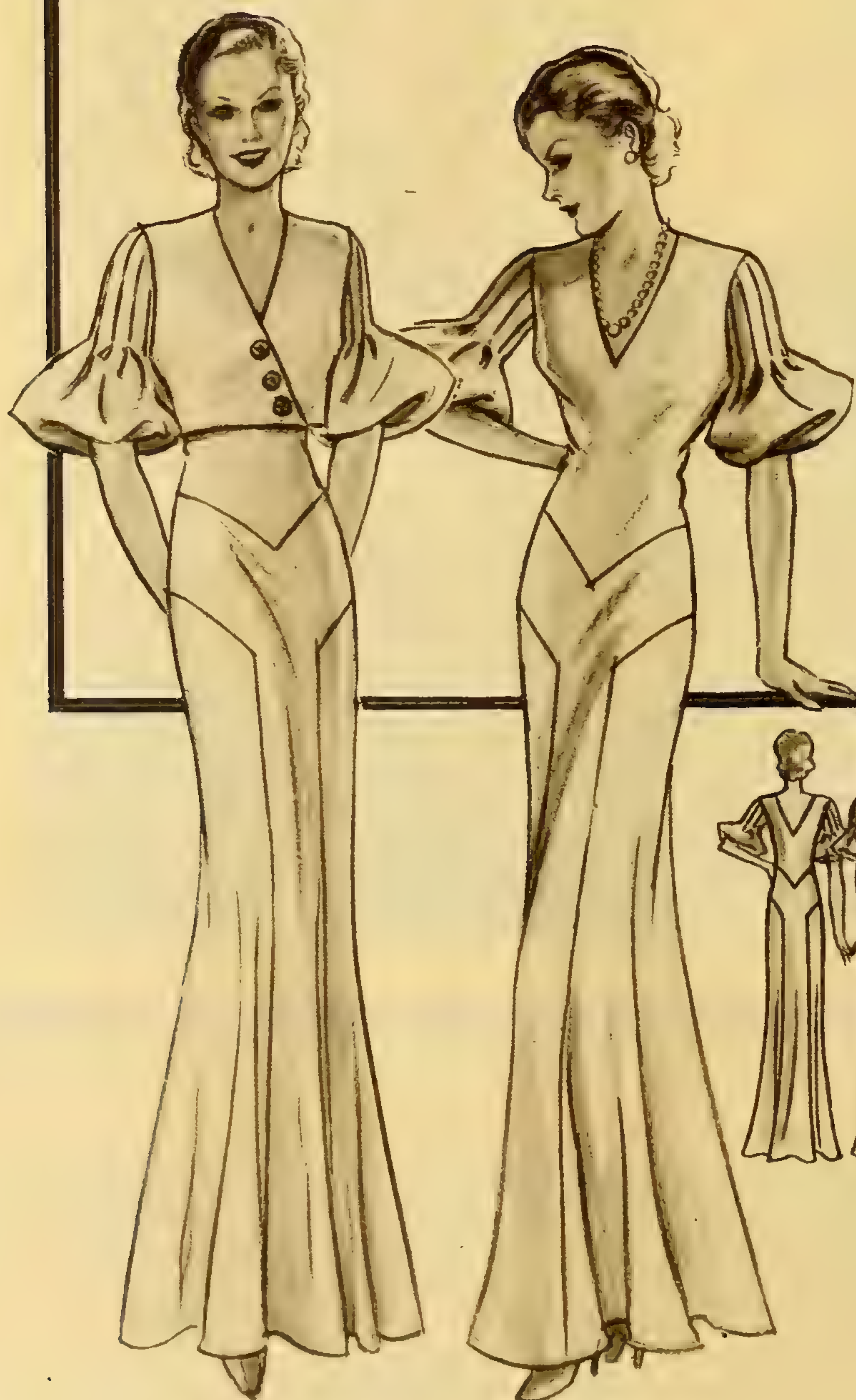


# JEAN HARLOW'S WARDROBE

...and yours!

...How can Jean Harlow look so young and be so wise about clothes? You'll be amazed and delighted at the hints she gives. And don't forget our regular pattern page!

By VIRGINIA T. LANE



(Right) Jean calls this her cornstalk dress. It's a maize-tinted crinkly crêpe dance frock. It is slipper length, has bias lines and a short bolero. (Left and below) And here's a pattern for you to order—a pattern modelled after Jean's dance frock. The number is 5081 and the price is fifteen cents. Follow the instructions given on page 61.



**S**HE may be the completely charming vamp *de luxe* of the screen but somebody really ought to erect a statue in the hall of fashion fame to Jean Harlow as the Girl Who Made the Bias Line Famous.

Jean, believe it or not, was wearing what Robert Montgomery refers to as "those um-um slinky clothes" while Paris was still advocating loose, flour-sack dresses. She is the most independent-minded girl I have ever met, especially where style is concerned. She knows what looks well on Jean Harlow and she sticks to it—more power to her! She learned early that if she wanted to blossom out as an individual among the millions of women she had to *dress as an individual*. She was born with a flair for drama. She dresses more dramatically than any other star in Hollywood. Adrian, M-G-M's fashion creator, told me: "Even





(Left) Jean departed from her usual custom of wearing only black and white for evening and bought that devastating icy-green satin formal gown. The shirred bodice front is both very fashionable and very becoming. (Right) The back view. The wide shoulder straps (they're called bretelles) execute a loop-the-loop in the center of the Harlow back and fasten at the waistline with jewelled buckles. (Above) That small dark hat of Jean's is black stitched velvet.



Jean's clothes show emotions. They live and breathe with her." Which, after all, is the highest compliment a noted dress designer can pay a woman.

Now, mind you, I'm not intimating that all of us should follow the Harlow style. As a matter of fact, very few of us can. What looks outstandingly smart on her would make me, for instance, look as if I were striking a pose. Jean's favorite dinner dress is one she calls a "nun's frock." It's long and black with a white top having a boat-shaped neckline and she wears a large ebony cross with it. Fancy any rollicking sports girl or merry-eyed minx in an outfit like that!

**B**UT there are a great many things about Jean's wardrobe that will prove of benefit to every woman in choosing clothes. Notice the utter simplicity of these gowns in which she's pictured. Not a frill among them.

"I'd rather have a few dresses of very fine material than a whole closetfull of fussy, cheap-looking things," Jean summed up her style creed. "At the most, I buy but six costumes a season—usually two black crêpe street frocks, a dinner and a restaurant dress and two evening gowns. My wardrobe is never a large one. I didn't even buy a wedding trousseau. For one thing, I didn't have the time and for another I was satisfied with what I had. I find you don't tire of anything that is lovely in quality and line. It saves you money in the long run to get a good dress of which you're always proud and use it for two or three years. I'm not a bit ashamed to say that most of the things hanging here now are several years old." Which reminded me immediately of a very amusing incident that occurred at a première Jean attended last winter. She had on an exquisite satin gown, an original Vionnet model. Another movie celebrity, noted





(Above) Remember when hatter's plush was so popular a few years ago? Well, it's back in favor again. Jean has such a hat in white with the new inch and a half brim. She wears it at a decided tilt, no matter what fashion rules, because it's becoming that way. (Right) Jean's "everyday" fur coat. Jap ermine, edged with beaver clear down the front and at the ends of the full sleeves. Beaver forms the belt, too.



for never wearing the same dress twice, came barging up and exclaimed sweetly, "Oh, darling, I've adored you in that dress all the times I've seen you in it for the past two years!" And Jean just as sweetly replied, "Yes, I like it, too. That's why I keep on wearing it."

Now that the Vionnet model is showing definite signs of wear, she is having a duplicate made of it. She frequently does that with a well-liked dress. "I can do it because there's really only one type of evening dress I cling to," she remarked. A slight misstatement, if you'll pardon us. The evening dress clings to Jean. Clings beautifully, so that you don't wonder at long-legged, lithe young girls the world over going in for the present anatomical silhouette. When this vogue is followed to its source, it undoubtedly will be found that Miss Harlow had as much to do as anyone in freeing women from unnecessary folds and flounces. Even the great Garbo succumbed to the rage for spun-silver hair that Jean started. She has had an undeniably strong influence on fashions, this twenty-one-year-old platinum blonde with





(Left) Ah—there's Jean's best color combination—black and white! Ermine and seal are artfully combined to make this ultra-smart coat. (Above) Jean buys her clothes wisely, well—and sparingly. That large black antelope hat, you see, gives a dressed-up air to a black and white street costume. The little stitched velvet hat on page 57 can be worn with the same costume. Like the perky bow on this hat?

the lovely blue eyes. And this is what she has to say about the bias-cut gowns she popularized: "They require more poise than any other kind of formal dress. You can't slouch in them—or walk heavily in an ungainly manner. If you do they become a travesty of fashion. Something terribly un-smart. You have to hold yourself up and carry your head high to give them the right line. Sixty-inch satin is a favorite for these dresses because it lends itself to an unbroken line in cutting, doing away with seams, from bust to hemline."

**T**HE white angelskin satin dinner dress you see Jean wearing on page 60 is one her delightful mother, Mrs. Bello, picked up for her in an exclusive shop not long ago at less than half its original price! It has the V-neckline she prefers above all others, that intriguing slinky look, and the short sleeves are banded with sable. And please notice, my dears—not a jewel anywhere! She never wears any with her gowns in the evening, believing that a dress of fine material should be permitted to stand



(Right) "How in the world," you ask, "can that Harlow girl get her gowns to fit so smoothly?" Well, one of the answers is sixty-inch wide material. It permits the gown to be cut almost all-of-a-piece, as that white angelskin satin one is—at least, down as far as the knees, where it begins to flare a bit. Very plain is this dinner dress, banded with sable just above the elbow. Nary an ornament does Jean wear with it. (Below) Jean favors simple negligees. She doesn't care for lace. The only trimming on that pale pink georgette wrap is the ruching on the wide sleeves.

Photographs in this feature by  
Clarence Sinclair Bull, courtesy  
of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



(Above) Jean wouldn't buy an ermine evening wrap for a long time because she thought them extravagant. But she can wear that three-quarter, blue-fox trimmed coat with so many gowns that she feels her purchase was justified. (Left) The very tricky little ostrich turban, bedecked with a black lace veil, and the little white kidskin military cape with the silver fox banding are two of the newest additions to Jean's wardrobe.

out by itself. The wrap she selects to go with it is white kidskin—a novel affair of rather military tendencies. (See above.) See the way the cape is swung from the shoulder in guardsman style. This effect is attained through the banding of silver fox which also creates the round collar. It's one of the latest models to catch the fancy of the fashion world. Kid, you know, is predominant among the flat furs for fall and of course fox is back on its pinnacle of glory. So bring out your old fox scarf, let the cleaner put it through a rejuvenation process, and wear it in a circular manner with a goodly air of dash.

Jean tops this costume with the cleverest little hat

imaginable. It's a white ostrich turban—yes, indeed, *ostrich*—and there's a black cobwebby lace veil over it. One of the very few pieces of lace Jean has ever been known to wear. For some obscure reason she doesn't like it on herself, won't even have it on her French voile underwear. Personally, I think this is a left-over notion from her 'teens when she was deathly afraid that lace would make an ingenue out of her. Anyway, it supplies a softening touch to the hat—and can't you just see Jean attending a formal dinner in this outfit? A stunning picture.

For the first time since she was seventeen she departed from white or black for evening when she purchased the icy-green satin gown shown on (Continued on page 111)



# MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS

## for fall and winter

These patterns are exclusively made for this magazine. You'll find them delightfully simple to follow



5032

5047

5076  
5069

5043

To order patterns: enclose fifteen cents in stamps or coin for each pattern ordered, with size and number of desired pattern. Be sure to give full name and address. Mail to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Safe delivery is guaranteed

5032—Coat with inserted side sections slightly fitted at waistline. Dart-fitted collar and one-piece sleeves. Sizes 14 to 44.

5047—Wool dress with the popular square neck. Circular sections are diagonally inserted at the sides. Sizes 14 to 42.

5076—Unlined jacket finished with applied bands. 5069—Frock with short sleeves, slightly circular skirt. Sizes (jacket) 14 to 46; (frock) 14 to 42.

5043—Tabs trimmed with pleating finish the neckline. Left side closing. Sleeves may be short or long. Sizes 14 to 42.

5027—A most flattering afternoon frock. Satin would be lovely. The sleeves can be long or short. Sizes 14 to 42.



5027



# What I know about A

... No one is better qualified than Ann's mother to tell you the inside story of Ann's rise to fame, her romance—and the recent contract turmoil



By ANN LEHR,  
her friend and mother,  
as told to  
WALTER RAMSEY



THE moment it became definite that Ann was set on a motion picture career, I found I had to make an unhappy choice between my husband... and my daughter. Her stepfather was dead set against Ann's becoming an actress. Ann was equally determined to continue with her "career" which was no farther advanced, at this time, than extra work. The upshot of the frequent family quarrels was that Ann and I moved to a separate establishment. My husband and I were estranged for several years.

Ann's mild success as a chorus girl in "The Hollywood Revue" out at M-G-M had inspired her with the ambition to become a dancer as well as an actress. Certainly no girl in the lineup worked as hard as did Ann Dvorak to master the dance routines; and in time she became a mildly celebrated figure on that lot as "the girl who worked so hard." (Have I forgotten to mention that Ann had assumed the name of one of the branches of my family, Dvorak, for her career? Her real name of McKim had been dropped by the wayside along with her long black braids, her blue serge skirts and shirt waists, which she correctly termed frumpy.)



# A N N D V O R A K



(Opposite page, lower) Ann and Leslie Fenton as they arrived in New York on their famous recent trip. (Opposite page, upper) With Clark Gable—when they were both pretty unknown. (On this page, above) Ann as she looked some years ago—before she had learnt to study “style”—a trick she got from Joan Crawford, incidentally. (Right) As she is today. See the difference in the two Ann Dvoraks?

About that time Joan Crawford fell into the habit of dropping over to the “revue” set to watch the chorus practice. Perhaps she had been told that there was a dancer on the lot who looked a little like her. Anyway, she talked to Ann, who was naturally flattered by this recognition.

JOAN told me she could see that I was working very hard,” Ann later related. “She said: ‘Don’t ever stop working hard. I think you have something. Hard work is all that counts.’”

After a fashion Joan and Ann became quite friendly. Joan was very sweet about suggesting Ann for small rôles that came up in her pictures, but the star’s influence didn’t help much in furthering Ann’s career. One director, I remember, objected to Ann in one of the Crawford pictures because he saw a similarity between the two girls.

Ann was quite delighted, rather than discouraged, at this directorial edict. For several weeks I suspected her of attempting to look as much like Joan Crawford as possible. It seemed to me that she was even beginning to talk like Joan. Her clothes were selected with an eye toward a “Crawford flare” and I must say that Ann’s style sense seemed to improve. During this marked Crawford influence she began to think more and more of her figure and carriage. In the next two months the

change in my tall, ungainly Ann was quite remarkable.

In spite of the fact that her appearance had improved considerably, nothing to further her ambitions seemed to occur. When she was made dance assistant in charge of teaching new choruses step routines I began to think that she might never appear before the camera again. At the end of six weeks, with the waning in the fad of musical movies, she decided to give up dancing and go into some other line of studio work. Ann asked for a job as a script girl but there was no position open.

One day, Ann, in a very blue and discouraged frame of mind was crossing the lot when someone stopped her, introducing her to a newcomer who was beginning to click, Karen Morley. The two girls became the best of friends from that first meeting.

KAREN invited Ann to lunch with her after which, in Karen’s dressing room, they talked for hours about Ann’s chances. Ann had almost reached the point where she was about ready to turn to another line of work . . . her professional dancing, or back to an attempt to write again. But Karen would protest: “Please don’t.





(Starting at the right and reading counter-clockwise). 1. With Richard Cromwell in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." 2. With James Cagney in "The Roar of the Crowd." 3. Opposite Paul Muni in "Scarface." 4. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Lee Tracy in "Love is a Racket." 5. With David Manners in "The Crooner." 6. With Warren William in "Three On a Match." 7. As she looked in the chorus of "The Hollywood Revue." Quaint? Marion Davies, Joan Crawford and George K. Arthur in the front row.



You know, it's a funny feeling I have about you, Ann. I just have a hunch that you are going to click . . . and click big. And I'm usually right about my hunches."

It is with absolute truthfulness that I say, if it hadn't been for the constant, almost dogged, encouragement of Karen Morley during the following several months, Ann would have left the movies. She was delighted at the opportunities that were flowing to her friend Karen, and shared them vicariously, but she never seemed to expect that such a break might come her way.

When Karen was signed for "Scarface," according to Ann's glowing reports . . . "the best rôle of her career" . . . my daughter told me: "It's a wonderful break for Karen. She's going to be awfully busy from now on. I suppose I won't see her so much and I'll have the opportunity to get out and look for something else for myself. When I'm around her she just won't let me think of trying anything but the screen."

I think Ann must have become something of a "perseverance complex" with Karen. Karen had a hunch, and she was determined to see it through. One afternoon when Ann was curled up in a chair in the apartment reading, we had a wild telephone call from Karen, urging Ann to come to the Metropolitan studios immediately: "There's a part in this picture that was just made to order for you, Ann," she spoke excitedly. "I just know this is the break we have been waiting for."

This was how Ann happened to be interviewed by Howard Hughes about the rôle of the gangster's sister, Cesca, in the much censored picture, "Scarface."

Two hours later I had a telephone call to the effect that Karen's psychic hunch had finally achieved manifestation. I wonder just how many events are dependent on somebody's steeled determination to make them happen?

**K**AREN and Ann returned to our apartment that night breathless with excitement, ambitions, plans . . . dreams. Until the small hours of the morning they talked over the details of the character Cesca which Ann was to play, her costuming and her general behavior. It was mutually agreed that it was a very flashy part and if the picture was any part of a success, Ann would be practically set.

Howard Hughes, the youthful producer, had made an instant hit with Ann by overruling a skeptical press agent who wanted to change her name from Dvorak to something less "goofy." But Mr. Hughes, who apparently knows his movies, vetoed the suggestion. "It is a funny name," he agreed. "But it does stick in your memory. I think we'll keep your name, Ann."

The picture which was almost a year in the making went into production a week after Ann was signed for the part. From the first moment she stepped into the studio we actually lived vicariously the exploits of Paul Muni, Karen, George Raft and, of course, Ann's Cesca. I think all the people connected with the picture became characters to Ann, and I am sure it was something of a shock when Howard Hughes, extended an invitation to Ann, *the girl*, to be his dinner guest at the Coconut Grove one evening.

(Continued on page 103)

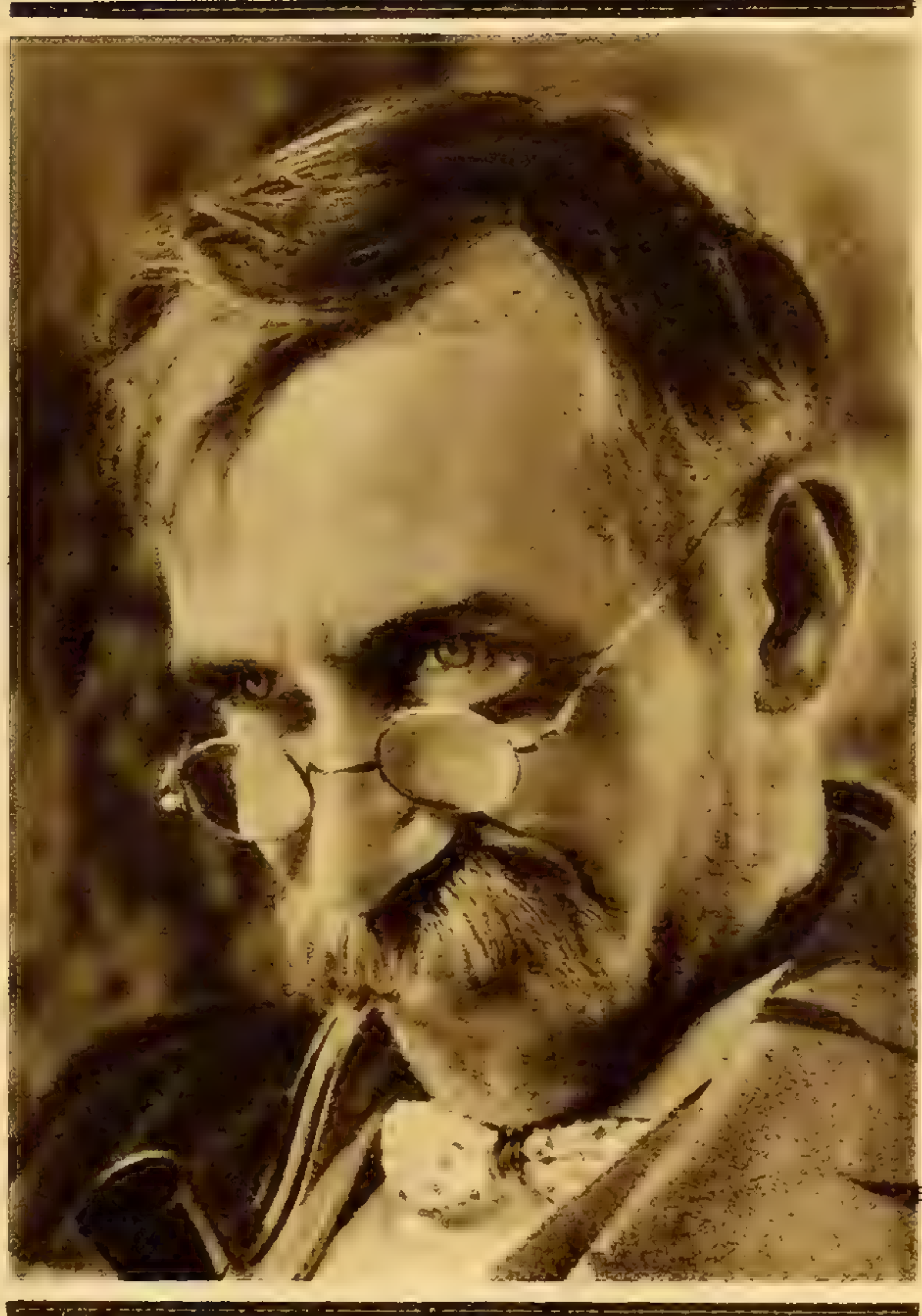


# EXPLOSING ANDY CLYDE



## WHICH WOULD YOU MARRY?

At the right we present Andy Clyde as you know him on the screen. On the left we present Andy Clyde as he looks in private life. You'd never recognize him at a premiere—or even walking down Hollywood Boulevard. When it comes to seeking privacy, Andy Clyde and Garbo have much in common.



... Surprised isn't the word for what you'll be when you learn what sort of a chap Andy Clyde really is. Absolutely different from what you'd expect

By FRANC DILLON

**A**NDY CLYDE wants to get married!

Now don't all you fair, fat and forty girls start primping and setting your caps for him, because Andy doesn't believe in marrying a woman older than himself.

Yes, you heard right the first time—"older than himself." Undoubtedly everyone outside the small circle of his friends and professional associates thinks Andy is somewhere near the age of Pop Martin, the character for which he is famous. A real "Specialist" type. Nothing could be further from the truth—by many, many years.

As a matter of fact—and there's a picture on this page to prove it—Andy is young and handsome, or handsomely young, if you prefer it that way. And, speaking of marriage, as we were above, it might not also be amiss to mention the fact that he has a lot of that commodity which it takes to keep the wolf away—money, if we must use the sordid word.

Now, Andy is pretty well known as an actor. Why is it that none of you fans ever had any idea of him except as an amusing, oldish character comedian? You know

practically all there is to know about every actor and actress in Hollywood who means anything at all at the box office—always excepting Garbo, of course.

Andy, however, is perhaps the one example in Hollywood of an actor who has honestly and sincerely kept himself out of

the limelight—again excepting Garbo. He has never had his private life publicized. In fact, he likes to be Pop Martin on the screen because his make-up allows him to have a private life, a luxury not sought after by many stars. In a profession dependent upon self-exploitation, Andy chooses to live quietly, almost obscurely.

No one, except his friends, ever recognizes Andy without his make-up. He can walk up and down Hollywood Boulevard, play golf at any country club, attend a premiere (which he does seldom), or dine at any popular eating place without being asked once for his autograph, although the thousands of fan letters he receives each month attest to his popularity on the screen.

An important New York critic was introduced to Andy one day in a café. The critic heard only the "Sennett Studio" part of the introduction. (Continued on page 106)





# WHERE DO YOU GO FROM HERE...?

With Jack Oakie in "Once in a Lifetime." One of the big important Universal productions for the year, little Sidney is lucky to have a part in it. But—she's earned it.



By CURTIS MITCHELL

THE glory and glitter of this thing called love is like a searchlight. It blinds. So many women are in love with love. So many of them wait for it and then, when it comes, open their arms and let it take them without once looking beyond. And those women, when the radiance begins to fade, are left with . . . well, surely you have seen it happen.

There are two things, according to Sidney Fox, that every girl should know. One, until you know where you are going, don't take a job. Two, until you know where it will lead, don't fall in love.

There you have it, a formula for life. Does it sound cold and calculating? (Not if you know Sidney Fox. Not if you understand what it has done for her.)

Incredibly, she has known where she was going since that gloomy day when, in pigtails and short skirts, she emerged from the wreck of her family fortune to take a job as errand girl in a New York hat store.

Oh, she didn't foresee a golden throne on the cinema

When Sidney was little more than a child, she decided that there were two important things in life—work and love. She made up her mind to know exactly where she was going in both of them.

Many girls go through life accepting whatever comes along



Sidney Fox believes that it is foolish to fall in love until "you know where you are going." She thinks that many women meet heart-break and disillusion because they love only with their hearts—forgetting that they have brains which should give them judgment. And she has an amazing remedy for this sad state of affairs.



Olympus or a following of a million ardent fans, but she did recognize the fundamental truth that no woman can ever stand still. Either she goes up—or she goes down.

Sidney chose to go up.

**S**HE is a wisp of a woman, this girl who now treads the paths of the mighty. With her share of human failings. For instance, the ticking of a clock in her bedroom turns her savage. When she reads, which is often, she curls up with a book on a big divan and presses the end of her nose quite flat with a finger. She hates shoes and won't wear them except when it is absolutely necessary. Crocheting is a passion and she would rather do it than eat.

Her figure is petite. The modeling of her face and the way she carries her head is something one never forgets.

And her walk, her thrilling, exhilarating walk. Why can't the camera catch it? It doesn't, you know. Not a bit of it. Somehow, it misses all the *joie de vivre* in her

stride and that marvelous economy of movement that sets her apart. Without being catlike, it is catlike. No woman in Hollywood can cross a room with so little fuss. Of course, there isn't much of her—only a hundred pounds—but that doesn't explain it. Some day, a smart cameraman will catch it and then you'll see for yourself.

Sidney was in her middle 'teens when she discovered that life should—and could—be harnessed. She looked around her and saw what hasty decisions and unformed judgments were doing to her friends. And she said to herself:

"There must be something that is finer and grander than this. I want it. And the mistakes I make will not be *those* mistakes."

Today, we see her daintiness and wonder how it survived the struggle of those other years. And don't you forget that there was a struggle. She has known the grimy labor of standing over a machine in a New Jersey silk mill and the drudgery of a ten-hour job followed by night school. She has suffered (Continued on page 102)

**Sidney Fox didn't. And look where she is this very minute**



# LET'S TALK ABOUT



Hollywood Newspictures

Come now, Daddy wants to give ums ickle boy a dreat bid present. And so Daddy does and junior is all agog. Do you think Skeet Gallagher's son looks anything like Skeet? Young Master Gallagher seems just a mite camera shy.

**H**OLLYWOOD really ought to be ashamed of itself! Breaking up happy marriages the way it does. One of the cruelest reactionary quirks of this thing called fame is the sudden death of the marriage of Johnny Weissmuller and Bobbé Arnst.

Ever since the swimming champion's hurdle to screen success in "Tarzan," Hollywood has been surmising about this couple. Johnny was just too attractive a fellow not to have a great many girls flattering him. Despite the widespread feminine interest in him, for a while it seemed as if his marriage would weather it. Bobbé Arnst accused Hollywood of trying to break up her home; she's been fighting off the thing that actually happened for several months.

Just a few days before Johnny returned to Hollywood from his personal appearance tour, Bobbé was talking enthusiastically about his homecoming . . . how glad she was that they'd be together again. Then the bomb fell, for Johnny hadn't been back more than a couple of days when he asked her to obtain a divorce from him in a Mexican court. Bobbé was so heartbroken and amazed by this request that she was on the point of acquiescing, before her attorney advised against it. Either Johnny will sue for the divorce himself, or a property settlement will be effected, after which Bobbé will start suit.

The only girl's name to be linked with Johnny's is Lupe Velez. Several of the swimmer-actor's friends believe that Johnny is terribly in love with the Mexican heartbreaker. Lupe says that there is no romance between them.

*After years of fighting his way back to the silver screen, the first day's work proved too much for "Fatty" Arbuckle. When he got back in front of the cameras, "Fatty" was so happy at being again at work that he broke down and cried. Said it was the first time he'd been able to relax in twelve long years.*

*Good luck, "Fatty," old boy.*



(Above) Maurice Chevalier greets Marie Dressler when Marie recently paid a visit to the Paramount lot. Bet you never saw a picture of these two stars together before. (Right, upper) Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Griffin. They're chatting with the captain of the City of Los Angeles. (Right, lower) John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce. Ah, there, newlyweds! Incidentally, how about a honeymoon?

It's about time, what?



Hollywood Newspictures



Hollywood Newspictures

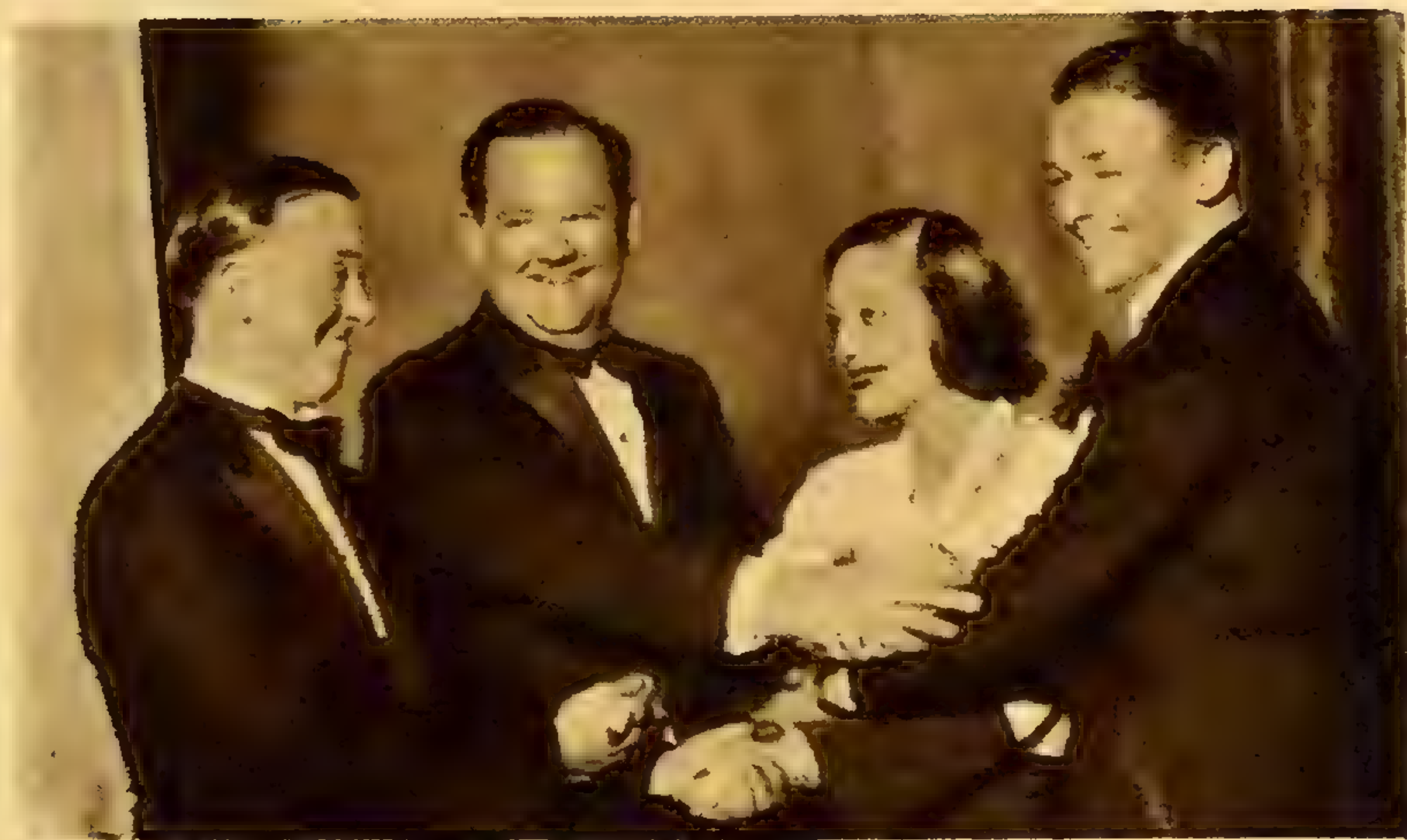
**W**HILE Lupe Velez is busy denying any romantic connection between herself and Johnny Weissmuller, she's being seen dining with Winfield Sheehan, king of the Fox lot.

This Velez-Sheehan two-some had Hollywood guessing several months ago . . . with the executive showering your favorite Mexican actress with costly gifts. Then it was cool as a Constance Bennett stare. But the fires evidently haven't burned all the way out, and the romance may blossom into something more definite this time.

All about the Weissmuller marriage bust. Arbuckle breaks down first day



# HOLLYWOOD



Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy had never met Joan Crawford who works on the same lot! So, when Joan and hubby Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., happened to be in London at the same time as Laurel and Hardy introductions were in order.



W. Albert Martin Studio



(Above) Tom Brown and his police dog taking a walk in the grounds of the Universal studios. Did you see him in "Tom Brown of Culver"? (Left, upper) Douglas Montgomery (Kent Douglass to you) as he looked when he appeared as Peer Gynt in a special Olympic games attraction at the Pasadena Theatre. (Left, lower) Gene Gerrard, a newcomer to talkies. You'll be seeing him in "Radio Romeo."

**W**ORKERS on "The Conquerors" are marveling at Director William Wellman. He's about the only director brave enough to boss Ann Harding around—and she seems to like it, for there've been no signs of temperamental rebellion as yet. Wellman acquired his brusque, commanding manner during the War—and what's a mere film star as compared with a company of hard-as-nails soldiers?

*Nils Asther and Gwili Andre—nice talkie team what? They'll do "Secrets of the French Police" for Radio.*

**Z**EPPO MARX was bedridden for a couple of days, and one evening was visited by a friend. Wishing Zeppo a speedy recovery, the friend presented him with a beautifully done up package, remarking it was customary to give fruit and flowers to an ill friend!

Later when Zeppo opened the package he found a can of raspberries, and a small sack of flour!

*A producer and a supervisor were arguing the other day. Exclaimed the producer: "I'm not saying a word . . . I'm just telling you what I think!"*

**O**NE of Countess Frasso's very best friends, they'll tell you, is a rival for the affections of Mrs. Cooper's lanky boy, Gary.

Just recently the Countess has lost something like twenty pounds—and maybe the flesh melted from worrying about our friend Gary.

*Columbia is combing Hollywood for a girl to play in "Virtue."*

**E**VEN the old film town is having a tough time keeping up on the Estelle Taylor amours. Violinist Jan Rubini is definitely out, with Edmund Burns as his successor. Only a few days later Estelle turned her attentions to young Lyle Talbot, new screen heavy. She and Lyle appeared at a local night spot, and the master of ceremonies (who evidently hadn't been keeping up on the local columns) introduced Estelle's escort as Eddie Burns . . . asking the folks to give him a big hand!

And were a lot of pans pink!

*Helene Costello continues to go places with John Barrymore Colt, son of Ethel. Helene has become very, very friendly with the Barrymores after her estrangement from them and her own sister, Dolores, during the time she was known as Mrs. Lowell Sherman.*

Just who is Estelle's present interest? Such fruit and flowers for Zeppo



# IN DAYS GONE BY



Culver Service

A more immature Ann Harding than the charming one we know today. In the days when Ann was a leading light on the Broadway stage. Probably about the time she scored such a hit in "Tarnish."



There were four famous people in this picture when it was taken some years ago, but only three were recognized. Helen Hayes, Peggy Wood and William Boyd were all mentioned. The fellow standing at the back wasn't mentioned. Name is Gable.



Culver Service

(Right) Soulful young gentleman, isn't he? That was long before Carole Lombard came into his life. And long before he was an important movie star, too. W. P. are his initials.

(Left) Would you recognize this as the leading player in "Washington Masquerade"? L. Barrymore is the name.



Culver Service



. . . Here you are, you "turn-back-the-clockers"—have a good time with these pictures of the stars as they were then



Harold Seton Collection

Douglas Fairbanks, long, long before he became an indefatigable globe traveler. That's Joan Crawford's husband on his knee.



Culver Service

(Left) Back in the old days the photographers seemed to go in for the pensive mood constantly. Certainly we've never seen a picture of John Barrymore in which he appeared to be so shy.



(Right) You can't even guess who this is—and it really is, too. No, not Valeska Suratt. Neither is it Clara Kimball Young. As a matter of fact her present name is Mrs. Michael Farmer.



Culver Service

Richard Bennett (with full face to camera) Joan, Barbara and Constance Bennett with their nurse. In those days the Bennetts lived in Palisades, New Jersey, and their house was considered pretty swank, don't you know. The other man is a brother-in-law of Richard's. That really is an automobile they're sitting in.



(Right) This rather curiously dressed woman about to enter the stage door of a Broadway theatre is now known as the first lady of the screen. Ha there, Ruth. (Below) And this little person, boys and girlies, shown modelling a chinchilla coat, is actually Lilyan Tashman. That was before she had an English accent.



Culver Service



Harold Seton Collection

(Right) An actual advertisement clipped from a famous magazine. 1920 was the year of issue and the ad was for a famous maker of pearls. The amusing part is that the gentleman happens to be Neil Hamilton.



*The Gift That Charms*

Harold Seton Collection



Culver Service





Maybe you've read how Buster Keaton has been on the stage all his life. Well, this (below) is the way he looked when he was a tiny kid, trouping in variety. (Left) Ah, some drama here. A very noble and historic pose, we'd say. Well, well, how Marie Dressler has changed.

Harold Seton Collection



(Below) Whoever would have thought that this little sprite (she does look sort of sprity) would grow up to be one of the most sophisticated women of the day. Greetings, Tallulah.



Culver Service



Culver Service

(Left) Of course you've heard how Wally Beery—yeah, Wally Beery we said—was once a female impersonator? Well, here's the proof. The camera doesn't lie, you know and that really is Wally, dressed in character.





# THE LURE OF

By ALICE  
WILLIAMSON

*MARY MOORE—from a little town in the Middle West—had always been a thorough-going movie fan and when an uncle died and left her a small legacy she decided to spend it on a trip to gorgeous Hollywood.*

*Through a series of lucky breaks—which happen very seldom—she was able to really become acquainted with the stars. And her escort was a handsome boy called Dick Garth—a stunt flying man who was just as virile as he was handsome. As we meet them they're about to start out for the Edmund Lowe's beach cottage at Malibu—and new adventures.*

WHEN Dick Garth called for Mary next day at the Roosevelt Hotel, nobody would have dreamed that she was a girl who ought to have sought the cheapest room in Hollywood, instead of living like a young princess. She had been wickedly extravagant and bought another new dress—a soft, white silk, with a short coat that she could wear by day and shed at night. Her hat matched, if you could call it a hat; and as the girl knew that her shining, natural blond hair was her one great beauty, she didn't mind the idea of wearing even the ridiculous little beret that it was at Mrs. Lasky's that night.

It was a delightful drive from Hollywood through beautiful Santa Monica, on and on along the sea to Malibu Beach. On their way, Dick pointed out what was once Clara Bow's cottage and then those of many other celebrities in a delicious little group along the shore when they had come to real Malibu. Then Mary saw a red fence, "an absolute *duck* of a red fence," as she exclaimed to Garth. It was the fence of Lilyan Tashman's and Edmund Lowe's house.

The house was white, with a red roof, and there was a hint of red in the window frames. What delighted Mary Moore was the white broken paving stones of the path, with streaks of red between. Cottage or bungalow; you could call it either, though it had two stories. The front door, set diagonally, was opened by a pretty young woman in a red and white dress which made her look like a gypsy ready to tell fortunes. The place really did look like a doll's house, but when Mary and Dick were ushered into the living room the doll's house

Illustrated by Jack Welch





# HOLLYWOOD

... If this girl's adventures had been yours—wouldn't you be thrilled practically to death?

effect was lost. It was a large room, almost entirely white save for some lovely old chintz with red pastoral figures and scenes on it, and some beautiful old red early American glass girandoles on the white mantelpiece.

Lilyan was waiting for her guests, in red and white beach pajamas which suited her fair, rather bizarre beauty better than the obvious blue or green favored by most blondes.

"What about a swim?" their hostess asked; but Mary was too infatuated with the house to go outside until she had seen everything, although a tiny but perfect private beach, with red and white chairs, a red and white awning and a red and white fence shutting in its privacy, lured them. Looking through an immense window with red and white curtains, the effect of a clear blue sky, a sea of jade and sapphire, and a carpet of white sand splashed with gold, was like a picture by some modernistic genius.

NOT reluctantly, Miss Tashman displayed her possessions to the admiring visitors. Mary paused with rapture in the dining room which had early American furniture—all white—and quantities of the most exquisite and quaint old glass imaginable. There was a pair of clear glass clasped hands, so quaintly pretty that Mary could hardly be torn from staring at it.

"Billy Haines found me a few of these things," said Lilyan. "He is the most wonderful person at picking up treasures which no one else can find. How do you like my window curtains here at the back? They're made out of a white quilt. Maybe a hundred and fifty years old."

Mary loved them. She loved everything; perhaps more than all, Miss Tashman's beautiful big bedroom facing the sea, whose huge window could be shaded by white Venetian shades. Her little dressing room, or *cabinet de toilette*, off the bedroom, had the most exquisite and dainty fittings, all red and white, as had Edmund Lowe's more masculine-looking bedroom which adjoined. There were many baths and bedrooms for guests, too, one of the suites being unexpectedly placed on the ground floor. As for the neat red and white kitchen, it made Mary almost wish she were Miss Tashman's cook!



"That's E. H. Griffith, the director," Dick said, "and he's looking at you!"



By the time they had seen and lingered over all the dainty red and white appointments of the cottage, it was after five o'clock, and Miss Tashman insisted that they must have that swim. Mary was given a smart red bathing suit and a red and white room to put it on in.

"I don't know how to swim very well," she confessed.

"I expect Dick Garth will look after you," said Lilyan. "He's good enough to be a lifeguard."

Edmund Lowe now appeared and he and Dick looked like two bronze statues in their bathing suits.

Mary swam out rather far and got panicky and called to Dick. He stayed by her, helping her to recover her nerve and breath. It was wonderful to be held up by Dick—the touch of his hand thrilled her deliciously. She began to be afraid she was falling a little in love with him. And that wouldn't do at all. She didn't want the enjoyment of her trip upset by an emotional entanglement which was silly to contemplate, really.

**A**FTER they had finished swimming and were dressed again and Lilyan and Edmund were off to their dinner party, Lilyan said to Mary:

"We shall be dressed, all ready for the Lasky party and you and Dick, after you have rested and had a picnic dinner here at the cottage, had better join us there, about nine. We're invited for half-past seven, but no one will turn up till nine," she laughed. "You are quite all right in that pretty little silk frock, child. But I've had a thought! There will be a lot of directors dropping in. I'm rather impressed by that natural gold hair of yours, and some of them may be, too; who knows? If you look your best you may be noticed and considered a 'find.' Such things happen. In fact, they are happening all the time, and happened to me when I first began. How would you like me to lend you a little silver evening frock, with bouquets of rosebuds embroidered on it? It would suit you and I'm sure it would fit. You won't have time to go back to Hollywood. The whole thing is rather sweet! Will you please me by borrowing it?"

Mary was thrilled and overflowing with thanks.

She thought that she had never had quite as much fun in her life as the dinner alone with Dick Garth in that red and white room. Lilyan had said it would be "just a picnic meal" but it proved to be a delicious feast.

Mary had dressed for it in the filmy wisp that Lilyan had lent her for the party, making up a parcel of her own things which Dick would carry home for her in his car. Miss Tashman's gown, shoes, and so forth, were to be taken by Dick to the Paramount Studio for their owner next day and Garth said that Mary might go with him if she wanted to and "if she had nothing better to do." He could get her into the studio and had friends there who would perhaps let her watch the work on some sound stage.

"As if I could have anything better to do!" she ex-

claimed. But the girl had no prophetic soul to whisper of certain things destined to happen at Mrs. Lasky's party.

**A**T precisely nine o'clock Dick stopped his car near the Lasky's gate and parked it. The house was not far from Marion Davies' enormous place. The Lasky's summer home, however, did not in the least resemble Marion's palatial home. It was more like a dream bungalow. They entered at a high gate and walked along a narrow path of broken paving stones trimmed with grass and moss which led to the lawn and so to the house itself. The garden was faintly illuminated by a soft blue radiance, and strains of music came to their ears. The blue light seemed to rise with the spray of a charming fountain whose rim was surrounded with violets and roses.

Every door and window was wide open. They both walked in boldly at the front, as no one was there to admit them formally. Just inside the hall, however, a servant appeared and took Mary's cloak, or rather, the summer ermine lent by Miss Tashman.

"What do we do now?" whispered Mary, almost clinging to Dick when they had given their names. "Isn't it awful? You say that even you aren't acquainted with the Laskys, really, and they'll have no idea who I am. I could sink through the floor. I wish I hadn't come."

"Nonsense!" Dick cheered her. "You don't know Hollywood yet! You'll be welcomed as if you were an old friend."

**H**E took the girl by the arm and marched her by his side into a beautiful large room that opened onto a terrace, a beach and the sea. There was no grandness here, as at Marion Davies' palace, a short distance away, yet Mary saw that after its fashion, everything in the house might have been almost equally expensive. Mrs. Lasky "went in"

for early American furniture and each piece, though simple looking, could easily have cost a small fortune. Mrs. Lasky herself came forward to greet the two, looking so like a young girl that Mary thought it couldn't be true (as she'd heard) that Bessie Lasky had a son of nineteen. She was extremely pretty in a piquant way, with brilliant brown eyes and beautifully waved brown hair. Just behind her were Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, talking to Mr. Lasky, a fair, pleasant-faced man, young-looking, too. Gary Cooper had come, so Dick Garth was at ease, as his invitation had been received through Cooper; and Mary Moore was thrilled, for Gary was her favorite man star. He was surrounded by a group of four or five people—girls and men. He was answering questions about his African hunting trip.

He and Lilyan came forward to introduce the protégées properly to the host and hostess of the evening. Mary recognized handsome Fredric March from his photographs. That sweet, impish little thing with the great eyes and dark copper hair must be (Continued on page 114)



"Mr. Garth is your lover. You are engaged to him. Say what you'd think you'd say," the director who was making the test said. Mary's heart thumped... Engaged to Dick Garth! If only—



# MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



We honor Katharine Hepburn and John Barrymore for their brilliance in "Bill of Divorcement."





Photograph by John Miehle

We honor Joan Crawford for the most brilliant work of her brilliant career in "Rain."





Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

We honor Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper for the poignant portrayals they give in "Farewell to Arms."



# BEHIND THE SCENES OF

By WALTER  
RAMSEY



**H**OLLYWOOD is all excited! Three of the biggest pictures of the year are in production at the same time. Over at M-G-M, where they are rather used to huge productions, the entire studio is alive with talk about: "... imagine the three Barrymores in the *same* picture!" At RKO even the girls who wait table in the studio café are anxiously watching the outcome of the murder mystery, "The Phantom of Crestwood." All the while, however, Paramount is beating the studio world to the draw by making the first all-star radio picture, "The Big Broadcast."

The fact that the *entire* "Royal Family" is to appear in the same play for the first time is exciting. "Rasputin" will mark the Barrymores initial opportunity to be together in the same production. Ethel was heard to say: "This is the one thing I have waited for all these years . . . never before have we had the chance . . . this is to be an historical document for the stage as well as the screen . . ."

And has the M-G-M studio ever planned for a picture with such infinite and costly care? We think not. They have used the actual "Gold Book" of Russia in designing the sets and creating the uniforms and gowns to be worn. The throne room and the Cathedral have been reproduced in exact replica . . . even to the mammoth murals on the walls. The gowns worn by Ethel Barrymore (as the Czarina) together with those of her court ladies required more than two thousand yards of gold cloth! A famous jeweler reproduced the crown jewels.

But the most interesting part of the whole inside story of "Rasputin" is the fact that Ethel and John are not



"The Phantom of Crestwood" at RKO is getting a load of attention because it's the only mystery story which has ever been filmed

without the cast knowing the ending. It's on account of the RKO contest. The cast (above) includes Robert McWade, Anita Louise, Ricardo Cortez, Karen Morley, Skeet Gallagher, Mary Duncan, H. B. Warner, Aileen Pringle, Pauline Frederick, and Matty Kemp.

Big things are doing in Hollywood at the moment



# THE BIG PRODUCTIONS



Harold Seton Collection

Over at M-G-M the studio is all of a dither because the three Barrymores are playing in "Rasputin."

Above(center picture) you'll find John and Ethel Barrymore talking with Diana Winyard. At top of page, Lionel, John, Ethel and Tad Alexander in a scene from the picture. The small picture is the Czarina of Russia—the part played by Ethel Barrymore. They bore a marked resemblance, incidentally.

creating fictional characters . . . *they are re-creating old friends!* Ethel met the former Czarina when they both attended the funeral of the Queen Alexandra. They were drawn into close friendship by the fact that they bore a startling resemblance to one another. Through this friendship, Ethel Barrymore learned the inside story of the death of Rasputin. She can tell you who the murderer actually was. You might be surprised at his name. It is not the name carried in the history books.

John Barrymore met Prince Youssapoff in Paris a few years ago. They became great friends. Today John is in the process of bringing the character of the Prince to the screen. Of course, Lionel has never seen Rasputin, the man he is to portray. He realizes, however, that everyone who sees the picture will remember *his* "Rasputin" as the *real* Rasputin as long as they live. He has studied long hours to make this historical character as real as those played by his brother and sister.

On the huge sets that have been constructed for the picture, one may always find John and Ethel—joking and having a fine time. Never once does one overhear them talking of the picture they are making. Generally they gather with the old stage players on the picture and talk over the old days on the stage in New York. Lionel is never on the set unless he is actually working in the scene. But one can always find him . . . in his second-floor dressing room working on his etchings! The day I journeyed up the steps to say "Hello," Lionel was almost beside himself with joy . . . he had just received his first check for some etchings from a New York art dealer: \$65.00!

The new crop of pictures are big-time knockouts





The excitement over at the Paramount lot centers around the production of "The Big Broadcast." At the left is George Burns, Stuart Erwin, Leila Hyams and Bing Crosby in a scene from the production. Lower left you'll discover George Burns and Grace Allen. Lower right we present the Boswell Sisters. All these are in the picture. There is some interesting dope about this picture for you to learn in this story.



**R**KO Studio is all of a dither, too. The reason is "The Phantom of Crestwood." It is the first mystery picture ever made in Hollywood *without even the cast knowing who committed the murder!* The scenario that has been handed to the seventeen actors actually ends before the solution is reached. Only the author and the head of the studio know the answer. You may have guessed the reason:

"The Phantom of Crestwood" is to be broadcast over the air and the radio audience will have the opportunity to write its own solution to the mystery for a large prize. Thus it is essential that the ending of the story be kept under lock and key! Ricardo Cortez, Pauline Frederick and Karen Morley . . . all playing parts in the picture and yet not one of them has the slightest idea who committed the murder—or, in fact, whether they *themselves* committed the crime!

A regular system of betting has been arranged . . . the new odds (changing as the picture develops) are posted on the stage board every day. By inquiring around, it was learned that the surprising total of almost five thousand dollars will change hands the day the solution scene is made. Everyone has a different idea . . . "I'll bet it was the detective" . . . "Why, it's a cinch that the mother did it" . . . that is what you would hear all day long on the set.

**A**ND with all *that* going on, Paramount had to slip out and gather in all the biggest radio talent in the business and put them in a picture! Not that this same idea hasn't been thought of before, it *has* . . . but

after weeks of trying to get them all together, the other studios have given up!

The huge difficulty about such a picture has always been the idea that many of the stars of the radio couldn't leave their work in New York. Paramount finally hit upon the idea of doing half of the picture in Hollywood and the rest in New York! Which may sound like an easy solution . . . but it isn't.

The story calls for Bing Crosby to walk *out* of the broadcasting room as Kate Smith walks *in*. Bing will have to make his exit in Hollywood and when you see Kate Smith enter the same room she will be doing it in New York!

Stuart Erwin will find it necessary to call the Mills Brothers into the room. On the screen you will see them walk right into the room. But the scene showing the Mills boys walking into the room will be taken three thousand miles away and about a month later!

**A**ND, of course, you've heard of Burns & Allen? George and Gracie? According to the boys in Hollywood, they just about steal the show. Bing Crosby says so! And the Boswell Sisters! Who doesn't rave about their singing.

The Boswell Sisters will probably appear on the screen in the same scene with Bing Crosby . . . and when they do, you can turn to your boy friend and say: "When that scene was made Bing was standing about three thousand miles from the Boswell Sisters . . . how do you suppose they do it?"

We in Hollywood looked for (Continued on page 100)



# WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Hours at the Bridge Table...  
No time at all for her teeth and gums  
and she has "Pink Tooth Brush"!

LET her exercise her wits on contract all she wants to! But if she wants to be attractive when she smiles and talks, it would pay her to spend a few seconds a day exercising her gums!

People get a mighty good close-up of your teeth at the bridge table! How about your teeth and gums? If you have flabby, sickly gums—if you have "pink tooth brush"—watch out! Before long, you may be ashamed to smile!

Modern foods are too soft to exercise the gums properly. And when your gums become soft and tender, you're likely to find "pink" on your tooth brush pretty regularly.

Do you realize that "pink tooth brush" robs the teeth of their natural polish?—that it opens the way for gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea?—that it endangers sound teeth?

Do this: Clean your teeth with Ipana

Tooth Paste. But each time, rub a little *extra* Ipana right into those unhealthy gums of yours. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, sends fresh blood speeding through the gums, and helps to firm them back to health.

Start in today with this Ipana régime. Your teeth will be *so* much whiter and brighter! And if you'll keep using Ipana with massage, you won't have to give a thought to "pink tooth brush." You'll be rid of it!

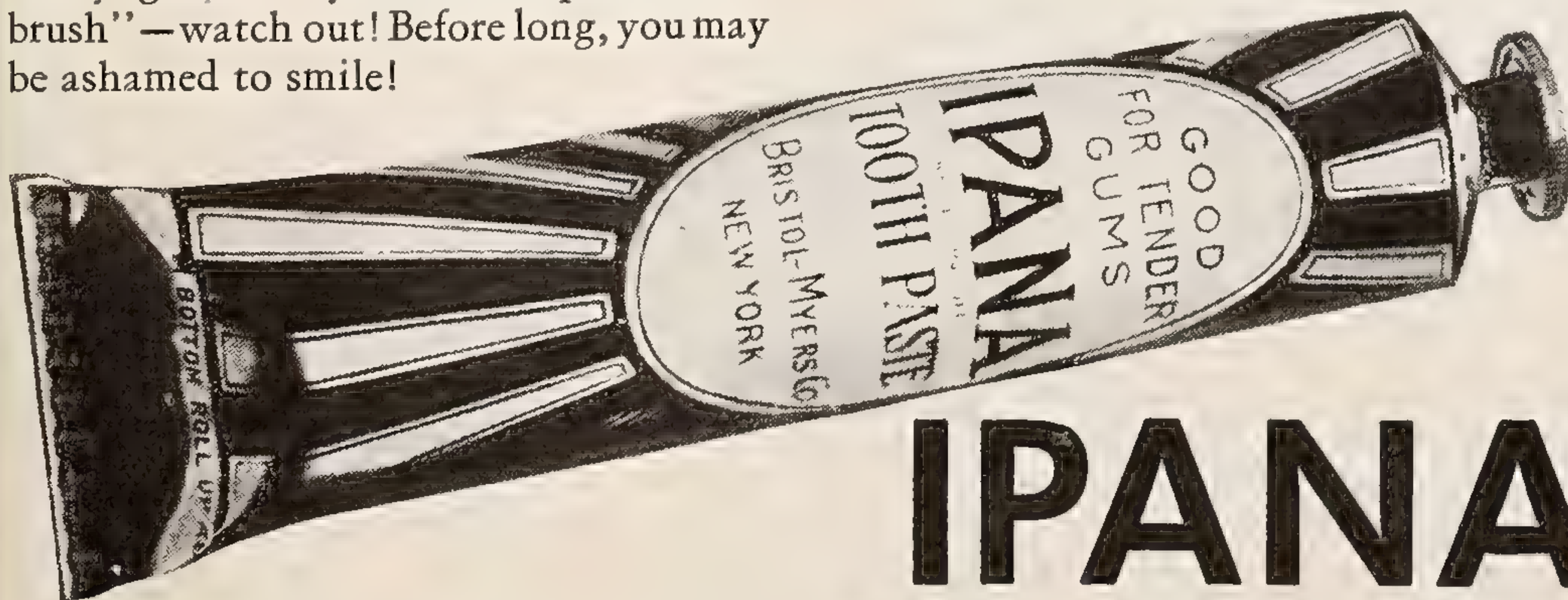
BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-112  
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street .....

City..... State.....



## IPANA TOOTH PASTE

A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY



# BETWEEN YOU and ME

Here's a department—all for you—to tell the editor of MODERN SCREEN your frank opinions about the talkies. And you'll enjoy reading other readers' letters, too

Dear Readers:

A number of you have written to me recently about various old favorites. Some of your letters indicate that you haven't been at all pleased with the type of picture which some of them have been making. Other letters indicate that you are not satisfied with their infrequent appearances in pictures. Looking over the new pictures, it occurs to me that this might be called "Old Favorites Month."

In the first place, I recently was privileged to see a preview of Marion Davies' "Blondie of the Follies." I had been very disappointed to see this very capable comedienne forced to waste her talents in such mediocre fare as "Polly of the Circus." Well, her new picture is something in the nature of a revelation. Despite a rather trite and unconvincing dénouement, "Blondie of the Follies" is one of the most interesting pictures in recent months. I hope you will write to me when you have seen it and tell me if you don't agree. Don't you find Marian is her old self again.

Harold Lloyd is another old favorite whose clean and hilarious fun appears all too infrequently. What do you think of "Movie Crazy?" Personally, I got a big kick out of it and hope that Harold's promise to make more pictures each year will be carried out.

Then there's Doug Fairbanks and his new "Mr. Robinson Crusoe." I haven't seen it myself but I have heard fine news about it.

If you have seen it, write and tell me what you think of it.

"Cabin in the Cotton" brings you Richard Barthelmess again. Here is an old favorite of whom we never tire. At least, I never do. His pictures are different; he never allows himself to act in a story which is trite and usual. "Cabin in the Cotton," I have been told, is no exception. And while we are on the subject, I am sure you agree with me that Mary Pickford's much delayed picture will be well worth waiting for. And then there's a rumor that Norma Talmadge and George Jessel are going to make a picture together.

The glamorous world of Hollywood would lose much of its dignity and interest if it weren't for the fine pictures made by the fine young "old favorites." Don't you agree?

*The Editor*

Please address all letters to  
The Editor, MODERN SCREEN,  
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

## Some Folks Ain't Never Satisfied

R. D. K., of ST. JOHN, N. B., who says she has never written to a magazine before, has a somewhat strange criticism:

Why is there not more publication in screen magazines about Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Marie Dressler and Clark Gable—the stars fans like most to read about?

I hope you will answer my question soon as I am anxious to know.

(Well, R. D. K., it seems to us that every issue of Modern Screen, and, indeed, every other fan publication, has a story on at least one of the players you mention; if not on all of them. However, we'll remember your request.)

## It Seems that Dietrich Has Just About Everything

HOPE NAPOLI, of SAN JOSE,

CAL., gets didactic about Marlene Dietrich:

You can have your Garbos, your Bennetts, your Crawford's and your Shearers, but I'll take Dietrich, Marlene Dietrich. Why? Because she has the glamor of Garbo, the charm of Bennett, the talent of Crawford, and the poise of Shearer. In other words she's my idea of not only an actress but a woman. Long live our Dietrich because there will never be another half as fair or half as talented.

(Maybe you're right, Hope, but you forgot to mention that Marlene has the legs of Thelma Todd.)

## We Don't Agree with All of this, but It Sounds Well

K. W., of LOS ANGELES, CAL., says thus and so:

We go to the movies to forget monotony! Often though, we find monotony in repetition and duplication of effort. Platinum blondes galore, dressed alike, groomed alike, waves in their hair alike,

smiling alike, and all more or less portraying the biological urge to pose and glance. We are most tired of the pop-eye Joan C., with her wiggle walk. Ruth Chatterton's sameness, Norma Shearer with her nervous giggle—always the same.

There are many we never tire of. Always, they stir us up and make us think that after all there are bigger things than the diatribes of our lives. Marie Dressler and her marvelous versatility! George Arliss, his great and unfailing artistry and knack of always selecting good plays. He surely knows what the public, old and young, likes. Greta Garbo and her apparent great depth of feeling! E. G. Robinson, Ronald Colman always dependable and never disappointing. Helen Hayes and some of the splendid artists in "Street Scene."

Please have them soft pedal the passion kisses. Stale stuff.

Let George Arliss pick plays for the individual artists and see them go box office!

Note in your magazine that Mary Pickford wants Clara Bow in her picture. Let Mary stand on her own laurels.

Clara Bow with those deep tragic eyes always reminds me of Sarah Bernhardt. Only she hasn't that deep, resonant, marvelous voice! Voice culture and the elimination of "Oh, yeah?" from Clara's vocabulary will do much for Clara.

Clara may grow old and fat but she will still be a drawing card like Marie Dressler, because it is her deep emotionalism, knowledge of human nature in the raw, her primitive feelings that all go to make up her personality—not merely dependence on a physical charm. (There's a lot of grand criticism in your letter, K. W. But just wait until the fans read what you say about Joan Crawford. You're in for it!)

## Here's One Person Who Refuses to be Fooled

AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR, of ST. LOUIS, MO., has an amusing piece about the atrocities of publicity:

Publicity, what crimes are committed in thy name! This is the second time I have read that lovely little tale of the way Billie Dove visits hospitals to learn the details of sickness and suffering. Only this time there was an added embellishment to the effect that the gorgeous Billie goes to watch the patients die so that when or if she is ever called upon to portray a like situation she can give a realistic performance.

If it be true that a casual stranger is permitted to watch the death-beds of all and sundry, the hospital management is woefully lax. Very poor taste, too, if nothing worse. Also, Billie is a lovely woman but she scarcely attains such dramatic heights that such a procedure would be in any way excusable. One death-bed would be enough for most people. Palpably cock and bull story.

I could wager a whole bushel of old  
(Continued on page 88)



Modern Screen,

# FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS at 10¢ Absolutely Equal \$1 to \$3 Quality



*The ONLY Beauty Aids at 10¢ that give Scientific Proof of Fineness and Purity*

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# THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Players)

MARRIED; IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE AND DATE;  
WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO; CURRENT AND  
FUTURE RÔLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

## COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.  
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.  
First National Studios, Burbank, California.  
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.  
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California  
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.  
Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.  
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.  
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.  
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.  
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.  
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE; unmarried; born in Charleroi, Pa., December 16. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "The Jewel Robbery," "The Purchase Price" and "Three on a Match," First National; "Polo," Columbia.

AMES, ADRIENNE; married to Stephen Ames; born in Fort Worth, Texas, August 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Sinners in the Sun" and "Guilty as Hell."

ANDRE, GWILI; unmarried; born in Copenhagen, Denmark, February 4. Radio player. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon." Working in "Secrets of the French Police."

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Tiger Shark," First National; "Guilty as Hell," Paramount; "All America," Universal.

ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, April 10. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Successful Calamity." Next is "The Adopted Father."

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich., November 21. Radio player. Featured in "Is My Face Red?" "The Most Dangerous Game" and "Kong," Radio; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount.

ASTHER, NILS; married to Vivian Duncan, born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Washington Masquerade," M-G-M; "Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia. Working in "Secrets of the French Police," Radio.

ASTOR, MARY; married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe; born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Successful Calamity," Warner Bros.; "Those We Love," Tiffany.

ATES, ROSCOE; married to Ethel Rogers; born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 20. Radio player. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail." Working in "Little Orphan Annie."

ATWILL, LIONEL; married; born in Croydon, Eng., March 1. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Dr. X," First National. Appearing on legitimate stage.

AYRES, LEW; married to Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Universal star. Starred in "Night World" and "Okay, America." Next is "Ships of Chance."

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif., May 2. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Featured in "Back Street," Universal. Vacationing in Europe.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavis Boroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 30. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Starred in "World and the Flesh" and "Lady and Gent," Paramount.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Ala., January 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Thunder Below" and "Devil and the Deep," Paramount. Working in "Tinfoil," M-G-M.

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel," M-G-M; "State's Attorney" and "Bill of Divorcement," Radio; "Rasputin," M-G-M.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel," "Washington Masquerade" and "Rasputin," M-G-M. Next is "Sweepings," Radio.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Alias the Doctor" and "Cabin in the Cotton." Vacationing in Europe.

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Fox star. Starred in "Amateur Daddy" and "Man About Town." Working in "Six Hours to Live."

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Rita Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Hell Divers" and "Grand Hotel." Working in "Flesh."

BELLAMY, RALPH; married to Catherine Willard; born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Woman in Room 13" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox; "Airmail," Universal. Working in "Wild Girl," Fox.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; married to the Marquis de la Palaise; born in New York City, October 22. Radio player. Starred in "What Price Hollywood," Radio; "Two Against the World," First National; "Manhattan Lullaby," Radio. Next is "Sun Also Rises," Radio.

BENNETT, JOAN; married to Gene Markey; born in Palisades, N. J., February 27. Fox player. Featured in "Week-Ends Only." Working in "Wild Girl."

BENNETT, RICHARD; married; born in Beaconsfield, Iowa, May 21. Paramount player. Featured in "Madame Racketeer," Paramount; "Strange Justice," Radio; "Merry Go Round," Universal.

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married; born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Thunder Below," Paramount; "The Last Man," Columbia.

BIRELL, TALA; unmarried; born in Vienna, September 10. Universal player. Featured in "The Doomed Battalion." Next is "Nagana."

BLONDELL, JOAN; married to George Barnes; born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Big City Blues," Warners; "Make Me a Star," Paramount; "Three on a Match," Warners. Working in "Central Park," Warners.

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbis; born in Breenville, Texas, October 27. Fox star. Featured in "Back Street," Universal. Working in "Six Hours to Live," Fox.

BOW, CLARA; married to Rex Bell; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Working in "Call Her Savage," Fox.

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian. Born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at Radio studio. Working in "Yukon," Radio.

BOYD, WILLIAM; divorced; born in New York City, December 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "After the Rain," Fox; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount.

BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Bert; born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured in "Disorderly Conduct." Working in "Jubilo."

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida, October 20. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia.

BRENT, GEORGE; married to Ruth Chatterton; born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "The Purchase Price," "The Crash" and "They Call It Sin." Next is "The Paris Racket."

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "It's Tough to Be Famous" and "Blessed Event," First National.

BROOK, CLIVE; married to Faith Evelyn; born in London, June 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Man From Yesterday" and "Night of June 13," Paramount. Next is "Sherlock Holmes," Fox.

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn McGraw; born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "The Tenderfoot." Working in "You Said a Mouthful."

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Ala., September 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Vanishing Frontier" and "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount.

BROWN, TOM; unmarried; born in New York City, January 6. Universal player. Featured in "Fast Companions" and "Brown of Culver," Universal; "Hell's Highway," Radio.

BRUCE, VIRGINIA; married to John Gilbert; born in Minneapolis, Minn., September 29. M-G-M player. Featured in "Sky Bride," Paramount; "Son of Russia," First National; "Downstairs," M-G-M. Working in "Kongo," M-G-M.

(Continued on page 92)

## HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER— WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

Buster Keaton	October 4	James Dunn	November 2
Carole Lombard	October 6	Will Rogers	November 4
Helen Hayes	October 10	Joel McCrea	November 5
Lowell Sherman	October 11	Marie Dressler	November 9
Marian Marsh	October 17	Roland Young	November 11
Miriam Hopkins	October 18	Jack Oakie	November 14
Marian Nixon	October 20	Nancy Carroll	November 19
Constance Bennett	October 22	Robert Armstrong	November 21
John Boles	October 27	Boris Karloff	November 23



# Can You Safeguard Marriage?

(Continued from page 39)

feel that she *thinks*—she expresses crisp, shrewd opinions about various matters, she shows a restless desire to improve herself. Bill's caustic cynicism has almost entirely disappeared. 'Samazing how these worldly fellows mellow under a little comfortable domesticity!

The most startling change in the pair is the degree with which they have come to resemble one another. They might easily be brother and sister instead of husband and wife. Carole says that they always have looked alike. "It's our eyes, the upper parts of our faces—they are almost identical." But Carole talks like Bill, throws back her head in his characteristic fashion when she laughs, uses gestures which are unmistakably his. I have known Bill much longer than I have known Carole and the resemblance astonishes me.

"There is one thing," she told me, with emphasis. "If Bill and I ever separate, neither of us will whimper that it was all the fault of *Hollywood*. Marriage is no more difficult in Hollywood than it is in any other place under the sun. The same influences work on you, the same pressure is brought to bear by outsiders. You merely notice it more when a Hollywood marriage goes on the rocks than you do when it happens somewhere else—we get so much more publicity than most people.

AS a matter of fact, I think you have a better chance for happiness here than you do in most places. That is because nearly all the women in Hollywood have *jobs*. It is idle wives, especially idle wives with plenty of money, who get into trouble, whose marriages fall apart. If you are in pictures, you have to 'tend to your knitting or you find yourself left behind the procession before you know it.

"People are always saying that marriage is difficult among actors because of a 'clash of egos.' That's silly. A successful actor is no more vain than a successful insurance salesman. An actor may strut and preen a little when he is making a personal appearance—that is showmanship. He enjoys applause—it is the tape measure of his success. But when he has a vacation, he runs and hides from his public somewhere. How many bond brokers or small town merchants have you seen making spectacles of themselves in New York night clubs just for the fun of showing off?"

Carole believes that husbands and wives should spend a week or two apart now and then. She believes that husbands should have a bit of freedom for purely masculine pleasures; poker "with the boys," the fights, golf or tennis with other men. She thinks that it is pretty revolting for people to discuss their intimate, domestic problems with outsiders. "They only do it to dramatize themselves and it makes things worse!"

(Continued on page 95)



Copy this girl's head and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win A COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs (16 years of age or more) so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter. Prize Awards made by the Federal Schools, Inc., will be accepted as partial payments on the regular Federal Course in Commercial Designing or Modern Illustrating.

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1. Prizes for Five Best Drawings—FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfit. (Value of each course \$185.00).
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No Prizes will be awarded to drawings graded less than 70%, as the Federal Faculty feels the study of Commercial Art would not be justified in such cases.

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## RULES FOR CONTESTANTS

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

## NOTE THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1. Make your drawing of girl 4½ inches high, on paper 5 inches wide by 6½ inches high. Draw only the girl and not the lettering nor border.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on the back of your drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by Oct. 25th, 1932. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

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# Between You and Me

(Continued from page 84)

magazines that the truth about some of these movie folk would be infinitely more interesting than the belabored stories cooked up about them.

Like Garbo's remoteness, mysteriousness, etc. That healthy Swedish peasant woman must laugh up her sleeve unless they have hypnotized her into believing it herself.

*(As a matter of fact, Interested Spectator, if we have any reason to believe a story is false it doesn't go into Modern Screen. Maybe you're more skeptical than we are.)*

## If You're a Garbo Fan, This Flatters You

Says EDITH WHITMAYER of DETROIT, MICHIGAN:

To appreciate Garbo one has to be an artist in soul if not in profession. A lover of grace, beauty, mystery and tragedy. Greta embodies all these things.

It is too bad that so many of the motley crowd cannot appreciate true beauty. They see only surfaces and if that surface does not display everything at a glance then it bores them.

Her voice to me is her soul. When she speaks I forget the world. Her eyes are fathomless seas of mystery. Her hair is never dull. It is always delightful because it is always different. Her figure is like a Viking Goddess. Straight and firm and graceful. She treads this earth but is not of this earth. She lives in a world all her own and I admire her for it and envy her. I hope she shall always remain so. The glamorous Greta is truly the correct adjective for her.

*(Well, all you Garbo fans who wrote in such vindictive letters in reply to those of Rose Rudnicki and Lewis A. Barnard, we thought we'd print this charming letter about Garbo so that you'd all be properly appeased.. So come now, no more sulks.)*

## Do You Agree with This Intelligent Criticism?

PEGGY LAMB of NO ADDRESS (It's a charming place), U. S. A., gives us this:

If only some producer could realize how bored we are getting with all these ultra-modern sophisticated pictures of recent date. As bored as the droopy-eyed ladies who portray their heroines by attempting urbanity and achieving nothing more than a rather cheap sophistication, long since worn out by constant repetition.

Remember back in the good old "daze" when Marion Davies really got worthwhile parts?

There are really so many good stories that I can't understand how some that get to the screen are so utterly hopeless. Is it because the manuscripts of the good ones are so expensive or what? *(Maybe the office boy chooses them.)* They ought to come down to "economic readjustment" prices, eh?

How I would like to see our Marion as "Freckles" (Nancy Topsfield) of Robert Chambers' "Rogue's Moon."

The world is tired of all this blasé and ultra-modern tainted-lady bunk.

It wants romance, adventure, beauty and laughter.

*(Any number of fans agree with you, Peggy. Possibly we can see a change in the producer's ideas in the fact that Norma Shearer's latest picture is "Smilin' Through," which is anything but sophisticated.)*

## Ha There, Australia!

MAVIS STARLING, of PROSPECT, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, says some nice things about our magazine and then goes on to tell that:

I have read everything readable about "Grand Hotel" and after Vicki Baum's article (July) I am (to use one of your American terms) all het up about it. "Grand Hotel" is sure to be a great success here in Australia and Joan Crawford will, undoubtedly, be the main attraction.

*(We enjoyed your letter, Miss Starling. But just wait. In speaking of "Grand Hotel" you mention Joan Crawford but completely omit Garbo. Oh, boy, those Garboians will get you.)*

## Does Gary Affect Everyone This Way?

A GARY COOPER FAN, of TORONTO, ONTARIO, goes gaga over Gary:

I think he is about perfect. I don't know why but every time I see a picture of him or with him I get the scrummiest feeling all up and down! I wouldn't miss one for anything.

If you print any of this letter print the part about Gary if you could, please. He is so absolutely divine—in fact, he's my ideal. I love him even better since he came back from Africa. Isn't his monkey a dear? Would I like to see it!

*(If Gary believed in the "love me, love my chimpanzee" idea, you'd agree, yes?)*

## Maybe It's the Look in His Eyes

A SOLE CORTEZ FAN AND HER PALS, of MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., in an orgy of praise for Ricardo Cortez:

There is just something about this dark Latin type of man that causes shivers up the spines of the multitudes. Maybe it's the look in his eyes, the shape of the back of his head, his shoulders, his mouth. We don't know just what it is, but boy, oh boy, if it's fan mail he needs to push him up he's going to get it.

*(We agree with you, Sole Cortez Fan and her Pals, but we are convinced it's the look in his shoulders and the shape of the back of his eyes. By the way, didn't you write the Tut Club letter, too?)*

## Have You Ever Wished Any of These Things?

RUTH of good old NORTH DAKOTA sends in an amusing list of wishes based on movie personalities:

The choice of clothes like Norma Shearer.

The figure, voice and hair of Joan Crawford.

The singing voice of Bebe Daniels.

The charm of Fay Wray.

The sophistication of Connie Bennett.

The mystery of Greta Garbo.

The legs of Marlene Dietrich.

The sweetness of Janet Gaynor.

The peppiness of Lupe Velez.

The hands of Mary Brian.

The cheeks of Mary Nolan.

The eyes and lashes of Clara Bow.

The mouth of Leila Hyams.

The teeth of Barbara Kent.

The dimples of June Collyer.

The nose of Ruth Chatterton.

And a boy friend like Jack Holt.

If all of these were mine the world

would be mine, too.

*(Grand idea, Ruth. But you forgot to mention Marie Dressler's sense of humor.)*

## Snappy Views from Various Readers —See If Your Name Is Here

We get so many letters that it is impossible to print them all in full. The following are excerpts. Just because these letters were not printed in full doesn't mean they were not good letters. They were excellent! But lack of space, you know.

J. H. K., of JOHNSON CITY, TENN., says of Tim McCoy: "He is my idea of a real man displayed on the screen. His rough and tumble style of fighting, his kindness and generosity to the weak. And how fast and nifty he can pull a gun." *(Yes, J. H. K., it's a treat to get away from the drug store cowboys once in a while.)*

WILLIAM J. DEMENNA, BRIDGEPORT, CONN., speaking of Laurel and Hardy: "Wouldn't they be funnier than ever playing in 'Two Fuller Brush Salesmen'?" *(They certainly would, BILL. Maybe they'll read this and take your advice.)*

ENTHUSIASTIC of NEW BRITAIN, CONN., thinks John Arledge is the best choice for "secondary" actor. Says he's "gay, good-looking, peppy, mischievous and oh, a wow!" *(Quite, oh quite, ENTHUSIASTIC.)*

SALLY ANNE of BLOOMINGTON, IND., tells us she has tried to like Garbo but can't. "Honestly, I have tried hard to find that mysterious something which seems to have everyone haywire. But I can't." *(Ask your friends, Sally, and be convinced.)*

FRANCES CLAY RUDD of BEAUMONT, TEXAS, also has something to say about Garbo: "Her humor is whimsical, her interpretations subtle but potent; and while she has great physical lure, she avoids the vulgar and obvious and has never given a risqué or suggestive performance." *(Well said, lady.)*

A. A. S., of DETROIT, sends in an interesting list of "secondary" players. Among them she gives: "Guy Kibbee in 'High Pressure' and 'The Crowd Roars.' Nils Asther in 'Letty Lynton.' Stuart Erwin in 'The Misleading Lady.'"

ANTHONY ARSENAULT of SUMMER-SIDE, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA informs us that he remembers Warren William when he played with Pearl White in a Pathé serial called "Plunder." *(That's interesting, Tony, we didn't know Warren had ever appeared in a serial. Are you sure?)*

OLGA SILVER of WEST ROXBURY, BOSTON, says that if James Cagney "leaves the scene I'll be . . . heartbroken." *(A lot of others will be, too, OLGA.)*

MISS APPREHENSION of WASHINGTON, D. C., is "just a little bit disappointed in her (Janet Gaynor) since hearing of her refusal to take the lead in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' for rôles of the more sophisticated type." *(Don't worry, Miss APP, little Janet is going back to the sweet and simple.)*

From Mlle. LEDUC in MONTREAL comes this, in part: "Mais malheureusement je n'y vois jamais le portrait de 'Billie Dove' qui est mon actrice préférée. *(Nous allons le faire plus tard, mam'selle.)*

M. L. BROWN of WATERBURY, CONN., believes that most movie stars should not change their particular "type" of rôle. She points out Joan Crawford as an exception. From a dancing daughter, Joan has gone on to great dramatic triumphs. And "she has proven that her name on the marquee

*(Continued on page 91)*



# Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 6)

thoroughly and don't just give them a dab or two and let the rest of the water evaporate. Then, in the morning and before you step out in the evening, smooth a hand lotion or cream into the backs of the hands, along the fingers and up over the wrists a little way. If you want to be real fancy—some night when you want to look especially nice—give the hands a light dredging of powder atop the cream and see how lovely they look.

After the dozen and one hand-washings which are necessary during the day, always use a liquid lotion. It takes so little time that I don't see how some women can say, "Oh, I couldn't be bothered." All right—if they want rough, veiny hands before they're thirty, let them avoid the bother. But if they're smart, they'll keep a bottle of hand lotion in the bathroom cupboard and on the kitchen shelf—or in their desk drawer at the office. And they'll rub in a little bit—say a quarter of a teaspoonful—every time they take their hands out of the water. At this point, let me tap neatly on the head one of the oldest theories about caring for the hands. Many older women cling to the notion that plain, ordinary glycerin is the best lubricant for hands in all kinds of weather. This isn't so. Glycerin has its uses, both legal and illegal, but softening the skin isn't one of them. It's full of a sort of alcohol—the name of which is a couple of yards long so I won't take up space with it—that instantly dries every speck of moisture out of the skin. Even when glycerin is put on wet hands, the greedy alcohol gobbles up the water and, anyway, it's a messy, inconvenient process. Much simpler to use a prepared lotion.

THE best hand lotions are thin, clean and antiseptic-smelling rather than sweet and perfumey, and they should leave the skin soft and humid, but not sticky. I know of several, all about the same reasonable price, but varying the least bit in thinness. If the hand lotion problem perplexes you—or if you have an oily skin and wish to use a thin, corrective powder base—write me about these problems.

One very good hand cream I know about was made originally for dentists. Yes, I mean dentists. You see, these gentlemen have to keep washing their hands continually which makes the hands dry and uncomfortable. And they screamed for something that they could use quickly and conveniently and which would be pure and not smell too cosmeticky. And gradually the fame of this cream grew (probably due to the dentists' young lady assistants) until it was put on the market for general consumption. It's grand and greaseless and does a lot of things besides keep hands nice, if you want to know. It stops the irritation that sometimes follows the use of a deodorant and it will take away the smell of

*and now!*

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*Maybelline Eyelash Grower*

pure and harmless, stimulates the natural growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows. Apply before retiring.



THESE four excellent Maybelline beauty-aids may be purchased at the leading 10c stores. Try them today. You'll be delighted with the alluring charm of complete eye make-up—and with how much more young eyes will be able to say!

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

**Maybelline**

**EYE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS**



# THE BOTTLE THAT S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S



Frostilla Lotion costs so little...and meets so many beauty needs with a few drops at a time... that it stretches your beauty lotion allowance w-a-y o-u-t!

This 60-year favorite for chapped, red, roughened hands, elbows, faces... is perfect for all dry skin. Try Frostilla as a protective powder-base and after a depilatory. There are many household and beauty uses. Buy a new bottle; read the accompanying leaflet!



★Don't be "switched" when you ask for Frostilla. 35c, 50c, \$1 sizes at druggists. 10c bottle at 5 & 10c stores. (Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C., Sales Reps.)

**FROSTILLA**  
**LOTION**  
inexpensive—  
for lovely skin!

## Seducingly Fragrant

HAVE you a sensitive sense of smell? That will tell you the difference between Kwik and varnish-type nail polishes. Kwik has a delightful fragrance and its brilliant gloss lasts for days... even office or housework will not dull it. Large purse sizes at 5 and 10c stores.

KWIK COSMETIC CORP.  
NEW YORK

Ruby Natural Colorless Vivid  
Liquid Polish Remover Cuticle Remover  
Liquid Nail White

**Kwik**  
NAIL POLISH  
10¢  
EACH



You CAN have a  
nice Complexion—  
AND QUICKLY!

★It's easy to have a fine-textured, beautiful skin. El Estado Lemon Creme cleanses deeply, naturally. Makes skin remarkably clear, radiant. Use over freckles, sunburn, windburn. Thousands of women use it exclusively. On sale at toilet goods counters.

Buy smaller size at your ten cent store  
or send 10c direct.

★ **EL ESTADO**  
LEMON CLEANSING CREME  
206 Alpha Building Seattle, Washington  
ON SALE AT TEN CENT STORES



onions from hands which have been preparing the family dinner. It has a mild bleaching effect, in case your hands became slightly freckled last summer. If you want to know about it, write and ask me.

Now, the manicure. Whether to go to a beauty parlor and have it done for you, or whether to save money and do it yourself—that is the question. I do both. Once every two weeks, I have my nails done. I give them a complementary manicure myself every week and a little attention every day. But if you have the time and wish to save that amount of money you can easily learn to take care of your nails entirely yourself. Let's take the subject up right from the beginning.

File before soaking. That is the first rule. Use a nice, long, bendy file. Use it *underneath* the nail—not directly on the edge. Later you will smooth off with an emery board the "nail dust," but for the moment you merely want to shape your nails properly. Old liquid polish should, of course, be removed before filing. And after filing the hands and nails should be scrubbed with a little brush in warm, soapy water. Now start to work on the cuticle—and be prepared to spend at least half an hour on this part of the manicure. It's the most important part. If you will faithfully use a cuticle softener every night, you won't have much trouble. You'll just have to push around the base of the nail with an orange stick wrapped in cotton and dipped in cuticle remover. Bits of dead skin will rub away, deepening and beautifying those pretty half-moons which make or mar the manicure. But if your cuticle is rough and ill cared for, give it a thorough massage with cuticle remover—take plenty of time, mind—and then cut the dead skin away neatly and not too close with a pair of manicure scissors. (And, by the way, you can't economize on these scissors. You should pay a dollar seventy-five or two dollars for a pair of really good scissors and they'll repay you amply in wear and service.) Try to discontinue the use of the scissors for trimming the entire cuticle, however. Keep them on hand for merely trimming the tiny bits of dead skin that will appear now and then on the best-groomed nails.

WHEN you have done a really good job on this important part of the manicure, you can proceed to polish your nails with any sort of polish you prefer—light, medium, or bright scarlet—I don't care. I will not offer any advice about the color of the polish, as I have offered none about the shape you file your nails—oval, gothic or very pointed. But I really *must* point out that extremely long, extremely pointed, red-enamelled nails do not belong in an office, or a classroom, or a kitchen or nursery or whatnot. Nor even at a simple little home town social affair. They belong to the very sophisticated, to city night clubs and dazzling society. They look well on a woman of the exotic type if she is wearing evening clothes or a striking afternoon costume. But why in the world little Mary

Smith, who is secretary to the vice-president of the local department store, will persist in using bright red polish, I can't understand. It doesn't belong with her youthful prettiness and her simple clothes. Her boss (if he happens to notice) wishes "that nice little secretary of mine wouldn't put that red stuff on her nails." Her boy friend probably doesn't like it.

I have found that, in addition to the above rules and hints, a five-minute soaking in warm olive oil once or twice a week will make brittle nails strong and lustrous. That a massage of the hands with a good, rich cold cream—smoothing the cream in as if you were pulling on an imaginary pair of gloves—will slightly taper thick fingers and improve the contour of the hand a little. Any sort of manual exercise—like playing the piano or running a typewriter—makes fingers supple and quick. If you are troubled with red hands—a redness not due to roughness or exposure to the elements—you can tie a silk or linen band rather tightly around your arm just above the elbow and leave it there for ten minutes, holding the hands up all the time. Such redness is often due to nervousness or impaired circulation and a little care and thought will get rid of it. Wringing the hands, bending the fingers of one back with the palm of the other, flapping them loosely from the wrists—all these simple exercises are grand for relaxation and to ward off that old, veiny look which some young hands get. Never make the mistake of wearing too tight gloves in the belief that they will make your hands look smaller. The fleshy part of the hands will merely bulge in the glove and, further, tight gloves impede the circulation. Form the habit this winter—if you have especially sensitive hands—of wearing a pair of loose white chamoisette gloves to bed, first buttering the hands well with cold cream.

Now, that's practically all the space I have. But I want to remind you once again—as I did last month—of the mimeographed treatments, the diet and the exercises which I have had mimeographed: a treatment for blackheads and a treatment for the removal of superfluous hair; an eight-day diet which can be followed indefinitely; exercises for reducing the hips, abdomen, bust and legs. And there are also the names of certain products in which I have great faith: a cuticle softener and remover which will do the things I've just been talking about above; a product which will effectively cover burn scars, pock marks or acne pits; a whole half dozen new preparations and improvements on old preparations for the eyes, including an honest-to-goodness painless tweezer and a pocket "mascara toucher-upper" which requires no brush. There is also a reasonably priced facial mask which you can use at home yourself easily and efficiently. It tightens up relaxing muscles and, even if your muscles aren't relaxed and you have no wrinkles, it's never too early to begin. If you want to know about one or more of these things, just drop me a note.



# Between You and Me

(Continued from page 38)

means more than flashing smile, expressive eyes and dancing toes." (*Vous-avez raison, madame.* Sorry, we went French a couple of lines ago and wanted to keep it up.) A MODERN SCREEN FAN of CHICAGO, ILL., writes in to ask us why we don't run a movie crossword puzzle. (*You'll see one in a coming issue, sir.*) MISS B. ANDERSON of NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., thinks Ramon Novarro one of the best actors on the screen. (*Sorry we couldn't put the letter in your own charming words, Miss B., but we hadn't the room.*) ALICE ANNE SHUE of PROVIDENCE, R. I., writes to thank Vicki Baum for the story, play and movie of "Grand Hotel." And also for the Vicki Baum article which appeared in Modern Screen. MISS MARGARET CARLSEN of CALIFORNIA, wants Joan Crawford given a break. (*Just what does a break mean to you, MARGARET? Hasn't she had plenty?*) W. J. McR. of CHARLOTTE, N. C., wants to know if Wheeler, Woolsey and Lee will be together after "Hold 'Em Jail." (*Wheeler and Woolsey will do a picture for Columbia, William—if it is William. Dot Lee won't be in it.*) JOAN OF JERSEY writes in to say that Marlene Dietrich has more personality than Greta Garbo. She also has a package of praise for Ralph Bellamy because "he is good-looking without being pretty and he has a good voice." KATHERINE LUTZ of POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., wants us to print more about Mary Brian. "I'll promise you I'll buy Modern Screen for the next ten years if you'll only give her some space." (*All right, Kate, the next time we run a story on Mary we'll send you a ten-year subscription blank.*) CATHERINE MONTAG of CINCINNATI, OHIO, liked our story about "Connie Through Joan's Eyes" so much that she wants to see Joan through Connie's eyes. (*We hope to get that very article, CATE. Better watch for it.*) HAZELDORAS OLSEN of BROKEN BOW, NEB., thinks Lew Ayres "cute, darling and handsome." (*What gal doesn't, ma'am?*) HELEN CHRYST of CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, informs us that Richard Cromwell is grand and that she'd like to hear about him more often in preference to Gable, Garbo and others. HELEN WILLIAMS of COLUMBUS, OHIO, asks us if it isn't a fact that Clive Brook "is one of the most accomplished actors available today." (*Of course, Helen, of course.*) ELLEANOR CAUTHEN of SUMMERVILLE, S. C., insists that Tom Brown, Ann Dvorak, James Cagney and Richard Cromwell are all cute. NICHOLAS EPP of HAMILTON, ONT., thanks us for the article "The Hardest Job in Hollywood" which appeared in a recent issue. MARIE ORRELL of DETROIT, MICH., a clever fourteen-year-old, thought the story on making the kids cry was good. "I've sat watching Jackie Cooper or Delmar Watson or Bobbie Coogan, my heart breaking and a lump as big as a goose egg in my throat. I wondered how on earth they could cry and make it sound and look so realistic." (*Sorry you don't like the new arrangement, MARIE. How about some suggestions? We're always open to them.*) A. L. D. of BRIDGEPORT, CONN, believes that Anita Louise should have been Rebecca in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." And also adds something about Bebe Daniels. (Continued on page 93)

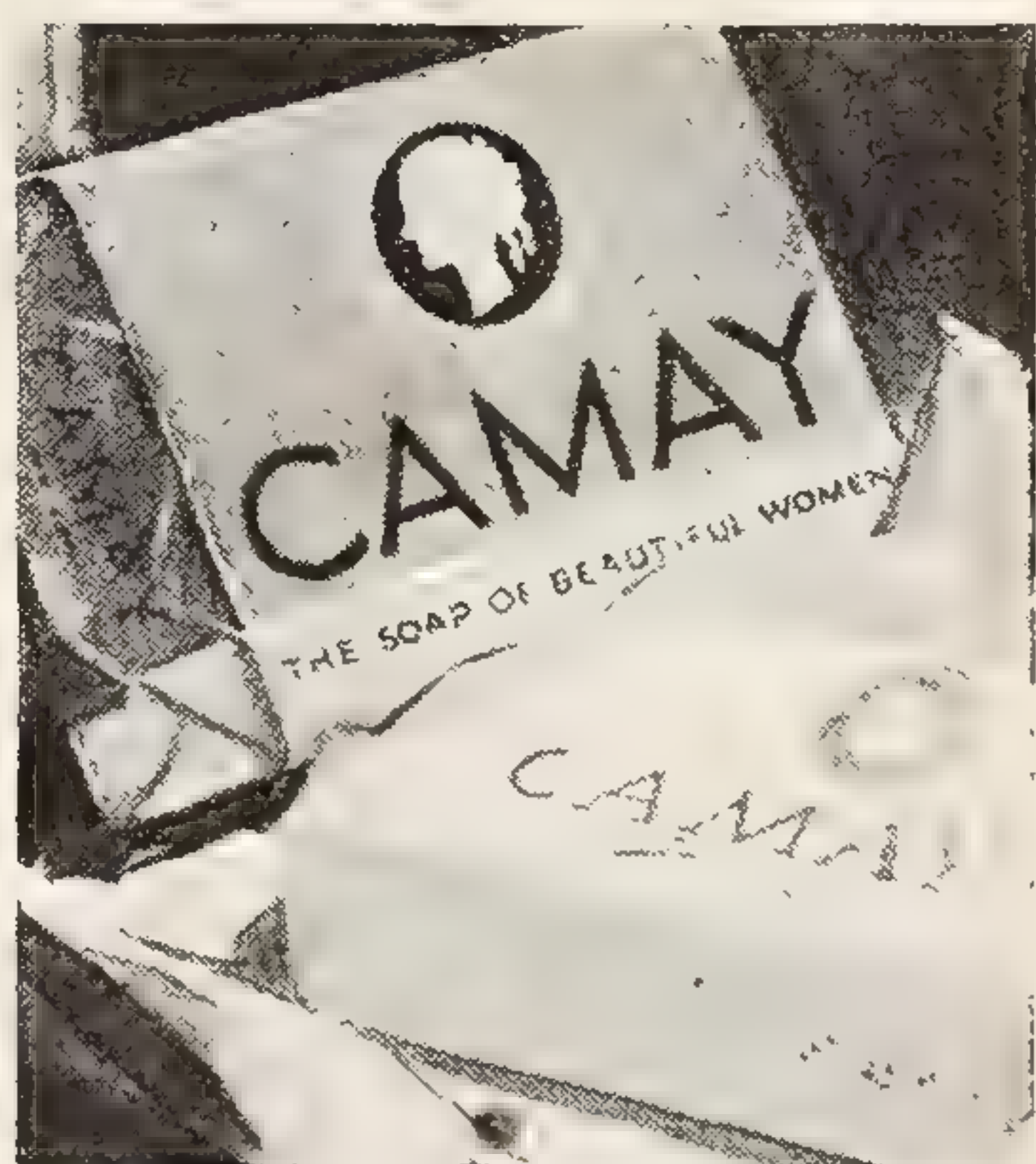
# One little girl Won a BEAUTY CONTEST

## Four little girls stayed at Home!

EVERY day you are competing in a Beauty Contest with many other lovely women. You can triumph—attract men's admiration—if your skin is soft and clear and immaculately clean. Let gentle Camay keep your skin exquisite!



Use a generous lather of Camay, a soft cloth and warm water—then rinse with cold water. You'll like Camay from the start. It's so mild and gentle!



Here's Camay—the delicate, creamy-white beauty soap. Now wrapped in green and yellow—with Cellophane jacket.

"He staged a little Beauty Contest of his own, when he mentally reviewed the girls he might invite. And she who won possessed a flawless skin . . . exquisite as an orchid!"

A WOMAN is not always the best judge of her own charms. She often places too little value on a perfect skin. Yet others notice your complexion first. If your skin is fresh and clear, you win another of life's daily Beauty Contests.

Keep your precious skin deeply clean with delicate Camay. The Soap of Beautiful Women is pure, refreshing, safe—and leaves your skin immaculate and blooming. And Camay, you know, costs less today than ever before! Never in your lifetime has so fine a soap sold at so low a price.

# CAMAY

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

## THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



# Directory of Players

(Continued from page 86)



## ELECTED

### The Girl With GLORIOUS HAIR!

She's always a sure winner—the choice at all “parties”—the girl with soft, lustrous, beautifully-waved hair! Admiration, popularity, the devotion of men—are hers by acclamation.

Glorious Hair! What is its secret—how is it attained? Thousands upon thousands of girls, everywhere, joyfully answer: “STA-BAC CURL SET.” With this famous preparation, *you*, too, can quickly give yourself a smart, “beauty shoppe” wave set, right in your own boudoir.

STA-BAC CURL SET is *different*. It is thicker (double strength), hence easier to apply. It dries more quickly. It is scientifically created to *hold the waves longer*. And it positively leaves none of those objectionable white flakes. American girls and women are so enthusiastic about its beautifying results that they bought over 6 million bottles of STA-BAC in the past 12 months alone! Why don't *you* try a bottle—this week?

—at S. S. Kresge Stores

VI-JON LABORATORIES, ST. LOUIS

## STA-BAC

### CURL SET



CABOT, BRUCE; unmarried; born in New Mexico, April 20. Radio player. Featured in “Roadhouse Murder.” Working in “Kongo.”

CAGNEY, JAMES; married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. starring contract suspended. Starred in “Winner Take All.”

CANTOR, EDDIE; married to Ida Tobias. Born in New York City, January 31. United Artists star. Starred in “Palmy Days.” Working in “The Kid From Spain.”

CARRILLO, LEO; married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in “The Broken Wing.” Paramount. Working in “Second Fiddle.” Radio.

CARROLL, NANCY; married to Francis Bolton Malory; born in New York City, November 19. Paramount star. Featured in “Son of Russia.” First National; “Hot Saturday.” Paramount.

CAVANAGH, PAUL; unmarried; born in Chiselhurst, Kent, Eng., December 8. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in “Devil’s Lottery.” Fox; “The Crash.” First National.

CHAPLIN, CHARLIE; divorced from Lita Gray; born in London, April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin Studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in “City Lights.”

CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md., October 20. Hal Roach star. Starred in “Girl Grief,” “Now We’ll Tell One” and “Mr. Bride.” Roach-M-G-M comedies.

CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to George Brent; born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Starred in “The Crash.” Next is “The Paris Racket.”

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; divorcing Yvonne Vallee; born in Paris, France, September 12. Paramount star. Starred in “One Hour With You” and “Love Me Tonight.” Next is “Pied Piper of Paris.”

CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo., December 25. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in “Forgotten Commandments.” Paramount.

CLAIRE, INA; divorced from John Gilbert; born in Washington, D. C., October 15. Write her at United Artists. Starred in “The Greeks Had a Word for Them.” Appearing on the legitimate stage.

CLARKE, MAE; divorced from Lew Brice; born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in “Night World.” Universal. Working in “Breach of Promise,” World Wide.

CLYDE, JUNE; married to Thornton Freeland; born in St. Joseph, Mo., December 2. Universal player. Featured in “Radio Patrol” and “Back Street.” Working in “All America.”

CODY, LEW; widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in “The Tenderfoot,” First National; “70,000 Witnesses,” Paramount; “Parisian Romance,” Hoffman.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Starred in “Man From Yesterday.” Working in “Sign of the Cross” and “The Phantom President.”

COLMAN, RONALD; separated from Thelma Ray; born in Surrey, Eng., February 9. United Artists star. Starred in “Arrowsmith.” Working in “I Have Been Faithful.”

COMPTON, JULIETTE; married; born in Columbia, Georgia, May 3. Paramount player. Featured in “The Crash,” First National; “Devil and the Deep,” Paramount; “Man Called Back,” Tiffany.

COOGAN, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., October 26. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Now attending college.

COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., December 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in “Sky Bride.”

COOK, DONALD; divorced; born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in “Man Who Played God,” First National; “Trial of Vivienne Ware,” Fox.

COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Featured in “Devil and the Deep” and “Farewell to Arms.” Next is “Lives of a Bengal Lancer.”

COOPER, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. M-G-M player. Featured in “Limpy” and “Divorce in the Family.” Next is “Lost.”

CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in New York City, July 7. Radio star. Starred in “Is My Face Red?” “Thirteen Women” and “Phantom of Crestwood.”

CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in “Grand Hotel,” “Letty Lynton,” M-G-M; “Rain,” United Artists. Next is “Lost.”

CROMWELL, RICHARD; unmarried; born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in “Brown of Culver,” Universal; “Age of Consent,” Radio. Working in “That’s My Boy,” Columbia.

CROSBY, BING; married to Dixie Lee; born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in “The Big Broadcast,” Paramount; “Girl in the Transom,” Mack Sennett.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE; unmarried; born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Columbia player. Featured in “Movie Crazy,” Paramount; “Attorney for the Defense,” “American Madness,” and “The Last Man,” Columbia. Working in “Washington Merry-Go-Round.”

DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France, September 10. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Working in “Goldie,” Radio.

DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Working in “Silver Dollar.” Next is “Radio Girl.”

DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in “Polly of the Circus” and “Blondie of the Follies.”

DAVIS, BETTE; married to Harmon Nelson, Jr.; born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. player. Featured in “Cabin in the Cotton” and “Three on a Match.” Working in “20,000 Years in Sing Sing.”

DEE, FRANCES; unmarried; born in New York City, November 26. Paramount player. Featured in “Love Is a Racket,” First National; “Night of June 13,” Paramount. Working in “11th Avenue,” Paramount.

DEL RIO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico, August 3. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Starred in “Bird of Paradise,” Radio.

DEVINE, ANDY; married; born in Flagstaff, Arizona, October 7. Universal player. Featured in “Man Wanted,” First National; “Fast Companions,” Universal. Working in “All America,” Universal.

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to Rudolph Seiber; born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in “Shanghai Express” and “Blonde Venus.” Next is “Deep Night.”

DILLOWAY, DONALD; unmarried; born in New York City, March 17. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in “Attorney for the Defense,” Columbia; “Pack Up Your Troubles,” Roach-M-G-M; “Night Mayor,” Columbia.

DIX, RICHARD; married to Winifred Coe; born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. Radio star. Starred in “Roar of the Dragon” and “Hell’s Highway.” Working in “The Conquerors.”

DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada, April 16. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in “Girl From Calgary,” Hoffman.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN; married to Helen Gahagan; born in Macon, Ga., April 5. Write him at United Artists. Free lance. Featured in “As You Desire Me,” M-G-M; “The Old Dark House,” Universal.

DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City, May 14. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in “Blondie of the Follies,” M-G-M.

DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M star. Starred in “Emma” and “Prosperity,” M-G-M.

DUNN, JAMES; unmarried; born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in “Society Girl,” Working in “Walking Down Broadway.” Next is “State Fair.”

DUNNE, IRENE; married to Dr. E. F. Griffin; born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. Radio star. Starred in “Back Street,” Universal; “Thirteen Women,” Radio.

DURANTE, JAMES; married; born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in “Speak Easily” and “Blondie of the Follies,” M-G-M. Working in “Phantom President,” Paramount.

DVORAK, ANN; married to Leslie Fenton; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. First National player. Featured in “Stranger in Town,” “The Crooner” and “Three on a Match.” Now in England.

EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in “Disorderly Conduct,” Working in “Hat Check Girl.” Next is “State Fair.”

ERWIN, STUART; married to June Collyer; born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. Paramount player. Featured in “Make Me a Star” and “The Big Broadcast.” Next is “The Book Worm Turns.”

ESMOND, JILL; married to Laurence Olivier; born in London, January 26. Radio player. Featured in “State’s Attorney” and “Thirteen Women.” Visiting in London.

EVANS, MADGE; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M player. Featured in “Are You Listening?” and “Huddle,” M-G-M; “The New Yorker,” United Artists.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City, December 9. First National star. Starred in “Love Is a Racket” and “Son of Russia.” Next is “Parachute.”

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.; married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Starred in “Mr. Robinson Crusoe.”

FARRELL, CHARLES; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Fox star. Starred in “After Tomorrow” and “The First Year.” Working in “Wild Girl.”

FAY, FRANK; married to Barbara Stanwyck; born in San Francisco, Calif., November 17. Write him at Columbia studio. Produced and starred in “A Fool’s Advice.”

FORD, WALLACE; married to Martha Halworth; born in England; birthday unknown. M-G-M player. Featured in “Prosperity” and “Skyscraper Souls,” M-G-M; “Hypnotized,” Mack Sennett. Working in “Central Park,” First National.

FOSTER, NORMAN; married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in “Skyscraper Souls” and “Smilin’ Through,” M-G-M; “Strange Justice,” Radio. Working in “Sport Page,” Radio.

FOSTER, PRESTON; married; born in Ocean City, N. J., October 24. First National player. Featured in “Dr. X” and “Life Begins,” First National; “The Last Mile,” Tiffany. Working in “I’m a Fugitive,” First National.

FOX, SIDNEY; unmarried; born in New York City, December 10. Universal player. Featured in “Once in a Lifetime.” Working in “Merry Go Round.”

FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. star. Starred in “Jewel Robbery” and “One Way Passage,” First National; “The Honest Finder,” Paramount. Working in “The Lowdown,” First National.

GABLE, CLARK; married to Ria Langham; born in

(Continued on page 94)



# Between You and Me

(Continued from page 91)

"I also would like to say that Bebe Daniels is a very wise mother in allowing her baby to be photographed. Now all her movie fans have seen what a cute, delicious, capricious little thing Barbara Bebe is." MERIBETH YOUNG of SEATTLE, WASH., wants Ginger Rogers given more space. (*Give us time, please. Give us time.*) M. J. B. of ROCHESTER, N. Y., has been buying Modern Screen for over a year and thinks it the best bargain on the market and please have an article about Lew Ayres soon. LEW BLAINE of PHILADELPHIA, PA., wants more about Spencer Tracy. (*As soon as we can, BLAINE.*) PHYLLIS McNAULTY of MONTREAL, CANADA, gets all hot and bothered about Nils Asther. FRANCES HELBERT of MONTREAL, CANADA, (*my, how these Canadians love writing letters*) thinks Gene Raymond is one swell actor. (*Thanks for that staunch support of Modern Screen, FRANCES.*) MERRYCE COVINGTON of DETROIT, MICHIGAN, thinks it is a relief to have a new type of man such as George Raft on the screen. H. McCANDLESS of the BRONIX, NEW YORK, is going to stop buying Modern Screen unless we publish a story on Evelyn Brent. (*Great big bully, you.*) AN ANITA PAGE FAN of MONTREAL, CANADA, (*What, Montreal again? Say, is this a Canadian convention?*) would like to be allowed to purchase a one-way ticket to the South Pole for Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Connie Bennett, Lil Dagover, Charles Rogers and Clark Gable. She would like substituted in the places of honor, George O'Brien and Anita Page. (*Now listen, Garbo fans, don't start writing in to tell ANITA PAGE FAN where to get off. She's probably kidding, anyway.*) RUBY K. JOHNSON of CHICAGO, ILL., says is makes her sick the way people criticize movie actors. "It's too darn bad," she opines (*she lives near an opine forest!*) "that they can't appreciate the fact that they have someone to make pictures for them." (*Good for you, RUBY. It's a shame to think of those movie actors working so hard and getting so little appreciation. And for so little money, too.*)

LISTEN, EVERYBODY. We were swamped with letters panning Rose Rudnicki and Lewis A. Barnard for their adverse criticism of Garbo. The letters are still coming in. Our desk is snowed under. Every day the tide is rising higher and higher. We hadn't room to publish these letters—although they were most all excellently written. So this is an acknowledgement to the fifty million of you who wrote them.

DON'T FORGET, your letters must contain constructive criticism. Just because you dislike a star is no reason to write to us. But if you give your reasons—with some possible constructive criticism—the letter is okay. We used to be very nice about printing anybody's old letter but we're getting harder boiled every day, and pretty soon you guys who write in to say you think Garbo is swell because she has mystery won't get a place at all. Not that we don't believe Garbo has mystery. She has. But we do get bored with every other letter we open which says "To me Garbo is wonderful because she is so mysterious." And you would, too, if you had to read them all.

# The New Curb on Colds

... an aid in their Prevention



DEVELOPED BY MAKERS OF VICKS VAPORUB

Here is further solution of a costly problem—common colds. Introduced last winter, Vicks Nose & Throat Drops already have brought new freedom from colds to hundreds of thousands of individuals and families. Reducing the number and spread of colds, they make possible welcome savings in time, money and health.

## MANY COLDS NOW AVOIDED

This remarkable new formula, developed after years of research, is especially designed for the nose and throat—where most colds start. Used at that first feeling of nasal irritation or stuffiness, snuffle or sneeze—Nature's usual warning that a cold is coming on—many colds can be avoided altogether.

Vicks Nose Drops are easy to use—any time or place—at home or at work. Simply applied up the nostrils, the Drops open the air-passages and gently soothe irritation. They aid Nature in throwing

off infection before it gains a foothold in the delicate nasal membranes.

## NEW COLDS-CONTROL PLAN

Vicks Nose Drops are the ideal companion to Vicks VapoRub, the modern way of treating colds—externally. An aid in preventing colds, the Drops are also a convenient daytime adjunct to VapoRub in treating certain types and stages of colds. Together with certain simple rules of health, these preparations form the new Vicks Plan for better Control of Colds in the home.

Follow this Plan—as fully explained in each Vicks package. You won't have colds half so often—nor keep them half so long. Carefully checked clinical tests—and practical use in thousands of homes—prove it. More than half of the costs of colds saved! It is a new experience that Vicks Plan can bring to your home, too.

**TRIAL OFFER:** Your druggist has Vicks VapoRub (now in white Stainless form, if you prefer) also two new products—Vicks Nose Drops, and a Vicks Cough Drop actually medicated with ingredients of VapoRub. If you wish to test these new products before buying, and learn more about Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds, send 3c in stamps to Vick Chemical Company, 361 Milton Street, Greensboro, N. C.

WHEN COLDS  
THREATEN  
To prevent many colds



IF A COLD  
DEVELOPS  
To end it Sooner..





# Directory of Players

(Continued from page 92)



a hole  
a knife  
and  
**So-Lo**  
... all you need to



**MEND**  
the **HOLE**  
FOR **1¢**

Fix the family's  
shoes for a few  
cents a pair

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Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Strange Interlude," M-G-M; "No Man of Her Own," Paramount. Next is "Red Dust," M-G-M.

GARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel" and "As You Desire Me." Vacationing in Sweden. Next is "Christina."

GARGAN, WILLIAM; married; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 17. Radio player. Featured in "Rain," United Artists. Working in "Sport Page," Radio. Next is "Animal Kingdom," Radio.

GAYNOR, JANET; married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Starred in "The First Year." Working in "Tess of the Storm Country." Next is "State Fair."

GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in Takamah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Tec-Art studio, Hollywood. Contract star. Starred in "A Man's Land" and "The Boiling Point." Working in "Cowboy Counsellor."

GIBSON, WYNNE; divorced; born in New York City, July 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Strange Case of Clara Deane" and "Lady and Gent." Working in "Night After Night."

GILBERT, JOHN; married to Virginia Bruce; born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Downstairs."

GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born in New York City, May 23. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Lady & Gent," Paramount; "Blondie of the Follies," M-G-M; "Crooked Circle," World Wide; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount. Working in "All America," Universal.

GOMBELL, MINNA; unmarried; born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox player. Featured in "Bachelor's Affairs," "Walking Down Broadway" and "Wild Girl." Next is "Rackety Rax."

GRANT, CARY; unmarried; born in Bristol, Eng., January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "Devil and the Deep" and "The Blonde Venus." Next is "Manhattan Rhythm."

GRAVES, RALPH; Separated from Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio, January 23. M-G-M player-writer. Featured in "Huddle," M-G-M; "War Correspondent," Columbia.

GREEN, MITZI; child actress; born in New York City, October 19. Radio player. Featured in "Girl Crazy." Working in "Little Orphan Annie."

HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va., January 1. M-G-M star. Featured in "Are You Listening?" Working in "Let's Go."

HALE, LOUISE CLOSSER; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., October 13. M-G-M player. Featured in "Letty Lynton," M-G-M; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox. Working in "Rasputin," M-G-M.

HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitner; born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "What Price Hollywood," Radio; "Two Against the World," First National. Working in "Payment Deferred," M-G-M. Next is "Animal Kingdom," Radio.

HARDING, ANN; divorced from Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. Radio star. Starred in "Westward Passage" and "The Conquerors." Next is "Animal Kingdom."

HARDY, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Georgia, January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Pack Up Your Troubles," feature picture, and "Scram," two-reel comedy.

HARLOW, JEAN; married to Paul Bern; born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Headed Woman." Working in "Red Dust."

HAYES, HELEN; married to Charles MacArthur; born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Featured in "Farewell to Arms," Paramount. Next is "The White Sister."

HERSHOLT, JEAN; married; born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Grand Hotel," "Night Court," "New Morals for Old," "Unashamed" and "Skyscraper Souls." Working in "Mask of Fu Manchu."

HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. Paramount player. Featured in "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount. Working in "Manhattan Lullabye," Radio. Next is "State Fair," Fox.

HOLT, JACK; married; born in Winchester, Va., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "War Correspondent" and "Polo."

HOPKINS, MIRIAM; divorced from Austin Parker; born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount player. Featured in "World and the Flesh" and "The Honest Finder." Working in "No Man of Her Own."

HOPPER, HEDDA; divorced from Dewolf Hopper; born in Holidaysburg Pa., June 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "As You Desire Me," "Speak Easily," "Skyscraper Souls" and "Downstairs."

HOPTON, RUSSELL; married; born in New York City, February 18. Universal player. Featured in "Radio Patrol," "Once in a Lifetime" and "Air-mail."

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon," Radio; "The Honest Finder," Paramount.

HOWARD, LESLIE; married; born in England, April 24. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Smilin' Through," M-G-M. Next is "Animal Kingdom," Radio.

HUDSON, ROCHELLE; unmarried; born in Claremore, Okla., March 6. Radio studio player. Featured in "Sunrise Trail" and "Hell's Highway."

HUSTON, WALTER; married to Nan Sunderland; born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "American Madness," Columbia; "Rain," United Artists. Working in "Kongo," M-G-M.

HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City, May 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M; "The Big Broadcast," Paramount.

JOLSON, AL; married to Ruby Keeler; born in St. Petersburg, Russia, May 26. Working in "The New Yorker," United Artists.

JONES, BUCK; married; born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Columbia star. Starred in "McKenna of the Mounted" and "White Eagle." Working in "Forbidden Trail."

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "Roadhouse Murder," Radio; "Down to Earth," Fox; "Cabin in the Cotton," First National; "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount. Working in "That's My Boy," Columbia.

JUDGE, ARLINE; married to Wesley Ruggles; born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. Radio player. Featured in "Is My Face Red?" "Roar of the Dragon" and "Age of Consent." Next is "Sweepings."

KARLOFF, BORIS; married; born in London, November 23. Universal star. Featured in "Night World" and "The Old Dark House," Universal. Working in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M.

KEATON, BUSTER; divorced from Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kan., October 4. M-G-M star. Starred in "The Passionate Plumber" and "Speak Easily."

KEENE, TOM; married to Grace Stafford; born in Smoky Hollow, N. Y., December 30. Radio star. Starred in "The Law Rides" and "Come On Danger." Working in "Renegades of the West."

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y., September 5. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Young America," Fox; "Man Called Back," Tiffany.

KIBBEE, GUY; married; born in El Paso, Texas, March 6. First National player. Featured in "The Dark Horse" and "Big City Blues," First National; "Rain," United Artists; "The Conquerors," Radio. Working in "Central Park," First National.

KIRKLAND, ALEXANDER; unmarried; born in Mexico City, September 15. Fox player. Featured in "Strange Interlude," M-G-M; "Passport to Hell," Fox. Working in "Tess of the Storm Country," Fox.

KNAPP, EVALYN; unmarried; born in New York City, June 17. Columbia player. Featured in "Madame Racketeer," Paramount; "Vanishing Frontier," Paramount; "Night Mayor" and "Polo," Columbia.

LANDI, ELISSA; married to J. C. Lawrence; born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Fox star. Starred in "Passport to Hell," Fox. Working in "Sign of the Cross," Paramount.

LAUGHTON, CHARLES; married to Elsa Lanchester; born in Scarborough, Eng., July 1. Paramount player. Featured in "The Old Dark House," Universal; "Devil and the Deep" and "Sign of the Cross," Paramount. Working in "Payment Deferred," M-G-M.

LAUREL, STAN; married to Lois Neilson; born in Ulverston, Eng., June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "Pack Up Your Troubles," feature picture, and "Scram," two-reel comedy.

LEE, DOROTHY; divorced from James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif., May 23. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Girl Crazy."

LEE, LILA; divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York City, July 25. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Radio Patrol," Universal; "War Correspondent," Columbia; "Unholy Love," Allied; "Exposure," Premier. Working in "Night of June 13," Paramount.

LINDEN, ERIC; unmarried; born in New York City, July 12. Radio player. Featured in "Roadhouse Murder," Radio; "Big City Blues" and "Life Begins," First National; "Age of Consent," Radio; "Merry Go Round," Universal. Working in "Little Orphan Annie," Radio. Next is "Sweepings."

LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Paramount studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy."

LOMBARD, CAROLE; married to William Powell; born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "Sinners in the Sun."

LOUISE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Vienna, January 9. Radio player. Featured in "Pack Up Your Troubles," Roach-M-G-M. Working in "Phantom of Crestwood," Radio.

LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Guilty as Hell," Paramount; "Chandu, the Magician," Fox. Working in "Mayor Harding of New York," Reliance.

LOY, MYRNA; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "New Morals for Old," M-G-M; "Woman in Room 13," Fox; "Love Me Tonight," Paramount; "Thirteen Women," Radio. Working in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M.

LUGOSI, BELA; unmarried; born in Lugos, Hungary, October 20. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Chandu, the Magician," Fox.

LUKAS, PAUL; married; born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "Passport to Hell," Fox; "Downstairs," M-G-M; "Manhattan Lullabye," Radio. Next is "Nagana," Universal.

LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "By Whose Hand?" Columbia; "Week-Ends Only," Fox; "Crooked Circle," World Wide. Working in "Hat Check Girl," Fox.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight."

MACKAILL, DOROTHY; married to Neil Miller; born in Hull, Eng., March 4. Write her at First National. Free lance. Starred in "Love Affair," Columbia.

(Continued on page 101)



# Can You Safeguard Marriage?

(Continued from page 87)

She believes that it is wholesome—and fun, besides—for a husband and wife to get away somewhere now and then together, just the two of them—"with no friends or relations."

"Things sort of adjust themselves, the atmosphere clears, you get better acquainted with each other—" She believes that it is fatal for a man and wife to spend too much time in each other's company. "No one can bear it to be too much with anyone else, however dear. . . ." They should have outside interests, as many friends as possible, as many diverse things to think about as they can contrive.

**T**HESE precautions, she declares, are not extraordinary "safeguards" for marriage. They are merely steps which should be taken by anyone, married or single, to insure a normal, cheerful existence.

They agree, Carole and Bill, upon a fairly simple code. "The only thing of which you can be sure is today. Tomorrow is purely problematical. Make today as lovely as you can, laugh as much as you can—this day is your only *sure* possession!"

Both of them are individualists. Each would resent, bitterly, the attempt of anyone else to encroach upon his personal freedom, his right to decide things for himself. Neither believes in the family as a close-knit unit, the members of which are interdependent upon each other for anything. Both, however, have made concessions in these matters in their day. . . .

Whatever may be happening in their emotional life, Carole admires Bill intensely. She quotes him constantly, with deep respect for his opinions and his habits of thinking. "Bill *knows* about words!" she told me. "He has a passion for them. He *pores* over dictionaries and he has given me a respect for language that I never dreamed of before. . . ."

They have long, intense discussions of everything under the sun. "It is so *grand*," Carole sighs, "to have somebody with whom you can talk, with whom you can exchange ideas. You find out what you think about things, yourself. Your opinions take shape!"

Knowing the pair of them, I am convinced that if anything ever happens to separate them, it will happen quickly and with no nonsense.

There will be no dawdling and complaining and running to their friends to tell their troubles. They are pretty adult people and they will not be frightened by astrologers or the opinions of their friends or the gossip of their enemies.

When Carole tells me, "We are all right—now," I believe her. She is not one to lie.

But I shan't prophesy about that marriage. I am no astrologer!

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# What's Happened to Garbo

(Continued from page 29)

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**JIFFY FACIAL**



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Think of it... remove old make-up anytime, anywhere, and have a refreshing beauty facial in a jiffy. Merely push up creme-stick, rub on face, and presto, pore-deep cleanliness plus beautifying action. And how this jiffy facial does improve your make-up... powder and rouge take on new charm, blend to your own skin tone, and stays on hours longer.

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office value and knowing full well that too large a yearly output of pictures whether good or bad cheapen a star, Garbo, it is said, asked that she be limited to but two pictures during the year and that she receive three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for each of them. A total yearly salary of seven hundred thousand dollars.

It was then that the conferences between Garbo and Metro started that kept her tarrying here. Metro, it seems, wanted Garbo, but they didn't like her terms and Garbo wanted to remain with Metro, provided they could agree.

I was told that Metro agreed to the two a year picture schedule but named three hundred and twelve thousand dollars per picture as the limit; a salary of six hundred thousand odd a year.

Her first picture will be a story based on the life of the Swedish Queen Christina. The original is by Garbo's friend, Mrs. Berthold Viertel and Margaret Levino. It's a tale of love overcoming duty.

SO Garbo, like Kipling's cat, continues to walk by herself doing pretty much as she pleases, while the applause of her admiring fans gathers volume.

Hollywood does not know what to think of Garbo. This strange foreigner who refuses to become a part of the town that has made her independently wealthy and world famous. This girl of humble birth who so royally breaks all of Hollywood's commandments as she serenely marches on to greater heights. Hollywood admits that she has them all licked.

All of the world, including Hollywood, looks upon Garbo as a mysterious, strange woman sprung from some unknown land. Assuredly she is strange and certainly she does stand apart from the rest of the world in refusing to allow sudden great wealth and world-wide fame to change her humble habits and simple manner of living.

But in her own home and among her own friends Garbo is no more mysterious or strange than you or I.

Through her natural shyness and dislike of crowds she unwittingly hit upon an idea of seclusion which has given her more freedom ever accorded any other celebrity and at the same time showered her with the greatest world-wide publicity ever tendered a person in the public eye. Her dislike of meeting the public has developed into a legend that has made it possible for her to turn her back on the world individually and collectively and make them like it. She has withdrawn from the public gaze so thoroughly that any least trivial bit of information about her, such as what she eats for breakfast or how often she shampoos her hair is considered news.

Many persons swim in the nude in the privacy of their own pool, but the fact that Garbo often takes her plunge in the altogether is worthy of big headline material.

Probably every Garbo fan in the country will rush to the library to get de Maupassant's, Tolstoy's and Oscar Wilde's writing when they hear that they happen to be the Swedish star's favorite books. And no doubt there will be a revived interest in German and Swedish history when it is learned that Garbo has a collection of these books which she reads over and over.

AND most of the readers of MODERN SCREEN will smile when they read Garbo's opinion of Hollywood that she was continually expressing to her housekeepers during the months they managed her home.

"Hollywood!" she would wail. "It is nothing but a lot of painted cracker boxes hanging to sun-baked hills. It is the most tiresome place in the world. If I could only get away from it!"

And there are many world celebrities who would love to take Garbo's stand of independence in denying interviews and refusing to put themselves on parade at premieres, restaurants and banquets, if they thought they would survive.

Garbo continually has to be on her guard or she will be tricked into getting herself into a spot that may upset the tradition she has built about herself.

When Dietrich first arrived here, Garbo had a natural curiosity to see if there was any truth to the report that there was a striking resemblance between the German star and herself.

"When Garbo was invited to attend a private showing of Dietrich's first Hollywood-made picture at Paramount one evening, she was wild to go," smiled her friend Wilhelm Sorensen. "It wasn't until I made it plain to her that such a visit would probably be turned into a tremendous publicity stunt that she gave up the idea."

"And one day she received word that her admirers in Sweden had planned a great treat for her. Her fans it seemed had clubbed together and raised money to cover a long distance telephone call between Hollywood and Stockholm so that Greta could sit in her California home and talk to her mother as she sat in far away Sweden. Of course it was understood that details of this arrangement would be published."

"Garbo replied that when she wanted to talk to her mother she could pay for her own telephone call and then she could be certain that the world would not be listening in on the conversation."

AND the Swedish star hangs on to little souvenirs that remind her of happy times, just like you and I.

According to her housekeepers, tucked in among her favorite books were a collection of menus that she had taken from the "Gripsholm," on which she crossed to Sweden when she made her first visit back there after she became famous.

And below this shelf of books, on her writing desk stood a little brown



and white cloth dog with a ribbon around its neck bearing the name of the boat.

And Garbo has a hobby of collecting men's handkerchiefs. Among her own kerchiefs, which are large silk squares initialed G. G., are several big linen ones embroidered with C. B. which Garbo told her housekeeper stood for the director, Clarence Brown. There were several marked with a plain S that once belonged to her old friend Mauritz Stiller and others marked F standing for the French director, Jacques Feyder.

Most intriguing of all her keepsakes was the plain gold wedding ring that the housekeeper found tucked away in the corner of the drawer in the little table at the head of Garbo's bed when she was putting clean paper in it one day.

A wedding ring hidden in Garbo's bedroom. What did it mean? Did she keep it near her bedside to take out in the still of the night and bring back cherished memories? Or was it only a "prop" wedding ring that she had sometime worn in a picture?

IN this same bedroom Garbo kept a big, rough, wooden box in plain sight shoved under a dressing table. "It arrived soon after Christmas," said the housekeeper, "filled with an assortment of canned anchovies, sardines, caviar and liver pasté.

"Miss Garbo had the cover ripped off and the box left in her bedroom. She must have gotten up in the night and lunched on the canned delicacies as we often found empty tin boxes in her bedroom in the morning. Other times we found them in the kitchen sink."

It seemed that Garbo never has learned to like American food. One of her favorite nearby excursions was to lunch on shipboard when certain Swedish and German boats docked in the Los Angeles harbor.

And just like you and I Garbo has her strange little habits of saving and little idiosyncrasies.

For instance she has a mania for watching a burning fire-place. No matter how hot the day, according to her housekeeper, whenever Garbo went into the living room she lighted the wide fireplace which she had ordered to be kept laid with logs. If friends were with her they invariably suggested that they go out in the garden. But as soon as Garbo came back in the room she would light the fireplace again. "Sometimes," said the housekeepers, "that fireplace was swept and laid six times a day."

And they were always picking up the little piles of torn foreign fan mail that Garbo left all over the place. "We could follow her trail by these heaps of paper," they laughed. "We would find them in the garden, on her bed, on the floor in her bedroom, on the floor in her automobile, in front of the fireplace in the living room, everywhere.

"This trail was a great help to us when we were searching for her colored glasses, which she was continually losing all over the place.

"And as she seldom carried a purse

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when she went out she was forever losing the money that she clutched in her hand or in her little black coin pocket book."

And for no reason at all, according to these housekeepers Garbo insisted on saving all of her empty bottles.

**S**HE kept them stored in one of her wardrobe trunks upstairs. In another of her trunks were dozens of high heeled slippers in all kinds of material and every shade imaginable. Dainty shoes she had worn in pictures that did not feel as comfortable or go as well

with her plain clothes as the flat heeled men's shoes she wore.

**D**ON'T think that Garbo didn't have her romances, too, although she was clever enough to keep them well hidden from Hollywood," they smiled. "We never will forget the nights when a certain foreign director, who called often, forgot to turn out the lights of his automobile in his haste to get in to see his friend and left them streaming up the driveway across our windows keeping us awake most of the night."

## Jackie Cooper

(Continued from page 45)

me to mention that he didn't miss once, I'm sure. After all, things like this are quite as important as winning second award for the best acting of the year, for instance. And certainly enough oh-ing and ah-ing was done when Jackie merited this.

**R**ECOGNIZING Jackie, everybody in the lobby immediately surrounded him admiringly. He was polite but his smile wasn't the joyous affair it is usually. The men he didn't seem to find half bad. They shook hands with him in a forthright fashion, told him how they always liked to see him on the screen, and he said thank-you-very-much, and that was that. But the women! Especially the gushy ones!

"Hey, Mom," Jackie called after he'd shaken about two dozen hands "I'm goin' on up. All right?"

Mrs. Cooper, who was talking to a representative of the press, didn't hear him.

"Mom," he repeated, louder this time, "I'm goin' on up. All right?"

The two detectives who guarded him day and night stood by.

Mrs. Cooper nodded.

"C'mon, boys," said Jackie. And the three of them made a dash for the elevator.

To Jackie these detectives weren't any badge of importance. They were, rather, two pretty swell guys who had any number of exciting stories to tell you whenever you could manage to get off alone with them.

On the home stretch, so to speak, his tour practically over, Jackie had begun to worry about his club.

"I hope the fellers'll know I'm comin'," he told his mother. "Maybe we'd better send them a wire, what do you think? So's they can get things ready. We gotta have a meetin' right off so's to make sure nobody broke any rules or anything."

**P**RESIDENT and treasurer of the club, Jackie naturally feels a great sense of responsibility about it. Always he's been a ring-leader. Long before his name was known nationally it was one that had to be reckoned with in his

neighborhood.

"Got a rival gang, Jackie?" one of the detectives asked.

Jackie beamed. "Sure," he said, "There's one gang that hates us. We're always havin' fights. One day... gee... that was good. Boy!"

"You see all us fellers came outta the clubhouse, like this..."

He showed us how they all strolled out in an innocent and extremely nonchalant manner. Jackie always acts what he is saying, merely throwing in a few words here and there. It is obviously far easier for him to show you than to tell you.

"When what do we see but the other kids lined up. Waitin' for us. With beebie guns!"

He turned to me, probably feeling a member of my inferior sex, hardly could be expected to estimate such weapons properly, and explained: "Beebie guns can sting, they can. Boy! I got hit with one once. Made be black and blue. And yellow!"

"Well, they aimed those beebie guns plunk at us. We beat it back in the clubhouse quick. I lined my gang in a row.

"Anybody got any suggestions how we can lick that bunch?" I asked.

"One kid suggested we climb up on our roof and chuck things down at them.

"A very good idea," I told him.

"But then I got a better idea. We made one of our fellers go over and join the other gang. Pretend like he was mad at me, see, and wanted to join up with them. Then I got my '22 and we came out and I fired right at that kid that was makin' believe he'd deserted us. He grabbed his arm and started yellin'."

The action Jackie now suited to his words was very graphic. He ran around the room holding his arm and groaning at the top of very adequate lungs.

"He wasn't really hurt, you know, Mom," he told his mother quickly, with a broad, reassuring grin. "He was only puttin' on so's the others'd think I had real bullets... not just blanks.

"And Gee, Boy!"

Jackie fairly bent double with laugh-



ter at the memory of the way his strategy had put the enemy to rout.

"You shouldda seen those kids run. They thought I'd shot that feller for sure. I wish I couldda seen them when they found out he wasn't hurt at all and that he'd come back on my side. I'll bet they were good and sore all right."

MRS. COOPER, who always allows Jackie to tell his own stories in his own way, without any interruption, has no more qualms about Jackie's future than all mothers must feel about the future of their sons. She isn't afraid that the rest of Jackie's life will be anti-climax, that never again will he achieve the same prominence and success he now enjoys. For she is confident that even after Jackie reaches a man's estate he will continue as an actor. And actors, especially actors of Jackie Cooper's calibre, never have any difficulty at all about keeping in the limelight.

"Jackie always has acted," Mrs. Cooper explained, "even as a baby. I remember when he was only three how he knew every word of the Moran and Mack records we used to play on the phonograph. He never was taught the words or the tune. He picked them up of his own accord. And when we had company he used to get me to play the piano so he could sing those songs. Everyone who ever heard him marvelled at his power of mimicry."

She smiled. "With a responsive audience Jackie never seemed to get tired. He'd say, 'What'll we do for them next? What'll we do for them next, Mom?'"

Mrs. Cooper is an Italian, small and dark, with bright black eyes. Before Jackie scored his hit in "Skippy," when he was making fifty dollars a week those occasional weeks when he worked in "Our Gang" comedies, she supported the family by playing the piano in vaudeville.

Johnny Cooper, Jackie's father, was Dutch. He also was a vaudevillian. He died when Jackie was two. And right here, even at the risk of sounding sentimental, I want to say that no part of Jackie's fame ever has compensated him for not having a father.

IT isn't easy for a boy to be brought up entirely by women. Fortunately Jackie's too inherently masculine for it to have made a sissy of him. And fortunately in all of his outside contacts he instinctively tries to make up for the masculine companionship he lacks at home. He pals around with Wally Beery. He adores a young uncle. And Johnny Weissmuller and Rich Dix are two other gods at whose shrine he bends a knee.

"Public school!" Jackie made a wry face. "I'd hate the sittin' still and sittin' up straight part. When I'm having lessons there's nothing to stop me gettin' up and walkin' around whenever I feel like it."

His voice grew confidential.

"I really don't hate arithmetic," he told me. "They used to make me say I did. For publicity. Same's they made me say I didn't like spinach."



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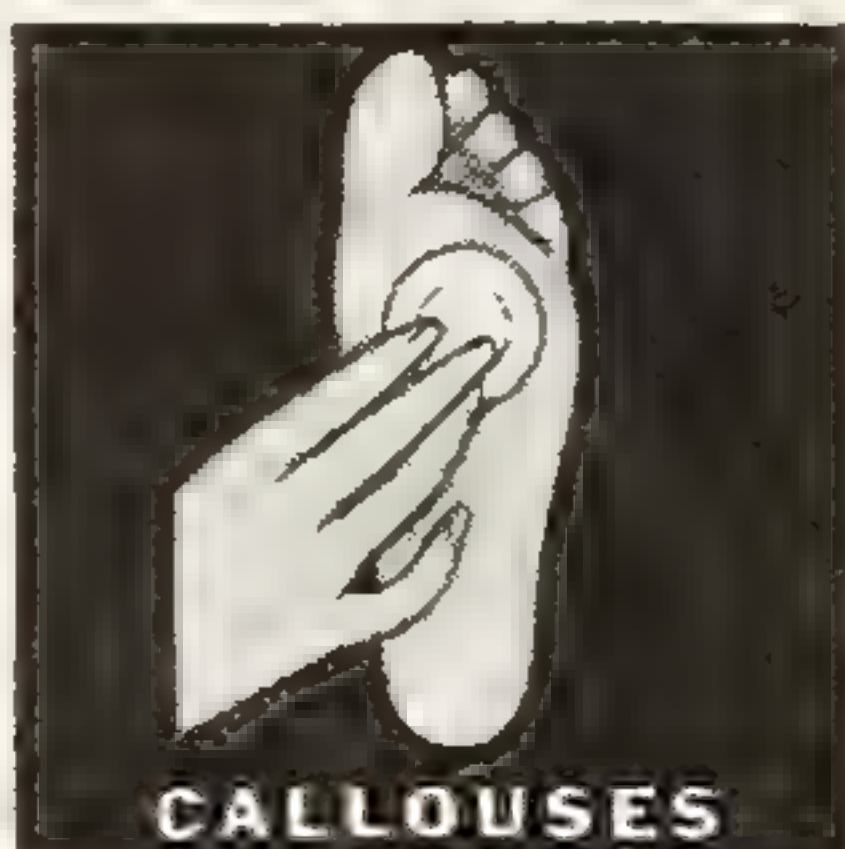


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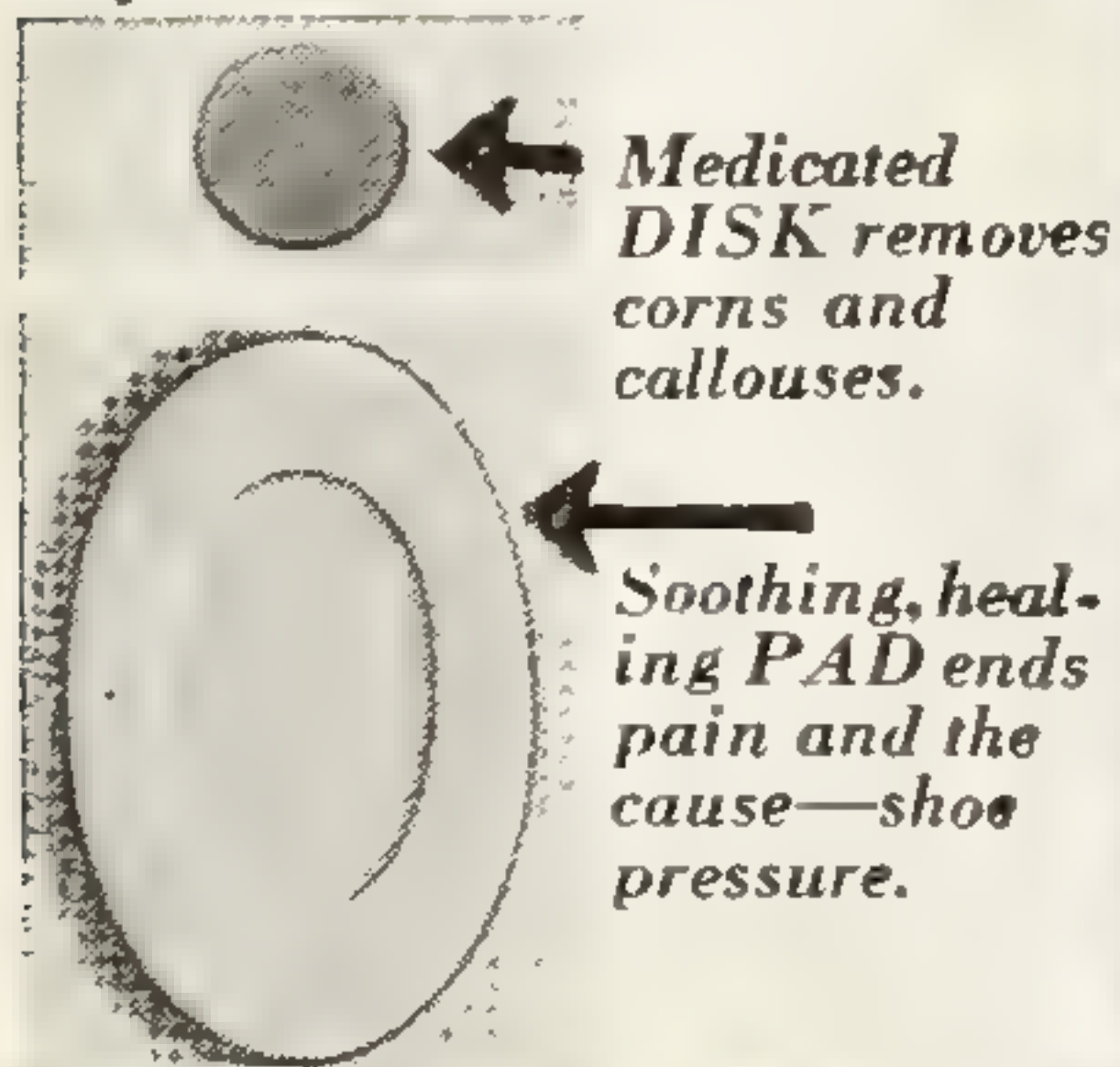
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Death to Jackie is the great mystery. Cemeteries fascinate him the same as they do most children. One day a few months ago Jackie saw a funeral entering a cemetery.

"Look," he called to his uncle who was driving the family car, "here's a good place where we can park and see the whole thing!"

His mother explained that wouldn't be a nice thing to do, that the people in the coaches were sad because someone they loved had died, and that they wouldn't like to be stared at. Jackie let the matter drop. That night, however, Mrs. Cooper noticed he was very much preoccupied. He sat on the edge of the bed for a long time wiggling his toes in and out of his bedroom slippers. Finally he said in a little voice, sounding anything but natural:

"Life's kinda funny, isn't it? Here we are . . . talkin' and workin' . . . and over . . . over in the cemetery . . . over in the cemetery people just like us . . . people who were talkin' and workin' . . . just a little while ago . . . gee, they're over there lyin' dead . . . and still and everything."

THE day I saw Jackie he had things to attend to. He was given a portable typewriter, the champion typist making the presentation. On a little gold plate his name was engraved, "Jackie Cooper." Nice enough! But what impressed Jackie more than anything else was the amazing speed with which the champion could and did type.

"Whee," said Jackie appreciatively, "Gee, boy, lookit that go, will ya?"

"Gee, boy," is, as you may have judged, a favorite expletive.

I'm sure, incidentally, that Jackie reckons he earned that machine. For he had to have some pictures taken with it. And he abominates posing for stills. For the most part he was very good about it although he said quite frankly that he couldn't see how there were magazines and newspapers enough in the world to use so many pictures. But when they suggested he hold his hands high over the keyboard in a burlesque manner, he rebelled.

"What do you think?" he said, "I know how to typewrite! I'm not going to look that stupid! No siree! I won't

do it!" He looked quite determined.

In spite of everything he remained obdurate. And I, for one, didn't blame him. Had he done as they asked he really would have looked pretty silly.

When the photographers arrived to take these pictures and others besides, Jackie excused himself to the two detectives who were telling him stories over in a corner.

"I gotta do this business now, I guess," he told them.

And to Jackie all the fanfare of stardom is just that. Business. He attends to it dutifully, quite the same as a little newsie would attend to the business of selling his papers. Jackie knows he is earning money that supports him, his mother, and his grandmother, and that because of this his mother no longer has to go to work.

YOU'RE never goin' to work again, Mom," he often tells the dark smiling girl who watches him with such fond eyes, "You're never goin' to work again. I'm the man of our family and the man has to make the money. You're never goin' to work again, Mom." And then pinching her cheek affectionately, "Glad? Huh?"

"A typical eight-year-old," I'd say. Wouldn't you?

How then are we to account for the brilliant, histrionic streak running through him which makes him one of the greatest artists alive today . . . which sends other artists into raptures over him . . . which has given us "Skippy" and "The Champ" and "Father and Sons" and all the others . . . which makes us laugh gleefully one minute and sob, broken-hearted, the next . . .

As far as it is possible to trace such things, this genius of Jackie's is not inherited. His mother and father earned their living as entertainers in vaudeville, true, but they never displayed anything approaching Jackie's great histrionic ability.

Is there then, as so many in Hollywood are inclined to think, the spirit of some great departed actor reborn in Jackie? Or is it that Mab, Queen of the Fairy Godmothers, was present at his birth. I don't know, I'm sure. I'm asking you!

## The Big Productions

(Continued from page 82)

a lot of stage fright from the radio stars the first time they faced the camera . . . but we were fooled! Paramount built an exact duplicate of the broadcasting room in one of the big New York radio studios and that is where all the action takes place. Were they scared of anything? They were not! As Gracie Allen said: "I used to be scared every time I went up to the microphone . . . so you can well imagine what I expected to find in Hollywood! But the fact that they had us work in the copy of a broad-

casting room took all the fear out of me . . ."

THE day we visited the set, Crosby (who plays one of them thar heartless crooners) was entertaining the whole gang with a new invention he had just discovered. It seems that he had found a way in which he could sing chords. At first he was only able to make two sounds in harmony . . . but before he had finished the day's work, he had actually worked up to three!



# Directory of Players

(Continued from page 94)

**MACMAHON, ALINE**; married; born in McKeesport, Pa., May 3. First National player. Featured in "Life Begins" and "One Way Passage," First National; "Once in a Lifetime," Universal. Working in "Silver Dollar," First National.

**MANNERS, DAVID**; divorced from Suzanne Bushell; born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Stranger in Town," "The Crooner" and "They Call It Sin," First National; "Bill of Divorcement," Radio.

**MARCH, FREDRIC**; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Merrily We Go to Hell," Paramount; "Smilin' Through," M-G-M. Working in "Sign of the Cross," Paramount.

**MARITZA, SARI**; unmarried; born in China, March 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments." Next is "Manhattan Rhythm."

**MARSH, JOAN**; unmarried; born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Are You Listening?," M-G-M; "Bachelor's Affairs," Fox.

**MARSH, MARIAN**; unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies, October 17. Write her at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Strange Justice," Radio. Working in "Sport Page," Radio.

**MARSHALL, HERBERT**; married to Edna Best; born in London, May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Blonde Venus." Working in "The Honest Finder."

**MARSH, MAE**; married to Lee Armes; born in Madrid, Mexico, November 9. Fox player. Featured in "Over the Hill" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox. Working in "That's My Boy," Columbia.

**MEIGHAN, THOMAS**; married to Frances Ring; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 9. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount.

**MENJOU, ADOLPHE**; married to Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Bachelor's Affairs," Fox; "The Night Club Lady," Columbia; "Farewell to Arms," Paramount. Now making a picture in Paris.

**MERKEL, UNA**; married to Renald Burla; born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M; "They Call It Sin," First National. Working in "Second Fiddle," Radio.

**MILJAN, JOHN**; married to former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D., November 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "Unashamed," M-G-M; "Rich Are Always With Us," First National. Working in "The Kid From Spain," United Artists.

**MIX, TOM**; married to Mabel Ward; born near El Paso, Texas, January 6. Universal star. Starred in "Texas Bad Man," "My Pal the King" and "The Fourth Horseman." Working in "Tom's In Town."

**MONTGOMERY, ROBERT**; married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M star. Co-starred in "Letty Lynton" and "Blondie of the Follies." Working in "Tinfoil."

**MOORE, COLLEEN**; married to Albert Scott; born in Port Huron, Mich., August 19. M-G-M player.

**MOORE, DICKIE**; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach player. Featured in "No Greater Love," Columbia; "Million Dollar Legs" and "Blonde Venus," Paramount. Working in "Little Orphan Annie," Radio.

**MORAN, LOIS**; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., March 1. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Men In Her Life," Columbia. Appearing on the New York stage.

**MORAN, POLLY**; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., June 28. M-G-M player. Featured in "Passionate Plumber" and "Prosperity."

**MORLEY, KAREN**; unmarried; born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Man About Town," Fox; "Washington Masquerade," M-G-M; "Phantom of Crestwood," Radio. Next is "Animal Kingdom," Radio.

**MORRIS, CHESTER**; married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York City, February 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Sinners in the Sun," Paramount; "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M. Working in "Breach of Promise," World Wide.

**MUNI, PAUL**; married to Bella Finckle; born in Vienna, September 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Starred in "Scarface," United Artists. Working in "I'm a Fugitive," First National.

**MCCREA, JOEL**; unmarried; born in South Pasadena, Calif., November 5. Radio player. Featured in "Bird of Paradise" and "The Most Dangerous Game." Working in "Sport Page." Next is "Fog Bound."

**McLAGLEN, VICTOR**; married to Enid Lamont; born in London, Eng., December 10. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Devil's Lottery," Fox; "Guilty as Hell," Paramount. Working in "Rackety Rax," Fox.

**NAGEL, CONRAD**; married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Man Called Back," Tiffany; "Divorce in the Family," "Kongo," M-G-M.

**NISSEN, GRETA**; married to Weldon Heyburn; born in Oslo, Norway, January 30. Fox player. Featured in "Devil's Lottery." Working in "Rackety Rax."

**NIXON, MARIAN**; married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Fox player. Featured in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount. Working in "Rackety Rax," Fox.

(Continued on page 110)



*If a million mothers  
had something to tell you*  
**WOULD YOU LISTEN ?**

A MOTHER who has watched over her baby . . . day after day . . . thrilling to his every little gain . . . anxious about his smallest distress . . . Who can talk to you more understandingly than she? If a million such mothers could sit down with you now and tell you of their experience with a remarkable baby food—would you be interested?

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The big film companies hire professional health and exercise specialists in order to keep their stars in trim and at the right weight—and that goes for both men and women players.

If you want to learn the very latest scientific knowledge about health exercise—as practised by the Paramount studio stars at the direction of experts—get a copy of the next MODERN SCREEN (dated December) and you'll find this valuable information.

# What Are the Movies Doing to Us?

(Continued from page 27)

take a topic of vital interest at the moment, disarmament. Many people know that there is a discussion of reduction of armaments and that we have an interest in this discussion purely through the pictures they may have seen, showing the representatives of various countries meeting to discuss this subject in Lausanne or Geneva. International affairs as such may mean very little, but the names of the men become familiar to the general public and without knowing it they absorb through the newsreel a great deal of general knowledge which stands them in good stead when they hear some political discus-

sion on a subject which has suddenly become vital to our country.

The educational value of the movie seems to me quite limitless if the men at the head of the industry have sufficient imagination to see what possibilities lie before them and to remember that they hold in their hands a great weapon which may serve as a stimulant to imagination of young and old in this country and which may mean more general knowledge for the great masses of our people than has ever been possible before in history, and more intelligent participation in public affairs and national problems.

## Where Do You Go from Here?

(Continued from page 67)

the insults of bosses who demanded something more of their pretty secretary than stenographic ability.

And she has emerged triumphant.

THE hows and whys of it are no secret. To begin with, she took life apart and found two hard-to-manage parts. She called one "Work" and the other "Love." The first was the easier to handle.

She "improved herself." Those are words, aren't they? Specifically, she began to read and to study. At night school, she learned enough stenography to get a better job. Then she became interested in law. For a while, she was enrolled in the Columbia University Law School. At night, again. In the daytime, she found a job with a newspaper syndicate writing about dresses and hats and desserts you could make in your ice box.

Presently, the stage began to vie with the glamor of the law courts for her interest. Quite honestly, she analyzed herself and found a good face and figure plus a habit of "spouting poetry," as she describes it, at every opportunity.

With eyes wide open, she borrowed enough money to go through a dramatic school. Then opportunity beyond her wildest dreams unexpectedly sought her out. This night, a producer from Hollywood saw her in a school play. She was in her teens, a bright and breathless little thing, when he told her that he wanted her to work in his pictures. If it had been realized, we would have another Cinderella story.

"I'm not ready yet," she answered him. "In a year or two, I may be."

During the next months, she worked prodigiously. Four plays in a civic theatre in Johnstown, Pennsylvania. Then, one in New York. On Election Day, 1930, she went to Hollywood. That

first year she made "Six Cylinder Love," "Murders in the Rue Morgue," "Nice Women," "Strictly Dishonorable," "Bad Sister," and "The Mouthpiece." That was what she wanted—work and success!

So much for "Work." Now what of that other part of life that she called "Love." Can you guess what she did? Listen. . . .

"I put a halter on my heart."

And that is what she proposes for every bruised or disappointed one of us who envies the glitter and gaiety of more successful sisters.

Impossible, you say? You doubt that love could or should be haltered? Sidney Fox suggests this:

"Look around you at the divorce courts. Why are they jammed? Why is Reno always crowded? Too often it is because a woman didn't know where she was going. Wouldn't she have been better off if she hadn't loved so carelessly?"

She is very serious about it. It is something she understands so well.

MOST of us, when we're in love, act like puppets. Little strings jerk us about and we begin to live with our hearts instead of our heads. And usually, we have our fling, our heartbreak, and then our divorce. But women don't want divorces. With all our hearts, we don't. We want love—the old-fashioned kind that lasts. We must fall in love, of course, but why not think out ahead before something happens to us? Before we let ourselves in for all the joy and pain that love means? Let's know where we're going and then, if it is what we want, *let's go!*"

Sidney Fox would give a great deal to be able to help those impetuous girls who plunge in and out of love and gain nothing but heartaches. Her desire is



the basis of an amazingly new idea. "I want to start a shop for women," she told me. "There would be nothing else like it in the world. I would take every woman who ever judged a man unwisely and try to teach her good judgment. And then I would teach her the art of being attractive. Almost every woman can be made more beautiful than she is."

"Are you sure?" I interposed.

"I'm positive . . . make-up, clothes, posture, oh, all those things. Then I would analyze her personality and give her just the *right things*. My shop would make her fine and big, both inside and out. Then, when the right man came along and she was very, very sure he was the right man, she would be able to hold him forever."

An amazing idea—and so simple. "But any girl, if she is smart, can do that for herself," I said. "She needn't go to your shop if she reads the right things and *does* the right things."

I wish you could have seen her curled up on that studio chair in her dressing room, her eyes so warm and eager and her face so intent under its thick make-up, as she thought that over.

"That's right," she agreed after a moment. "I really couldn't expect to have many customers, but I think it would be grand fun trying to help people see the way to make love last."

## Ann Dvorak

(Continued from page 64)

Ann, always the restless and excitable, was almost in a panic. She wailed, "I'm sure he has been looking at the rushes of the interesting vivid girl this Cesca is, and probably he has *me* all mixed up with her in his mind. He probably thinks I'm interesting and colorful and witty . . . and all those things. If he really came to know *me* he would probably be convinced I'm just dull and every-dayish. Then perhaps he wouldn't have any more interest in putting me over on the screen. I just can't go. You'll have to tell him something when he calls up."

The tall, likeable, millionaire producer from Texas called Ann on the telephone not only that once but many other times. She was invited to go dining, dancing and premiering with him. Each time I was elected to fabricate some glowing story to the effect that Ann had just left to keep another engagement . . . or she was week-ending in Santa Barbara . . . so sorry she missed you this time.

I hope my guardian angel has not made marks too black against my name for the imaginative and colorful lies I told Mr. Hughes about Ann's social activities. I am sure that in time he must have come to believe the Dvorak girl the most popular in Hollywood.

"I HOPE so," Ann breathed when I confided these suspicions to her. "It's a lot better that he thinks I am popular

**"Don't you hate housework, Helen? It always makes my hands so red and rough!"**

**"That never bothers me since I've been using Pacquin's Hand Cream. It keeps my hands softer and smoother than anything I've ever tried. It seems to get right into the skin, somehow. I think it's wonderful!"**



**"It gets right into the skin"** tells the whole story of why Pacquin's makes the hands so marvelously smooth and soft. For Pacquin's contains certain natural oils essential for keeping the skin supple. Unlike many creams, Pacquin's literally sinks into the skin instead of evaporating into the air. As your skin absorbs the cream, it regains these natural oils which sun and wind and water take out.

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More of those strange slants on Hollywood. Unusual angles on Neil Hamilton and Claudette Colbert.

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An absorbing feature by Adele Whitely Fletcher called "Ten Commandments for Popularity." If you want to know how to increase your number of admirers, read it.

and well-liked than that he should find out what a really mousey sort of person I am!"

As a matter of cold truth, Ann had not a single beau to her name. She was not the type that men invited out to "show off" or to be entertained by her wit. She never has been and never will be any part of a "goodtime girl." She was disgusted with the silly philosophies of young boys her own age . . . and fearful that she would bore men older than herself. When Howard Hughes would call up, Ann would sit beside the telephone shivering and shaking with excitement as though she feared he might be able to see through the 'phone, discovering her there alone, unasked for, her face cold-creamed, eating a ham sandwich, instead of enjoying the scintillating social festivities I concocted for her!

As "Scarface" advanced further into production, the Hollywood "grapevine" carried the reports of a new and startling discovery. Ann would read to me with delight the columnist hints of a new actress, said to be the most colorful personality since Joan Crawford. It seems the girl's name was Ann Dvorak! When the picture was actually completed Ann sat back to await the developments of the rôle that was to establish her.

Is there need to go into the many delays and postponements of release dates that held up "Scarface"? The censors played havoc with the picture that was doctored and changed so many times before it saw the light of a movie screen in New York.

In that time Ann was like a person going through the wild hysteria of a nightmare. She had visions of the picture never being released . . . all her glowing ambitions smashed to earth before they had a chance to blossom. She even discussed the possibility of attempting to borrow certain scenes out of the picture to use as "tests" to show other producers what she could do. Just when Ann had decided that Cesca was created to perish unseen, the censors relented and "Scarface" opened in New York!

**I** DID not see the picture until it opened in Los Angeles. It did not seem possible that this vivid creature the New York critics described as Ann Dvorak could be the girl who was my daughter and friend. I couldn't help wondering about this "abandon" they so insistently contained in their paragraphs regarding Ann's work. The girl I knew was so different from the person they painted.

It was not until I saw the picture that I actually understood . . . Ann was an instinctive actress—true, she needed polishing—but her work was all the more amazing to me because the emotions she portrayed were not gained through real experiences, but from some inexplicable understanding within that we know as talent. I knew when Ann first flashed upon the screen that she was there for an interesting career!

Warner Brothers had become very enthusiastic about Ann as a screen personality following her performance in "Scarface." It was arranged that they should borrow her from Howard

Hughes for James Cagney's picture, "The Crowd Roars." Upon completion of that film her contract was bought from Mr. Hughes for \$20,000. Ann received no part of this money. Her salary from Warners was \$250 weekly.

Following "The Crowd Roars" Ann went into production on "A Stranger in Town," then into another picture whose title slips my mind (certainly Ann must not have been enthused about this part for I heard so little about it). Then the momentous day when she was cast in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain."

I say it was a momentous day because it was in that picture that Ann met Leslie Fenton, the man she married two and one half months after their meeting!

**I**T has been repeatedly written and hinted that I do not like Leslie Fenton! That I objected strenuously to their marriage and did all in my power to stop it. This is not true, and I am sure that Ann and Leslie would be the first to back me up in my claim.

To the contrary, I consider Leslie Fenton one of the most charming men I have ever met, although my sense of humor compels me to admit that I had met him only *twice* before he became my son-in-law. One of these occasions was a casual encounter in the hall of our apartment building when we paused to chat for a moment before he and Ann went driving. The other was the night I pleaded with him and Ann from eight o'clock in the evening until two o'clock the next morning, to wait a year before they jumped into matrimony.

Strange how things happen, isn't it? When I first began to feel that some other great influence was coming into Ann's life, I met the man who had become estranged from me because of Ann's career. In other words, I went back to my second husband (Ann's stepfather) just about the time Leslie Fenton came into Ann's life.

If I seem to be hurling facts too rapidly at the bewildered reader, it is only because, in attempting to recreate the emotions and events at that time, I discover they happened in amazing rapidity to us!

Ann never exactly told me she was falling deeply in love. She did not have to. I knew it. I knew all the restless, ecstatic symptoms. At first I was frightened by the depth of emotion I recognized in Ann. Yet how could this first love be otherwise to a girl of her intense nature? Ann had never even been mildly interested in a man until she met Leslie. There hadn't been any little puppy love experiences. Love hit Ann like a ton of bricks . . . from out of nowhere . . . without warning!

Just as my husband had objected to Ann's career, he objected to Leslie Fenton as a possible husband for her. He had no particular reason except that his great fondness for Ann had convinced him that there are very few things, and practically no men, good enough for her. Once more we knew the stormy sessions of clashing wills in the confines of our apartment home.



Her stepfather would rave a little; I would try to calmly reason with her; and Ann would fly out of the apartment to Leslie. During one of these sessions my husband asked her: "What do you know about him? From what I can learn he is a sort of vagabond . . . working just long enough to get money ahead to support him while he lives the life of a beachcomber in the South Seas . . . or China . . . or wherever he cares to go. Is that the kind of life you plan for yourself?"

Ann's answer, dramatic and youthful, would sing through the apartment: "I want to be with him wherever he is!"

**T**HERE were times when she would talk to me about Leslie. Other days Ann seemed to lock even his name in her heart. Although she seldom brought him to the apartment (probably because she felt we were opposed to the match) they spent every waking hour together.

They went for long slow rides along the beach roads, and when Leslie would bring her home they sat parked in front of the building . . . talking, hour after hour. I could often hear the soft drone of their voices and see the flare of the cigarettes in the dark.

One evening they called me up from one of the picturesque, secluded little cafés they frequented. They said they wanted to come up and talk to me. Ten minutes later I was listening to their pleas for my blessing to their marriage!

There is no denying the charm of Leslie Fenton. The moment he stepped into the apartment I felt it . . . I knew what it was about him which had plunged Ann so deeply into love. He appeals so strongly to the imagination of women.

There is about him none of the prosaic, every-day things that the average man brings into a woman's life. On the contrary, there is something almost fictional about Leslie. He is like one of the heroes in the novels of your favorite authoress. Nothing conventional, about his views of life, love, marriage or civilization.

He loaths Hollywood and tolerates it only for the purpose of obtaining a "stake" which will see him through six months or a year of roving wherever he may choose to go. Yet as he sat there talking to me, keen flashes of his quick mind and wit dotting what he said, it seemed sheer tragedy that such an overwhelming love should have sprung up between these two. Ann had worked so hard for all the things that Leslie despised. Ann was soaring up in the Hollywood heavens, and Leslie's only desire was to be rid of all of it.

I begged them to wait a year. "Wait for what?" asked Leslie.

"Oh, to make sure that this isn't just a passion that won't bear up through marriage," I argued. "To make sure you really belong together."

"Waiting won't prove anything we already know," said Ann.

I tried to compromise with six months. Finally they agreed on three.

**A**NN had just finished "Love Is a Racket" when, three days later, I received a call from a local airport

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HASN'T A CHANCE.  
I WISH I COULD  
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that Ann and Leslie were eloping to  
Yuma!

They returned to Hollywood . . . a  
hill-top home . . . and a world that  
seemed to be peopled by only two! I  
had only to look into Ann's eyes to  
realize that for the time not even I  
could reach through to her. Her whole  
world revolved about Leslie and his  
iconoclastic talk. He never talked to  
Ann of Hollywood . . . or her career.  
The names and places he painted for  
her imagination were the white beaches  
of Papeete, the dewy slopes of Ireland,  
the sun in the South of France.

As she listened, Ann reminded me of  
an eager child, the same child she had  
been when she sat at my knee and  
listened to the fables I spun from fairy  
tales. The world of the studios seemed  
as far apart from her now as though  
she had never been a part of it.

Two weeks after their marriage  
Leslie was sued for breach of promise  
by Julie Carter, who made the age-  
old claim of the "promise of marriage."  
I wondered how Ann would react to  
this minor scandal, as the newspapers  
tried to make it out. With her romantic  
illusions and ideals I was afraid it  
would be a tragedy to her! But Ann,  
my Amazing Ann, merely said: "How  
could she help loving him . . . and  
wanting him. It's too bad there aren't  
enough Leslies to go around for every  
woman!"

When Leslie settled the suit out of  
court Ann forgot the incident's un-  
pleasantness entirely. The only other  
comment she made was that Miss  
Carter bore an amazing resemblance  
to herself.

I did not see so much of Ann upon  
her return to Hollywood as Mrs. Fen-  
ton. I did not care to. I hope I am too  
wise in the ways of the world to form a  
"three" in that paradise of "two," a  
honeymoon. Ann was very busy work-  
ing in "The Crooner" opposite David  
Manners and I began to pick up as much  
information about my child from the  
gossip of the movie columnists as I  
actually learned when I visited her.  
There was talk about Ann growing  
dissatisfied with the salary paid her.  
That she had begun to feel she should  
have shared in the amount paid by  
Warner Brothers to Howard Hughes  
for her services. I read, and heard,  
that Leslie was prompting Ann to this  
rebellion. This, I sincerely doubt. I  
don't believe Leslie is that interested  
in a Hollywood contract.

I did learn, however, from Ann that  
she had been signed by Samuel Gold-  
wyn to play opposite Ronald Colman  
in "Cynara," and that Columbia was  
going to borrow her for a big special.

THE next thing I learned about my  
daughter in the newspapers was  
that she had left for Europe! The  
Colman picture, the Columbia special,  
the contract . . . all this had been  
tossed aside by Ann, the girl whose  
ambitions for a screen career had been  
limitless.

I sent Ann a telegram begging her  
to come home. Not because I feared  
for her career, although I believed she  
had walked out on the greatest oppor-  
tunity she would ever know. I begged  
her to come back because running  
away from responsibilities is not cricket  
. . . isn't playing the game fairly. The  
ethics of the theater game are in my  
blood. A trouper doesn't walk out on  
his show. Ann's hasty marriage I could  
forgive and understand . . . for there is  
nothing about love that requires for-  
giveness. It just is. But a run-away  
from something she was morally obli-  
gated to do. This hurt!

The afternoon of the day Ann left  
without leave of absence, an executive  
from the Warner Brothers studio  
called. He said:

"Mrs. Lehr, it was so unnecessary  
for Ann to go to these measures for a  
raise in salary. We were planning to  
give it to her within a month when  
options would have been taken up. She  
had never spoken to us about being  
dissatisfied with the terms of her con-  
tract. She had never, in any way,  
signified that she was unhappy with our  
arrangement. Certainly we were giving  
her the very finest rôles any newcomer  
has ever drawn on this lot. As her  
box-office draw increased we were pre-  
pared to meet it financially. We can't  
understand why she had left like  
this . . ."

But I think I can. I think that Ann  
did not ask for a raise before she left  
on her trip because *she was afraid she  
would get it!* And Ann did not want  
to work; she wanted to roam a part of  
the vivid world Leslie had created for  
her while their love was the all absorb-  
ing passion of her life.

For Ann's is a love for which even  
ambition must wait. And with all the  
hurt I feel about ethics and those other  
abstract principles, I, her mother, can't  
help but love her all the more for it!

## Exposing Andy Clyde

(Continued from page 65)

He was polite but unimpressed. Finally,  
in an effort to appear sociable, he said:  
"You certainly have one funny fellow  
at your studio, and that's Pop Martin."

INTELLIGENT, quiet, reserved al-  
most to a point of shyness, Andy  
will talk about anything under the sun  
but himself. He has never appeared

before the camera in any character ex-  
cept that of an old man. He has com-  
pletely hidden his personal identity,  
satisfied to make his public happy, but  
at the same time lessening his chances  
for personal happiness.

"What girl in search of a husband  
would be attracted to an old bird like  
Pop?" he asks plaintively. "What



chance have I to get a girl?"

It was in Rattray, Perthshire, Scotland, that Andy made his first appearance and it wouldn't be far wrong to say that he was born in a trunk.

John Clyde, Scotch actor and owner of the John Clyde Stock Company, was his father. Mrs. Clyde was the leading woman in the company.

There were six little Clydes in the family and as soon as Mrs. Clyde was able to leave the hospital after each visit of the stork, she returned to the footlights. The little Clydes went along. When a child was needed in the cast there was always a little Clyde the right age to fill the part. When the stock season closed the whole family toured the country—the Scotch Foys. The theater was home to the children; backstage their playground.

Like all Scotch children, Andy respected his father. He not only looked up to him as an actor and teacher, but he admired him as a man.

**W**HEN he was eighteen years old something happened. Only an incident, but it was to Andy the most tragic thing that ever happened to him and influenced his whole life.

His father gave him his first important rôle in a play. For weeks he rehearsed, so that his father might be proud of him. Opening night came and Andy gave a performance that, for all his youth, promised much for the future. The audience took him to its heart. Every member of the company was proud of him. After the show they gathered round to congratulate him. He was bursting with pride but he kept looking around for his father. His was the commendation that Andy was waiting for.

Presently the elder Clyde joined the group. Andy looked up expectantly. So did the others.

"Report for rehearsal in the morning," his father said curtly. "I want to go over your lines with you." And turned away. That was all. Not one word of praise.

Andy reported for rehearsal the next morning, and the next, and the next. He didn't complain. He said nothing. But his spirit was broken and, discouraged, he left the company at the end of the run of that play and became a stock broker's clerk in Glasgow.

**F**OR two years Andy dealt with margins and ticker tape but his mind and heart were on the stage. When the longing to go back became too much for him he would remember his hurt and stick to his job. But he brooded and dreamed, and his dreams were always of the theatre.

Finally he went back to the stage, but not to his father's company. With a vaudeville act, he toured England and Scotland and later, came to America. For a time he played in vaudeville, in stock and in New York shows. Then he heard that his countryman, Harry Lauder, was putting on "The Heatin' O' the Hoose" with an all-Scotch cast, and he applied for a job.

"Where's yer accent?" Lauder asked  
(Continued on page 122)

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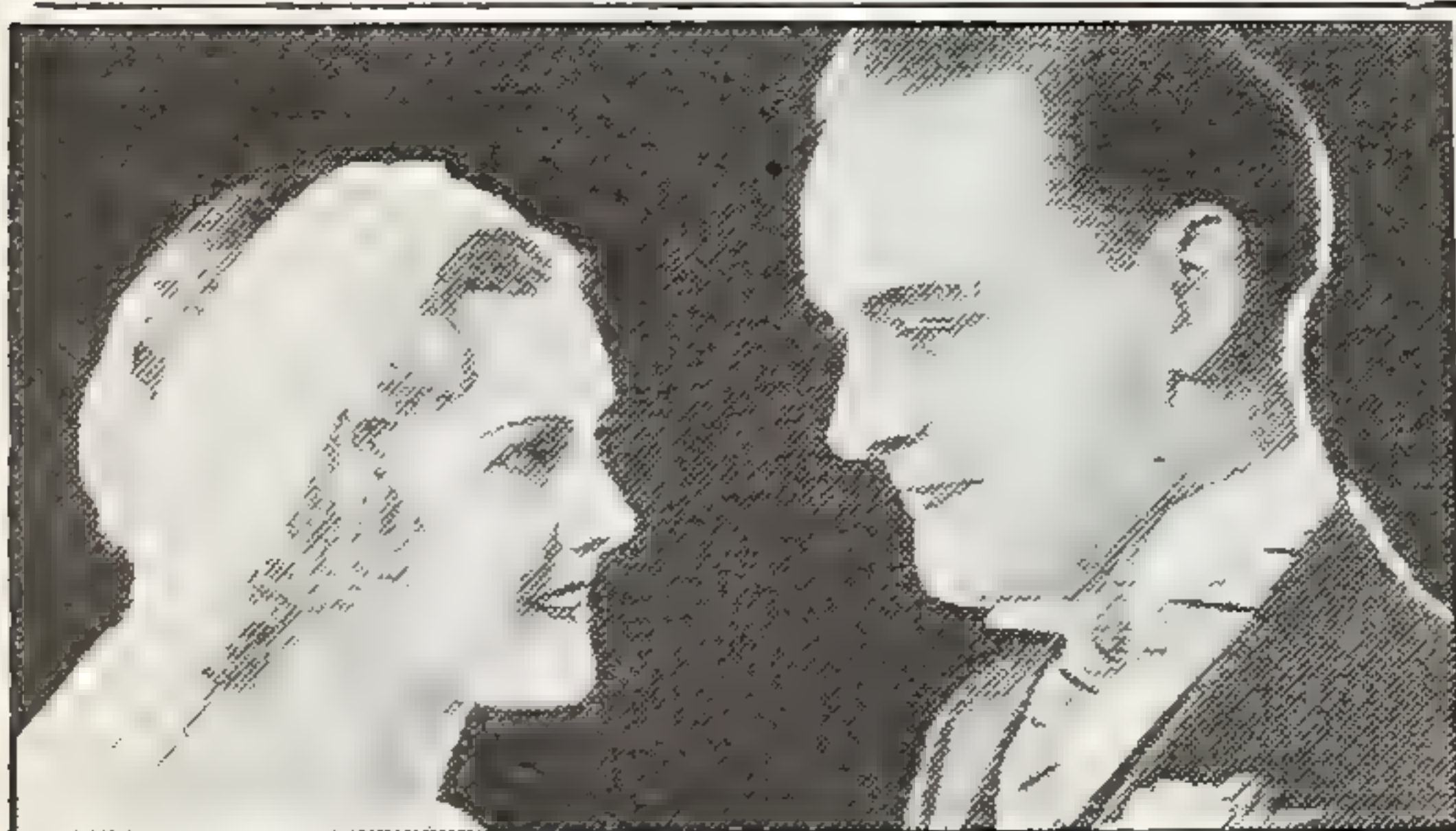
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# What Every Fan Should Know

(Continued from page 17)

marked "Celebrities" is chuck full. And you can bet that just as many spectators are drawn to the Marathon by a chance to view the screen stars, as those just interested in the Marathoners.

Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg arrived the other afternoon, took time out for dinner and returned. Ernest Lubitsch had a large party. Charlie Chaplin, Marion Davies, Stu Erwin, June Collyer, Chico Marx, Bob Woolsey, Walter Catlett, George Raft, Jimmy Gleason, Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna . . . just name any of the stars and they've been there at least a couple of evenings.

The other night, the fun started when Director Archie Mayo offered the two contesting couples \$5.00 if George Raft would go on the floor and dance. Georgie obliged with one of his snake-hips specials that sent the crowd thundering for more. Then Georgie offered \$5.00 if Archie (well over the two-hundred pounds mark) would dance. And not only did Archie dance, but later in the evening he sang "Sonny Boy" so that the kids in the Marathon could win \$10.00 offered by Mrs. Eddie Cantor. In this way, the crowd was treated to first-class entertainment for the twenty-five cent admission charge to the Marathon. Bob Woolsey and Walter Catlett favored with an Argentine special. Dorothy Lee did a little dance (she was there with Russell Gleason). Rotund Archie Mayo, though, was the pet of the stands. He, director Bill Beaudine, Georgie Raft and a couple of writers favored with "Sweet Adeline" . . . and for \$5.00 more let the photographer grab their picture. And don't think that all this high-powered entertainment didn't do a lot to keep the two dancing couples awake, also the five and ten dollar bills that were pouring into their pockets.

Charlie Chaplin left an envelope with, some say, fifty or one hundred dollars, for each of the couples. "This is better than a bull fight," Charlie is quoted as having remarked of the Marathon. "More sadistic."

And don't forget, if luck is with us, you readers of MODERN SCREEN will soon be seeing pictures of the stars posing with the Marathoners.

Not only that, but you can expect to see several movies dealing with the subject . . . because when the executives and writers take that much interest in anything . . . you can be sure there's something up.

● As long as hubby Al Jolson is busying himself in Hollywood making pictures, wife Ruby Keeler isn't going to sit home tatting. Ruby has just signed a long-term contract with Warner Brothers and will have the starring spot in her first picture.

Another interesting Warner acquisition on the dotted line is Eleanor Holm, Olympic Games swimming champion. Eleanor is considered the most comely of the Olympic girl athletes—comely enough to have had the late Florenz Ziegfeld offer her a rôle in his "Follies" last year. Warners are planning to launch Eleanor onto the screen in a thorough manner. During the first six months of her contract, the girl athlete will spend her time being coached in dramatics and voice. After that she'll probably go into leading rôles as a comedienne.

● Ronald Colman is going to be king of all he surveys. A couple of years back Ronnie bought several hundred acres of uncultivated land about seventy miles north of Hollywood. There's a half mile of beach, and Ronald has already built a tennis court near the site for his new home. The country up there is overrun with quail, deer and even wild cats and mountain lions. It's so isolated, in fact, that he may have to build his own road to the place.

● Bruce Cabot seems to be quite serious about young Sandra Shaw, Cedric Gibbon's niece, who's having a try at the movies.

And Director Clarence Brown is completely engrossed in Alice Joyce. Brown and Dorothy Burgess were enthralled not so long ago.

Dick (crooner in "Blessed Event") Powell is rushing Joan Marsh, and now that Dick has signed a contract for the movies, Joan is very, very happy, yes sir.

● Zeppo Marx (the good looking one who plays straight) is generally considered the least talented of the Four. As a matter of fact, Zeppo is just as clever as his crazier brothers. Right now he's collaborating on a story with Gouverneur Morris. The action is laid in Poland, and Zeppo and Mr. Morris were almost defeated when it came to finding authentic Polish names for their characters.

Then someone suggested the program for the Olympic games in which Poland's representatives participated. Now the two writers are resting easier and not wearing out so much



shoe leather pacing up and down Zeppo's study where they work.

● Gene Raymond and Jack Oakie are two of the most devoted sons Hollywood has ever seen. Jack and his grey-haired mother are closer than just mother and son . . . they're pals. And maybe you've heard that after one of the town's most dazzling premières, Jack escorted "Mom" to the Roosevelt Blossom Room . . . and danced every dance with her until the wee small hours.

Another Paramounter—Gene—confines most of his social efforts to entertaining for his mother. Not long ago he gave a party for her birthday and he couldn't have taken more trouble with arrangements for it, if the guest of honor had been his most beloved sweetheart.

● You can never tell who is sitting near you at a movie theater in Hollywood. One night in the darkness of the theater, two girls were discussing a lot of preposterous filth they'd heard about the Barrymores. When the house lights flashed on, Lionel himself got up from his seat just behind them and nonchalantly whispered to them: "Okay for sound!"

● London has been very excited just now over the visits of American film celebrities, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Laurel and Hardy.

They had not been in London ten minutes before they were whisked off to the Savoy Hotel to be introduced to a representative gathering of scribes and, incidentally, the best that England can provide in the way of alcoholic liquor.

Every conceivable drink was offered to the two comics, and while Laurel was sampling them all one after the other, Hardy was in a corner drinking lager beer.

"This is what I call a drink," he remarked appreciatively.

The Fairbanks' were shown to the Press at a luncheon, but neither of them would talk. Joan ejaculated "Bless You," and sat down again, while Doug said little more.

Doug and Joan ran around with London's smart set, and Royalty has been present at some of the gatherings they have attended. But it is the two comedians who have captured the imagination of the masses, and they have had three times as much newspaper space as the young married couple. One London newspaper sent a reporter round the city on a sight-seeing tour with Hardy, and everything he did, from taking photographs of Buckingham Palace to watching, awestruck, the Changing of the Guard, was chronicled.

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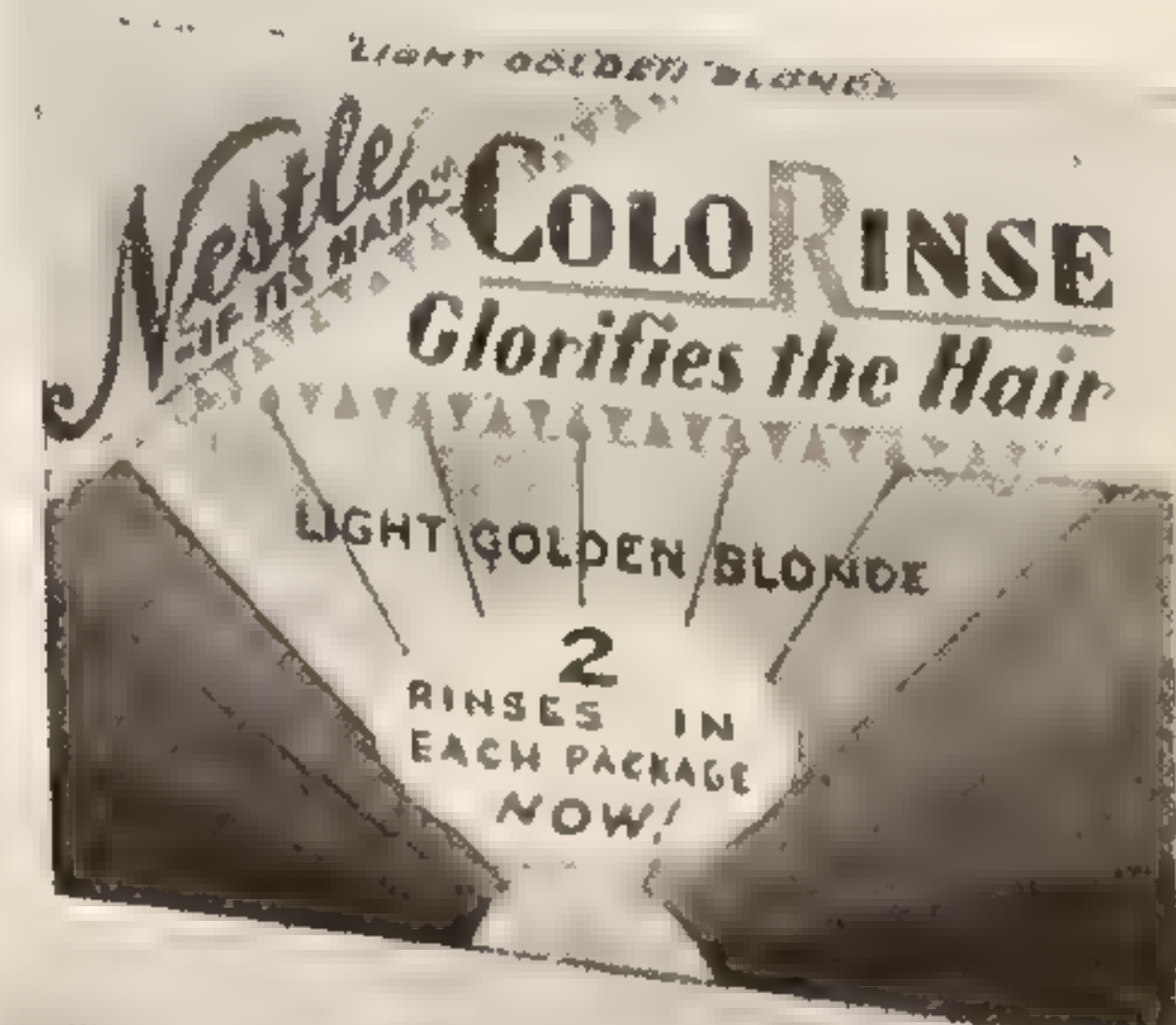
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# Directory of Players

(Continued from page 101)

## Romance



Ricardo Cortez and Helen Twelvetrees in "Is My Face Red?"—an RKO-Radio Picture

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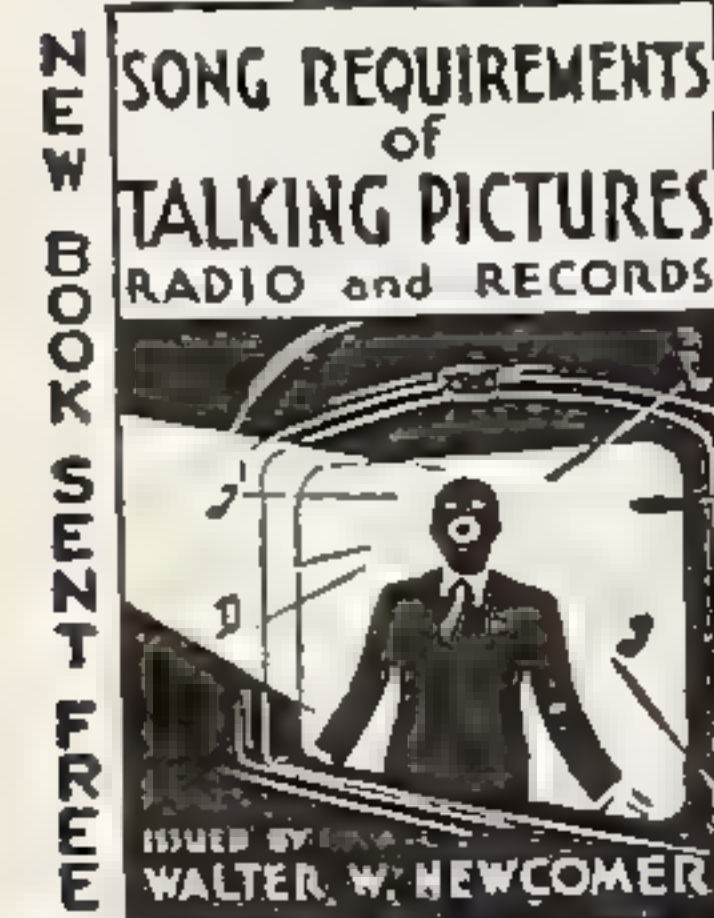
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**NOVARRO, RAMON;** unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star. Starred in "Huddle." Working in "Man on the Nile."

**OAKIE, JACK;** unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Million Dollar Legs," Paramount; "Once in a Lifetime," Universal; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount. Next is "Manhattan Rhythm."

**OLIVER, EDNA MAY;** divorced; born in Boston, Mass., January 12. Radio player. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail" and "The Conquerors." Next is "Penguin Pool Murder."

**OLIVIER, LAURENCE;** married to Jill Esmond; born in London, January 12. Radio player. Featured in "Westward Passage," Radio. Working in "Perfect Understanding" in London.

**OSBORNE, VIVIENNE;** unmarried; born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Dark Horse," "Week-End Marriage," and "Life Begins," First National. Working in "Second Fiddle," Radio.

**O'BRIEN, GEORGE;** unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "Mystery Ranch." Working in "Golden West."

**O'BRIEN, PAT;** married to Eloise Taylor; born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "American Madness" and "Hollywood Speaks," Columbia; "Air Mail," Universal.

**O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN;** unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Fast Companions," Universal; "Strange Interlude," and "Skyscraper Souls," M-G-M; "Okay America," Universal. Working in "Payment Deferred," M-G-M.

**PAGE, ANITA;** unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y., August 4. M-G-M player. Featured in "Night Court," "Prosperity" and "Skyscraper Souls."

**PALLETTE, EUGENE;** divorced; born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Illustrious Corpse," Tiffany; "Night Mayor," Columbia; "Wild Girl," Fox.

**PICHEL, IRVING;** married to Violette Wilson; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 24. Paramount player. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments," Paramount; "After the Rain," Fox; "Strange Justice," Radio. Working in "Wild Girl," Fox.

**PICKFORD, MARY;** married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Can., April 9. United Artists star. Returns to screen soon in "Unhappy Ending."

**PITTS, ZASU;** divorced from Tom Gallery; born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon" and "Is My Face Red?," Radio; "Back Street" and "Once in a Lifetime," Universal; "Vanishing Frontier," "Make Me a Star" and "Madison Square Garden," Paramount; "Crooked Circle," World Wide; "Walking Down Broadway," Fox.

**POWELL, WILLIAM;** married to Carole Lombard; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Jewel Robbery" and "One Way Passage." Working in "The Lowdown."

**RAFT, GEORGE;** unmarried; born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "Madame Racketeer" and "Night After Night." Next is "Manhattan Rhythm."

**RAYMOND, GENE;** unmarried; born in New York City, August 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments" and "Night of June 13." Working in "11th Avenue."

**ROBINSON, EDWARD G.;** married to Gladys Lloyd; born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. First National star. Starred in "Tiger Shark" and "Silver Dollar." Next is "Love on Margin."

**ROGERS, CHARLES;** unmarried; born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Write him at Paramount. Now appearing with his orchestra on the stage and over the radio.

**ROGERS, GINGER;** divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Kan., July 16. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "The Tenderfoot," First National; "The 13th Guest," Hoffman. Working in "Hat Check Girl," Fox, and "You Said A Mouthful," First National.

**ROGERS, WILL;** married; born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Down to Earth." Working in "Jubilo." Next is "State Fair."

**RUGGLES, CHARLES;** married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Love Me Tonight," "70,000 Witnesses," "Night of June 13" and "The Honest Finder."

**SALE, CHIC;** married to Marie Bishop; born in Huron, S. D., August 25. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Stranger in Town," Warners.

**SCOTT, RANDOLPH;** unmarried; born in Orange, Virginia, January 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Sky Bride." Working in "Heritage of the Desert."

**SHANNON, PEGGY;** separated from Allen Davis; born in New York City, January 10. Fox player. Featured in "Society Girl" and "The Painted Woman."

**SHEARER, NORMA;** married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada, August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Strange Interlude" and "Smilin' Through."

**SHERMAN, LOWELL;** divorced from Helene Costello; born in New York City, October 11. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "What Price Hollywood," Radio. Starring in and directing "False Faces," World Wide.

**SIDNEY, SYLVIA;** unmarried; born in New York City, August 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Merrily We Go to Hell." Next is "All My Love."

**STANWYCK, BARBARA;** married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Purchase Price," Warners; "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia. Next is "Betrayed," Warners.

**STARRETT, CHARLES;** married; born in Athol, Mass., March 28. Paramount player. Featured in "Sky Bride" and "Lady & Gent," Paramount. Working in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M.

**STONE, LEWIS;** married to Hazel Wolf; born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Grand Hotel," "Wet Parade," "Letty Lynton," "New Morals for Old," "Red Headed Woman" and "Divorce in the Family."

**STUART, GLORIA;** married; born in Santa Monica, Calif., January 21. Universal player. Featured in "Old Dark House" and "Airmail." Working in "All America."

**SUMMERVILLE, SLIM;** married; born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Universal player. Featured in "Brown of Culver" and "Airmail."

**SWANSON, GLORIA;** married to Michael Farmer; born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Tonight, or Never." Working in "Perfect Understanding," in England.

**TASHMAN, LILYAN;** married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City, October 23. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Son of Russia," First National; "Those We Love," Tiffany. Working in "Style," Reliance.

**TAYLOR, ESTELLE;** divorced from Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Del., May 20. Write her at United Artists. Free lance. Featured in "Western Limited," Monogram.

**TOBIN, GENEVIEVE;** unmarried; born in New York City, November 29. Columbia player. Featured in "Hollywood Speaks," Columbia. Working in "Perfect Understanding," in England.

**TODD, THELMA;** married to Pasquale de Cicco; born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Speak Easily," M-G-M; "Horsefeathers," Paramount; "Klondike," Monogram.

**TOOMEY, REGIS;** married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "They Never Come Back," Tec-Art; "Whirlwind Wilson," Superior.

**TRACY, LEE;** unmarried; born in Atlanta, Georgia, April 14. Columbia player. Featured in "Blessed Event," First National; "Night Mayor," Columbia. Working in "Washington Merry-Go-Round," Columbia. Next is "Phantom Fame," Radio.

**TRACY, SPENCER;** married to Louise Treadwell; born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "Society Girl" and "The Painted Woman," Fox; "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," First National. Next is "State Fair," Fox.

**TWELVETREES, HELEN;** married to Frank Woody; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Radio star. Starred in "Is My Face Red?," Radio; "Unashamed," M-G-M. After birth of child, will do "Nurse Smith," Radio.

**VELEZ, LUPE;** unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 13. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Broken Wing," Paramount. Working in "Phantom Fame," Radio.

**WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY;** separated from Bobbe Arns; born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Starred in "Tarzan, the Ape Man." Working in "Tarzan."

**WHEELER, BERT;** separated from Bernice Spear; born in Patterson, N. J., August 31. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail," Radio. Working in "In the Jungle," Columbia.

**WHITE, ALICE;** unmarried; born in Patterson, N. J., August 28. Write her at First National. Free lance.

**WILLIAM WARREN;** married; born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Dark Horse" and "Three on a Match," Warners; "Skyscraper Souls," M-G-M. Working in "The Match King," Warners.

**WILSON, LOIS;** unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 28. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "The Crash," First National; "Divorce in the Family," M-G-M.

**WONG, ANNA MAY;** unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., January 3. Write her at Paramount. Featured in "Shanghai Express," Paramount.

**WOOLSEY, ROBERT;** married to Mignone Reed; born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail," Radio. Working in "In the Jungle," Columbia.

**WRAY, FAY;** married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Dr. X," First National; "The Most Dangerous Game" and "Kong," Radio.

**YOUNG, LORETTA;** divorced from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. First national star. Starred in "Week-End Marriage," "Life Begins" and "They Call It Sin." Next is "The Miracle."

**YOUNG, ROBERT;** unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "New Morals for Old," "Strange Interlude" and "Unashamed," M-G-M. Working in "Kid From Spain," United Artists.

**YOUNG, ROLAND;** married; born in London, Eng., November 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Street of Women," First National. Working in "The New Yorker," United Artists.

Don't Miss  
**RUDOLPH VALENTINO'S UNKNOWN ADVENTURE**  
In An Early Issue



# Jean Harlow's Wardrobe

(Continued from page 60)

page 56. She makes you think of snow maidens and northern forests in it. The shirred front is very attractive, but it's the back that claims the spotlight. Bretelles cross, are looped, and terminate in rhinestone buckles at the waistline. The sandals are dyed to match.

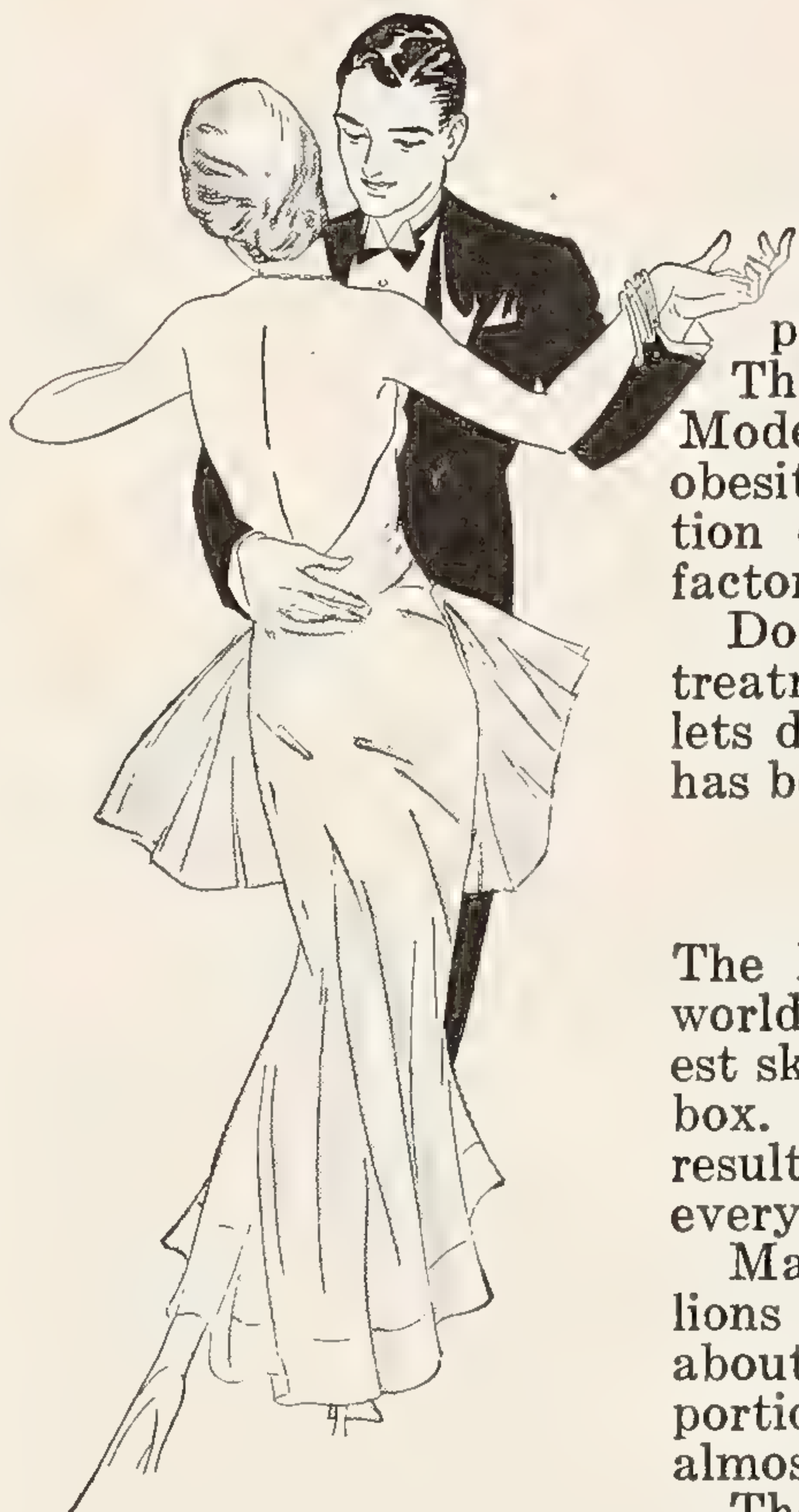
**H**ER three-quarter length ermine wrap has cape-sleeves which are trimmed with blue fox. (Page 60.) It has one of the newest collars—upstanding and small. "It was a long time before I persuaded myself that an ermine wrap would be a real economy," said Jean, the astute. "I had to pay quite a price for my velvet wraps and then they went with only one or two dresses. An ermine coat or any good fur coat goes with everything and it lasts for years. That's why I'd rather have fur coats instead of cloth ones. If I was buying another wrap, however, it would be black velvet with that deep plush pile that Adrian says is going to be so successful this winter. Black and white, you see, are almost invariably my choice.

"When I was five, mother took me to see Doris Keane in 'Romance' and it was from one of her costumes that I had the idea for this wrap," indicating the cutest, trickiest black velvet jacket you ever saw. "It made such an impression on me that I remembered every detail perfectly. As soon as I was old enough to wear evening clothes I had one made up exactly like it, although at the time peplums were not yet in style and neither were fitted waists nor stand-up collars." Jean wouldn't let us take a picture of it because it already had been photographed innumerable times—but it's still her best-beloved. She's taken such excellent care of it that there's not a worn-out spot on the wide ermine collar. Ermine also trims the peplum and sleeves. "I have two plain white satin gowns I wear with it. Sometimes I put on white satin pumps with black heels and other times black satin pumps with white heels. I change my belts around, too. And never once have I tired of the costume."

Black and white—the most dramatic of all color combinations. The supreme complement to Jean's sensational hair. And, incidentally, the very smartest of all color combinations for almost every woman.

However, shortly after she bought the icy-green gown she included in her wardrobe a dance frock of crinkly crêpe in a maize shade. (See page 56.) It's amazing how that shade tones with her bright head and brings out the warm color of her eyes. The frock fits to perfection—all of Jean's clothes do. She loves the small details of dress that make for smartness, such as hand-rolled edges and neatly finished seams. This frock is slipper length—the majority of the new dance dresses are—and it sim-

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**"I tell you, Stanley,  
it's outrageous!"**



(Laurel and Hardy, M-G-M Comedians)

**STAN:** Wh-what is, Ollie?

**OLIVER:** This, you lunkhead.

**STAN:** This what?

**OLIVER:** This picture of us here in our nighties. A body can't enjoy the least bit of privacy any more since that durn editor of **FILM FUN** began bragging about giving his readers "all the intimate gossip and news of Hollywood." Why, that fellow ought to be—

**STAN:** That reminds me, Ollie. Where the deuce did you leave my copy of **FILM FUN**?

Which reminds us. We left your copy of **FILM FUN** at the nearest newsstand!

**FILM FUN**

The Screen's Only Humor Magazine

• P. S. The **FILM FUN**-Universal "Once In A Lifetime" contest, appearing in the issue now on sale, is the easiest \$500.00 cash prize contest you could care to enter!

ply hasn't any back to speak of. The girdle that resembles nothing so much as an old-fashioned stomacher, ends in a bow that peeps out beneath the very short bolero accompanying it. Three diamond buttons fasten the jacket in front. Her sandals are the color of the dress. "My cornstalk costume," Jean calls it.

**T**HE entire scale of browns is ideally suited to her. They're almost as charming a contrast on her as black. In her own home you'll frequently find her in brown shorts, a white polo shirt and tennis shoes. No stockings, even in the winter. An exceptionally chic outfit consists of a heavy crêpe dress in a dark chocolate brown, a Japanese ermine coat and a fascinating crêpe turban the color of the dress. (There's a picture of the coat on page 58.) Turbans are Jean's preference over all other hats. "I feel more at home in them, for I've worn them so long. They seem to be part of me." Yes, they're typical of her—sophisticated, urbane, svelte. "I know hats are supposed to be worn straight on the head this season but I believe I'll keep on tilting mine. I think they're more interesting that way." Strong-minded young woman! Keeping her weather eye open to fashion trends but letting her mirror decide whether she'll accept them.

That white plush sailor with the wisp of a brown bow and veil shown on page 58 is excellent with the outfit, too. It has the new inch and a half brim the fall hats are sponsoring.

The Japanese ermine coat is Jean's latest acquisition. I was with her when she bought it and it didn't take her five minutes to settle upon it. "I have my good mink coat that I've been wearing on all occasions. This is a semi-sport coat and it will save the other. I can wear it to the studio and around." The stand-up collar, belt and trim around the single lapel and down the side of the coat are beaver. It's long in the present fashion of coats. The sleeves are full at the bottom and caught

at the wrists with tiny beaver cuffs.

Jean has a bright Kelly green dress she can also make good use of with this coat. There's always one dress of that shade in her wardrobe. Why? I don't quite know. But it's a very oh-be-joyful dress and when she tucks the turban of that color over her platinum curls and strolls down Hollywood Boulevard, even the newsboys gasp their admiration.

**F**OR afternoons Jean has a black crêpe coat dress. The skirt is gored (most of the skirts are gored or slightly circular this autumn; only a few pleats are shown for sports.) It comes to a V 'way up on the front bodice which gives you a feeling of a long, unbroken line—grand for you medium-sized and short girls. The yoke is white crêpe and crosses over in back to form the belt, and ties in front. There's a bolero that goes with it. The sleeves are small and puffed so that Jean's white gauntlets, trimmed with black, provide a very pleasant accent. Her slippers are black suede. The six skin sables are a gift from her mother. One of her new black hats that she wears with it and with her other black crêpe frocks is a large brimmed model of antelope (page 59) having a cut-out design on the crown and a clever small bow. Another is of stitched velvet with a tiny brim and it has a flower trim. (See page 57.)

Surprisingly enough, Jean's negligées are quite simple affairs. She abhors elaborate ones that are all be-laced and be-ribboned. The one you see her in on page 60 is pale pink georgette and it has ruches edging the sleeves. The only ornament is a flower of the material on the shoulder. Her mules are silver brocaded.

"Any woman of taste knows her life and the clothes that fit into it," she told me. "It's chiefly a matter of choosing the right thing to begin with and not allowing it to get out of shape or limp. *You have to have faith in your clothes, just as you have to have faith in yourself, to be successful in dressing.*"

## The Adventurous Road

(Continued from page 34)

my people drink but sour milk; they eat nothing but acorns and a little nut-ton."

And so it was decided. Schoedsack and Cooper left Shustar on the ninth of April, 1924, to join the Baba Ahmedi tribe on its forty-six day migration across the mountains to the summer grazing grounds. The tribe numbered five thousand souls and possessed fifty thousand animals.

**B**Y the seventeenth they were camped on the banks of the Karun River, a rushing, swirling stream of icy water that barred their way. With the next dawn the tribe was ready for the cross-

ing. Schoedsack had set his camera on a rocky escarpment that overlooked the scene, and he got film worth much more than its weight in gold. For hours he stood at his camera, relieved for brief intervals by Cooper who was learning the art of cinematography.

"We had only 4,000 feet of film left when we began to photograph the migration, the main part of the picture," explained Schoedsack. "So we were forced to shoot our big scenes in takes of ten feet and we had to keep on the jump all of the time, for we could never tell when something big might occur."

Day after day the long file of men,



women, children and animals wound its way upward. In spite of the hardships the people were a happy lot. It was their custom to sing while on the trail, and in ribald spirit Schoedsack coached them in American slang expressions. His greatest achievement came when he taught them to sing a favorite song of the day. The gods must have laughed when they heard the wild tribesmen of the Baba Ahmedi shattering the silence of the mountains with:

"Yes, we have no bananas,  
We have no bananas today."

ON the fourteenth day of the migration the tribe found its way blocked by a cliff fifteen hundred feet high. The trail to the top was so narrow that man and beast had to travel single file. In order to get a proper setting for the scene Schoedsack put his camera on his back and began climbing upward, clinging to the steep escarpment by hand and toe holds. Cooper followed bearing the tripod. From a position just below the cloud level they got excellent pictures of the interminable line of pygmy-like figures toiling up the slopes below.

By the thirtieth of May the tribe had traversed the main obstacle in its path. The Zardeh Kuh was conquered. From there on the road was down grade, and a great picture was ready for cutting.

"A husky back and a pair of fast legs were more essential than a knowledge of camera technique on that venture," commented Schoedsack. "We'd grind away for a few minutes; and then pick up the camera, run ahead of the tribe, and shoot again."

They returned home, broke. But their picture was a sensation. And soon afterward Jesse Lasky sent them east of Suez on another mission—to make a picture illustrating man's battle for survival in the jungle. This time they were paid fat salaries. And once more they set the film world by its ears.

FAR to the north of Bangkok, Siam, up near the boundary of Indo-China, Cooper and Schoedsack found a jungle setting suitable for their purpose. It was located in the Nan District, a place so remote that it took them six weeks of arduous travelling to reach it. The inhabitants were Laos, a jun-

gle people who were sturdy and brave. Engaging interpreters Cooper and Schoedsack began to plot out the picture. It took them months to get the confidence of the natives, and meanwhile they familiarized themselves with jungle life.

There was plenty of excitement. Three men were bitten by pythons, and on one occasion Schoedsack discovered that his bedroom had been preempted by a twenty-foot reptile. While filming the scene where the tiger chases a native across an open space, the big cat turned on Schoedsack who was cranking away from the vantage point of a platform in a tree. The tiger leaped upward into the very face of the camera, leaving its claw marks within a few feet of the shelter. But that leap was its last, for Cooper put a bullet through its brain.

Again Schoedsack had a close call when filming a herd of stampeding elephants from an underground shelter. One hundred of the giant beasts passed over his shelter and on three occasions an extra heavy one made the logs above him bend threateningly, but he did not pause in his work.

Following the phenomenal success of "Chang," Schoedsack and Cooper set forth for Africa. Deep in the Sudan they filmed scenes for a feature picture entitled "Four Feathers," the one where a thousand hippos plunged over a cliff to escape a jungle fire.

WITH the tremendous furore in aeronautics, following Lindbergh's flight, Cooper temporarily deserted pictures to re-enter the flying game. And then a little later on, accompanied by that superb pilot, Bernt Balchen, he led an expedition in search of Varick Frissell, the young American who was lost in the ice floes off Newfoundland.

Schoedsack in the meantime struck out alone for Sumatra where he filmed "Rango." Upon his return he and Cooper again joined forces and this time they headed for the city of make-believe, Hollywood, the Mecca of film-dom. They are under contract with RKO to turn out three more films. Although they have gone abruptly from reality to unreality, those who know them are expecting something striking and unusual of their latest venture. And "The Most Dangerous Game" proves that we won't be disappointed.

## The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 8)

with bacon or ham, or juicy sausages. And I like eggs fried 'sunny side up.' By the way, I can fry a mean egg myself. Quite a trick, you know, to turn out a really perfect fried egg."

"It certainly is," we agreed, "but most men seem to boast about their ability to achieve the world's most superior scrambled eggs. It seems they think a fried egg is merely one which has been

dropped into a pan and allowed to remain until it achieves a state of semi or complete petrification!"

"Now, the perfect way to fry eggs," Wallace continued, "is first to melt a chunk of butter in a frying pan—"

"Being very careful not to let the butter brown or even commence to froth and bubble," we interrupted.

"Exactly," smiled he. "Then you slide

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the eggs into the pan and let them cook slowly, very slowly, until they are firm. You ought to spoon some of the butter up over the eggs while they are cooking if you like them sunny-side up, the way I do—but if you like them cooked on both sides this isn't necessary. The really important thing to remember is to cook the eggs so slowly that they don't brown on the bottom."

There, boys and girls, is as neat a set of directions for turning out superb fried eggs as ever you'll find.

BACON is something else that is hardly ever cooked properly," went on Mr. Ford, now thoroughly warmed up to his topic. "I've cooked bacon over an open fire and had it turn out a whale of a lot better than most of the bacon that I've been served outside of my own home. The trick of making bacon crispy and good is to cook it fairly slowly, and to turn it frequently. The flame shouldn't be quite so low as for eggs, but neither should it be turned on full force."

(We think that bacon, to be at its best, should be spread out on brown paper to dry off after it comes out of the pan. This "drying off" process is what we usually refer to as "draining." Blotting paper is the best of all possible draining surfaces—but if you haven't a large quantity of white blotting paper about, crushed brown paper will do nicely.)

"How about hot breads—do you like them for your Sunday morning breakfast?" we inquired of Wallace.

"Well, I hope to tell you—especially bran muffins and whole wheat toast. And there is a sort of French toast I like, too."

We learned from Mrs. Ford that this toast is made by dipping slices of bread into a mixture of one egg beaten with one-half cup of milk. The bread is then fried gently in butter until brown. It is then spread with honey, sprinkled with chopped nuts, cut into sticks or triangles, and served in place of coffee-cake or other sweet bread. Incidentally this is an excellent way to use up stale bread.

We can't go on to tell you in detail all the things which Mr. Ford said to us about "brunch," because the editor insists on printing other things in his magazine besides our department. So we must content ourselves with telling you that among the other things Wallace Ford likes for breakfast are cod-fish

cakes—or rather cod-fish balls, for they are round and golden brown—crispy on the outside, and white and fluffy on the inside. Then there are eggs poached in cream and served with tiny crisp sausages; and butterscotch pecan biscuits which taste just too good to be true—but are as easy as rolling off the well known log to make. And last but not least there are those clear, delicious apple slices we were telling you about before. All these really superb breakfast dishes are included in this month's Star Recipe Folder. (Coupon, page 10.)

Meanwhile try these recipes for the Bran Muffins and the Souffléed Eggs, so justly popular with Wallace Ford. We are sure your men folks will like them as much as he does.

### BRAN MUFFINS

- 1 cup flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1/4 cup melted butter
- 1 cup bran flakes
- 1/4 cup seedless raisins

Sift flour and measure. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Beat egg well and add sugar. Add flour mixture to egg mixture, alternately with the milk, a small amount at a time. Beat well after each addition. Add melted butter which has been allowed to cool slightly. Add bran flakes and raisins, and blend thoroughly. Pour into greased muffin pans, filling about 2/3 full, and bake in hot oven (450°) for 20 minutes.

### SOUFFLEED EGGS

- 3 eggs
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/4 teaspoon salt

Butter the inside of the upper part of a double boiler. Dust lightly with flour. Separate eggs. Beat egg yolks well. Beat whites of eggs until stiff. Combine quickly, yolks, milk and salt, fold in egg whites and pour into upper part of double boiler. Place over lower part of double boiler in which water is boiling briskly. Cover and cook over boiling water 15 minutes. Turn out on heated platter and serve at once.

# The Lure of Hollywood

(Continued from page 76)

Sylvia Sidney, who had done so marvelously in "Merrily We Go to Hell." At that moment, Joan Crawford, in a wonderful dress which displayed the most perfect figure of all film stars appeared with her husband.

Luckily for Mary, though it was after nine, and the invitations had been for seven-thirty, very few guests had

come as yet. Hollywood stars usually arrive at the very least two hours late. (That is why, perhaps, they are invited early!) This gave Mary a chance for a few words with Joan of the great, tragic eyes and brilliant, happy smile.

"I wonder if it would amuse Miss Moore to go to the Breakfast Club?" suggested young Doug.



JOAN opened her eyes wider than ever. "Do you mean the men's breakfast club or the women's?" she asked.

"Oh, the men's, of course," answered Doug. "I believe the ladies discuss the most serious subjects, whereas the men meet for fun. It's the same place, you know," he explained to Mary. "The men lend it to the women; a lovely sort of huge garden, and a building in it so they can have breakfast indoors when it rains. Only it never does!"

"But she'd need to get up about six o'clock in the morning," objected Joan. "It's quite a drive from the Roosevelt and breakfast is promptly at eight."

"Well, we get up early, too, pretty often, when we have to go on location," Doug reminded her, "and it doesn't hurt our feelings, does it?" He then went on to explain that the men's breakfast club was a great institution in Hollywood. The members were mostly millionaires, and they met one morning each week for breakfast out of doors in the southern sunlight. There were introductions of famous guests and speeches and music and often some star would give an impromptu entertainment. "You don't know Hollywood till you've been to the Breakfast Club," he said to Mary.

"But how would I get invited?" she questioned, finding herself hardly shy at all, as her dress was so pretty. "I'm not a visiting celebrity. I'm a nobody."

"I don't believe the members would think so," replied Doug. "Anyhow, I know several, and I'll get you an invitation. You, too, Garth," he added, with a glance at Dick who wore a rather downcast expression. "Could you both go next Wednesday morning? The breakfast is always on a Wednesday."

Mary knew that she could go, for all her days were free. She depended mostly for her good times on the kindness of the stars and the delightful fact—which she was learning—that "one star leads to another." Dick hoped that he could go. It would, of course, depend on his studio.

Other famous ones drifted in; and Dick found a chance, after Mary had gazed at them a little from under her long golden eyelashes, to ask the girl if she'd care to see the terrace with him.

MRS. LASKY was so afraid that there might be a "mist or something" on the night of her party that she had ordered a large, artificial moon for the terrace, almost bigger and better than the real moon. So of course, Mistress Real Moon came out, round and full, just to show what she could do, and asked all the stars of heaven to keep her company.

"It's pretty marvelous out there," Dick said, "and you'd better come now, for presently there'll be cocktails and caviar sandwiches and goodness knows what. Later on, in the sun court, there's going to be such an entertainment as Hollywood and Santa Monica and Malibu have seldom seen. That's supposed to be a secret and a surprise, till the time comes."

Mary let herself be led onto the terrace and there was an enchanting scene.

People, it seemed, had been asked to bring bathing suits; but as the night air was cooler than usual, nobody had obeyed. Girls and young men whom Mary hadn't seen in the house were on the terrace, having slipped out somehow, and the two moons were even more becoming to beautiful young stars than one moon.

Mary had never before even heard of an artificial moon, much less seen one; but this was a brilliant enough copy to make the real moon jealous. It lit up the lovely faces and dresses and cast a thrilling light upon the sea.

Later on in the evening, Marion Davies appeared, more radiant than ever, and as usual, surrounded by a group of young men: Robert Montgomery, Clark Gable with his attractive, dark face and deep dimples; handsome Billy Bakewell, and others whose features Mary vaguely knew. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks formed a center of attraction; and a dazzling young woman with pale gold hair and the biggest blue eyes the screen has known could be no one but Constance Bennett. Mary was about to whisper, "Is that the Marquis de Falaise with her?" when she met the eyes of the man she ought, she was sure, to recognize as a great screen actor. He was too good-looking, too interesting, to be anything else here in Hollywood! But Dick Garth said, "There's E. H. Griffith, the best of all the younger directors. He could make a stone act! And he could get you to believe the most far-fetched story was the most natural thing in the world to happen. By Jove!" Dick exclaimed, "he's looking at you!"


MAYBE he remembers Miss Tashman's dress and thinks I've stolen it!" laughed Mary.

"No, it's your hair he's interested in," said Dick. "Didn't Miss Tashman lend you that dress so that directors might take notice of you at this party? Maybe he's looking for a girl with hair like yours. Wouldn't it be a streak of luck? See that little vision over there with the face of a baby saint, golden halo and all? Well, that's Anita Louise, only sixteen, whom all the studios want for very young ingénue parts. Your hair is just as pretty as hers, and you don't look a day older."

"Mr. E. H. Griffith has just spoken to me about you," said Lilyan to Mary as the sandwiches were being passed around. "He heard me say you'd been at my cottage. And he wanted to know if you'd done anything on the screen. I said no, you were a child, as well as a Hollywood amateur; but there's a small part in a new picture he's directing—a girl with hair like yours, who must appear for just a second or two on the screen. She means something important—symbolic—so she'll get a close-up. Before we leave tonight, I'll introduce you to him."

Tonight! It was five in the morning before anyone went home, for all the best stars of Hollywood had volunteered their services to Mrs. Lasky for her "show."

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stage in New York or London and though it was hard to choose among so many, Marion Davies' imitations of well known actresses and Young Doug's of John Barrymore and his own father seemed best of all to Mary.

AFTER the entertainment there was supper, which was a kind of breakfast, too, and Mary got her introduction to Mr. E. H. Griffith.

"You might come and have a test tomorrow—I mean today—at my studio," he said. "About eleven o'clock. You can ask for me and I'll have arranged it by that time."

It seemed too wonderful to be true and Mary reminded herself that she wasn't pretty and might be awful in a test.

"Great!" said Dick. "You won't be able to see any Paramount sound stages tomorrow. But no matter. Isn't Hollywood a great place for surprises?"

It was nearly six o'clock when Dick Garth said good-bye to Mary in front of the Roosevelt Hotel. But Mary had never been less tired in her life or felt less need for sleep.

Could it be true that a test of her was to be taken at the Pathé studio, in a few hours, and that one of the most successful directors was actually "interested" in her hair?

She almost forced herself to rest until nine o'clock, lest—even at her age—she should look heavy-eyed for the test. Then she bathed, drank a cup of blazing hot coffee (she could not have eaten), dressed in a pale blue gown which Dick had seen and said would photograph well, and started out in the automobile she had hired before. It was a good half hour in a car between Hollywood and Culver City and the idea of being even one minute late was tragic.

This for a girl who had not even wanted to get in the movies!

Mary had not the vaguest notion of what being given a "test" was like. If she had guessed what an expensive thing a test is, with a good cameraman, the use of a sound stage and so on, she would have realized what a compliment was being paid her—even if she did owe it only to her hair.

It seemed that, originally, Mr. E. H. Griffith, the famous director, hadn't intended to have her voice tried. He had seen at Mrs. Lasky's a very young, unspoiled, unpainted girl with exquisite hair which evidently she didn't know how to dress to the best advantage. He had asked her name and something about her. It had struck him that that pale gold hair would make the effect he wanted: a country girl who passes outside a window, pauses for a second, and because her appearance conveyed a symbolic bit in the story, was worth a close-up.

HAD he intended a voice and acting test for Mary, he would have given her a scene, and had her rehearse it for several days before the test. But here the frightened-looking little creature was, at the beautiful Pathé Studio, with its colonial front, and it seemed to the great director that in an unusual way the girl had possibilities. She was no

beauty; to the ordinary taste she was scarcely pretty, but she had something; something, it might prove after a test, that no one else had. He decided to give the child a voice test as well as the test he had intended for the face alone. As for acting, he had no hope that she could act. But it would be interesting to see whether her naturalness worked out as grace or awkwardness.

Perhaps, after all, she was one of those sensitive, shy persons who might do better without rehearsals, and the excitement and suspense attending them.

Griffith got hold of Dick Garth as part of the test. He was told to get into his flying kit. Mary was put into the hands of a "make-up expert," a man whose job was to get young actors and actresses ready for a test.

It was wonderful what he did with her. Her hair became a lovely halo—as lovely as that of the adorable little Anita Louise. Just a touch of dark brown was added to the tips of Mary's long golden lashes, and the really pretty shape of her mouth was delicately accentuated. For the scene passing the window and looking in, which was the actual excuse for the test, Mary had to wear a little checked gingham frock without sleeves; and this would do as well as anything else for the voice test, which was now to be thrown in extra.

MR. GRIFFITH himself did not direct the test. He was far too busy and important, but the director was of his choosing, and understood the requirements.

"Now," he said to Mary when she came out onto the stage dressed and made-up, "you're going to have a little scene with your friend, Dick Garth. That won't scare you, will it?"

Mary smiled and said that it wouldn't. Still, her heart beat fast, as for the first time she saw Dick in the breeches and boots of the flying man. Dick and the director, who knew each other slightly, exchanged glances as they saw that the little amateur hadn't even noticed the microphone. It was the mike that generally scared the amateurs when taking a test.

"Mr. Garth is your lover. You are engaged to him," explained the director. "Oh!" cried Mary, "but he's not. And I'm not."

Dick and the director laughed. "I mean for the scene," said the director. "He's going off on a dangerous adventure and you are bidding him good-bye."

Mary then understood and all at once she knew just how she would feel if this were all true. Dick put his arms out to her and she ran into them, unconscious that he stood so that she would face the grinding camera.

"Say what you think you would say," commanded the director.

"Oh, Dick must you go?" Mary heard herself beseeching him. "I'm so frightened. How shall I live till you come back?"

"I will come back," Dick answered. "And if I don't, my last thought will be of you."



To her own horror, Mary began to cry. Tears came into her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

The camera stopped grinding. The scene was over.

"What an idiot I am!" stammered Mary.

"Well, I don't know," said the director. "Maybe it's that you've got in you the makings of an actress. Now, we'll have you alone in the face test that Mr. Griffith wants. It might as well be the window scene itself, because if it should come out all right, it could be used in the picture and save expense. I'll take you over on his set."

THERE was the house with the window into which the girl was to look and then pass on.

You would have thought that the scene could be taken and finished in five minutes; that is, you would have thought so if you were an amateur like Mary. But it had to be taken and retaken at least a dozen times before the director and the cameramen were satisfied. That meant one hour's work; but later, when the "rushes" were shown, it was found that the trouble hadn't been wasted. Little Mary Moore's hair was a glory and the wistful, innocent look in her long-lashed

eyes was exactly what had been wanted for the scene.

Whether the face and voice tests would do anything for the girl's future remained to be seen. So many good tests are made, praised and forgotten; but she had gone away delirious with happiness at the kind words which had been said to her and she wasn't in the least tired. Happy people are seldom tired!

Dick Garth had waited for her, in his ordinary clothes again now, but Mary hadn't forgotten the thrill of seeing him as a flying man.

"It was silly of me to cry," she apologized. "But I had the most awful feeling as if—as if we were really in love and I might never see you again."

"Was that such an 'awful' feeling?" he asked.

"Yes, it was," insisted the girl.

"Which?" Dick wanted to know. "That we were in love with each other or that you were never going to see me again?"

"Both," answered Mary, and then laughed a little at herself as Dick put her into his car.

Dick grinned and looked keenly at her. Mary's heart thumped. Was he—did he—? What did his look mean?

(To be Continued)

## Too Much Love

(Continued from page 37)

to understand that such captions as "Compromised Again" or "Immoral Violet" or "Gun-Molls de Luxe" serve merely as guarantees to the sophisticated parent that the subject matter of the pictures thus heralded must be "perfectly all right" for the little ones.

EVIDENTLY, then, to attempt to form an opinion from the sidewalk is to become inextricably confused; one must go inside the theatre to find out why the children need to be "brought back to the movies"—the thrilling glamorous movies where, not many years past, all children incessantly clamored to be taken. Is it possible that children no longer have to be restrained from "practically living" at the movies, that they prefer to stay at home in the evenings and listen to the radio—in a word, that they are *bored* at the movies?

Children are a curious mixture of the "realist" and the "romanticist"—they like to see "one more redskin bite the dust" and will resent it if he does not fall dead from his horse with a convincingly realistic abandon; but if they are given reason to believe that he is "really and truly" killed, they will be frightened and displeased. Children like pictures of animals—they like pictures of the hunting of wild animals; but if the hunted beast is *actually* injured they are troubled and the picture is spoiled for them. They will relish and thrill to most dreadful deeds of carnage if committed by ogres or dragons, be-

cause they are able to confine such creatures in the realm of make-believe; but it goes without saying that for children, as well as for most adults, the ending of a violent fairy tale must be a happy ending.

Fairy stories, by the way, are a fairly accurate criterion not only of the taste of children but of their conservatism. Most of the possible plots for fiction are contained in their basic form in fairy stories, and these stories have remained unchanged throughout centuries. The children keep them so. Tell the tale of "Little Red Riding Hood" to a group of children, for instance, and you will be severely corrected if you depart in any degree from the original pattern. When a book familiar to children is dramatized into a movie, if any detail is altered, or any improvement made, the children of their own accord will write letters of reproach and indignation—they will display strongly their feeling that the movie has played them false.

WITH children it is certainly true that "actions speak louder than words," and, since it is inevitable that the proportion of "speaking" to "doing" must be greater in the talking pictures than it was in the old motion pictures, perhaps this is one cause for the loss of child-patrons. Children used extravagantly to enjoy the old movie "chases"—from the jiggling and jerky movie days when a baby-carriage escaped and

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coasted hazardingly down ferocious hills, pursued by a large and excited crowd of men, women, children and dogs, to the mad galloping "Westerns" when the heroine's life depended on the fleetness of the hero's overtaking bronco; "chases," especially for purposes of rescue, must always rouse joy in the heart of a child. Physical action, the swifter the better, is the child's delight, and it seems to me that here is the unencroachable territory of the motion pictures, a territory where neither the stage nor the radio can compete at all. Only the movies can show us action over limitlessly wide areas of country; and if the movies, carried away by the discovery that they can "talk," try to contract themselves into "plays" that depend for their success more upon dialogue than upon scenery and action widespread among that scenery, then the children will surely and perhaps wisely lose interest.

**I**T also goes without saying, I think, that children are immensely interested in motion pictures about children; few of us are averse to hearing about ourselves. But here the child is all "realist"; he is not pleased if the portrayed children are not natural, if they behave as he instinctively knows he himself wouldn't. In books he may be able to swallow and even like the ubiquitous and superb "boy-hero"; but on the screen he asks to see real boys and girls behaving plausibly and getting in and out of such scrapes and adventures as might befall himself. And given a chance to laugh at a comedy of childhood, how uproariously he will laugh!

Children are more interested in the past than we are likely to suppose. All children like to hear about "when father was a little boy," and other times, other

customs, fascinate them, especially if they are able to imagine themselves "living then." I have always felt that there was enormous opportunity for the motion pictures in an effective use of the historical novel; historical dramas would certainly dispose parents to send their children to the movies. More, by recreating various aspects of the past, the movies might regain some of the pictorial splendor that was once their charm and that I hear is now but occasional.

However, I have left for the conclusion of my letter what I really suspect to be the trouble—the chief reason why children need to be "brought back" to enchantment. I believe it is love that is keeping the nation's children out of the nation's picture theatres. Too much love! There was a certain lavish amount of love in the silent pictures; but I understand there is more nowadays. Even adults are not able to look at an extremely great quantity of love without some slight nausea; but evidently they can hear a great deal of love talked about without undergoing such symptoms of distress. Children most emphatically do not enjoy either watching love or hearing love discussed; it wearies them. Physical action interests them; physical love does not. Nor do the children care whether such love be proper or improper; they don't much like it whatever it is. But they will put up with a little of it, out of courtesy to their foolish elders, provided that "something real goes on" during the rest of the picture.

With best wishes, Mr. Heyn, to you and to your magazine, and the hope that this letter may help in some way toward recapturing for the children their lost rapture in the movies.

Faithfully yours,  
BOOTH TARKINGTON.

## Speed!

(Continued from page 31)

just politics. Don't feel bad," his friends said.

Lee grinned, snapped his fingers, jammed his battered grey hat over one eye. "Mrs. Tracy's boy Lee never feels bad." Whizz! A fast plane. Roaring back to New York again. One week to settle a lawsuit pending there. Whizz! Another plane. Hollywood again. And back to work the first day in town, for another studio, in "Night Mayor." This time, not a reporter. Nope. In "Night Mayor" Mrs. Tracy's little boy impersonates no one less than Mrs. Walker's little boy, James, of New York City, another gent who talks fast.

**A** SOUTHERN boy brought up in the North, Lee is one hundred and forty pounds of crackling energy. He buys his pajamas in halves, wishes he could be a football player and a writer, loves roller-coasters, plays atrocious ditties on a tuneless harmonica, does

card tricks, falls off horses, hates laws and perfume, would like to go without shoes, scares his hostesses by sliding down balustrades whooping and yelling, forgets to eat for days on end, will walk miles to see a Punch and Judy show, doesn't want to be a star, never knows the date, can't swim, prefers night to day, and is a practical joker on such a grand scale that he will undoubtedly end up in the penitentiary.

He isn't married and he isn't going to be. "The only woman I'd ever marry would have to have a lot of brains," he says. "And if a woman had brains she wouldn't marry me." That disposes of the question in precisely two sentences.

When he arrived in Hollywood the studio said, "Be ready for work tomorrow morning with a complete wardrobe." Lee's wardrobe consisted of the clothes on his back. His trunks were coming by train, and he had forgotten to bring anything with him in the car



but a tooth-brush. "A tooth-brush is all right, but even if you hang it around your neck on a string it doesn't exactly clothe you," Lee said. He knew about six people in town. He made out a list and started driving. They found their hands pumped, their backs slapped, and a torrent of words flooding them. A motor roared, and Lee was gone, and so were all their clothes. Inside of an hour he had his wardrobe, and his friends were wondering if they would have to stay in bed the rest of their lives and have their meals brought in.

NO story could be written about Lee without most of it being devoted to his gay, loyal friends. They are a part of him. A few years ago a play called "Broadway" opened in New York. Authored, played, and presented by people comparatively unknown, it "made" every one of them, and was a sell-out hit for ninety-seven weeks. A fantastic feeling, almost of brotherhood, has survived among the original members of the cast, most of whom are now in Hollywood. Phil Dunning, Bob Gleckler, George Abbot, John Wray, the cripple of 'The Miracle Man,' Paul Porcasi, the bald, round-headed, dot-moustached Italian you see so often as a gangster or head-waiter, Tommy Jackson, the tight-lipped detective who killed Robinson with a machine-gun in 'Little Caesar,' and Lee—somehow they feel that, for the rest of their lives, their fates are inextricably bound together. (Tommy Jackson has named one of his babies for Lee.) They call themselves The Wednesday Evening Dinner Club. One evening a week they meet, wearing screeching ten-cent neckties of horrible orange-and-green polka-dots and stripes. Six men pick the restaurant. The seventh man, to the tune of boos and jeers, goes meekly along to pay the bill. The dinner is ordered from the right-hand side of the menu, everyone choosing the most costly food he can find whether it agrees with his digestion or not. Often the bills run to fifty dollars, which Member No. 7 must pay without a murmur.

It was while returning from one of these dinners that a couple of the "members" found a dummy fire-hydrant in an alley behind a theatre. They dressed it up in a hat and coat and put it in Lee's dressing room, so that, when he snapped on the light, he would think it was a bandit lurking there. Always superstitious, Lee has carried the clumsy thing with him ever since, as a good-luck charm, although it has cost him more than \$150 to ship it back and forth across the country. Recently he moved it from his studio dressing-room to a place of honor in his apartment. That was the day Warner Brothers fired him!

HIS high spirits account for the stories of his drunkenness. Hollywood, bowled over by this sudden inrush of mad, dynamic energy, knows

only one answer: "He must stay drunk twenty-four hours a day to keep it up." Lee is said to have given a party when he was living at the Hollywood Knickerbocker that lasted three days and nights. He is said to have been drunk all through the making of "Blessed Event." There are a few realists who say, "If that's the way to make a picture like 'Blessed Event' in twenty-one days, then the best thing for the rest of us to do is get drunk." But a good many people believe the stories word for word.

The usual way to reply to such rumors is to insist: "I've never tasted a drink in my life." Tracy refuses to lie.

"The difference between me and some other people in Hollywood," he says, "is that they pull their shades down. If I felt like taking a drink I'd just as soon take it in the middle of Sunset Boulevard. I'd rather do that than sneak it. These guys that come out of their offices saying, 'Me? I haven't had a drink in years!'—meanwhile chewing a clove! I'd rather be called a drunkard any day than a hypocrite!"

And so a drunkard Hollywood will probably go on calling him, for a while. Whereas really, though not a teetotaler, Lee is not in any sense a heavy drinker. It is easy to understand how the stories get started. With a friend who has a similar sense of humor, Lee went one evening to a restaurant where there were bread-sticks on the table. Five minutes later he and the friend were staging a mock duel with the bread-sticks for rapiers. And ten minutes later people were whispering, "Lee is tight again." It might not meet with the approval of Emily Post, that dinner-table conduct, but certainly it was not liquor. What Hollywood doesn't yet understand is that here is a chap who, off the screen, has the same kind of mad vitality that the four Marx brothers have on it. There just are some folks like that. They're the lucky ones in life, who don't have to use any artificial means of getting into good spirits because they're in good spirits all the time, naturally.

But Hollywood will come to understand. The old town just hasn't quite had time to catch its breath yet, since Tracy hit it. The quarrels and misunderstandings will be all nicely patched up. So don't worry. You'll be enjoying Lee Tracy on the screen in many, many more pictures. You see, first of all, there are several millions of dollars in cold, hard cash to be made from his personality.

Second—and surprisingly enough—beneath his harum-scarum exterior he hides a sensitive and highly capable artist. (He starved for eight years to get on to the stage, by the way.) As Tommy Jackson, his dearest friend, says about him: "The difference between Lee and a lot of other actors is that Lee is an actor." And that's true enough. As you, yourself, will soon realize.

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# Janet and Charlie

(Continued from page 43)



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things to be put over on her. Look back to her school days when she was possessed with a normal impish impulse to turn in a false fire alarm. This was in Chicago and Chicago is a big city and its police have little use for false fire alarms. But Janet didn't turn one in. She knew better. Perhaps she weighed the reward and the retribution and decided the momentary thrill of a realized illicit ambition wouldn't be worth the punishment which would follow. But one day a boy who lived on her block committed some misdeed at school and saw to it that Janet was blamed. He got promptly what my grandmother used to call his comeuppance. Walking home from school with a sweet, submissive, forgiving Janet, he was dared to ring that fire alarm; dared with those big eyes and that pointed darling face and that wistful mouth and voice. And he did. And Janet escaped; and the young man who had caused an injustice to be worked upon her a little earlier suffered a belated—but not too belated—retribution, in humiliating, if oblique manner at the large hands of the policeman who caught him. I can see Janet smiling to herself.

ALL through her motion picture career no one has tried to put anything over on her without meeting with abject failure. There have been arguments about salaries and stories. Janet has retired, sweetly, without sulking, from the scene of battle. But she has always won out. Just now she is avoiding interviewers and the like. It is not helping her popularity with the press, this Garbo-like attitude, but in the long run I daresay she will get what she wants, whatever that is, through it.

There have always been boys in Janet's life. Not all were like the boy who rang the fire alarm. But boys in plenty, to whose young strength she appealed as something infinitely fragile. But she was stronger than they, in her quiet determination masked by the silken sweetness of her face.

There were intervals of work after graduation from the high school in San Francisco, to which she later moved. A job in a cashier's cage in a store; and work in a lawyer's office; and then the trek to Hollywood, with her stepfather as her guiding force, and the climb upward. There were failures and disappointments. Those days belonged to Elinor Glyn and Clara Bow. A girl must have "It." Janet decided she didn't, decided she had no sex appeal. As a matter of fact she has more, in one sense, than any woman on the screen today. But it is different, it is not exotic, it is the home-grown kind. It is not the sex appeal of partial nakedness nor scenes of passion. It is the appeal of the rose and not of the orchid. But it is a stronger and more lasting appeal, for it is the sort of sex appeal which keeps the world revolving, the sort a man may hope to find in the girl he actually marries.

Disappointment couldn't conquer Janet. She kept on. Then came Charles Farrell and her chance. His chance, too.

Let's consider Farrell for a moment.

Born in Massachusetts, he moved to Cape Cod when he was a few weeks old. He's a New Englander born and bred, with an ancestral history of sea captains and whaling ships. You can read this history in his physical appearance, I think. And he loves yachting; he sails a boat like a born skipper. For the blood remembers, always.

His father, however, left the sea for the show business; he had theatres in the old nickelodeon days. His mother was artistic, she painted, she directed plays. In her plays Charlie had his first chance at acting and generally failed, covered with the vast, humiliating embarrassment of boyhood.

HIGH school, summer jobs as a life-saver—and what a heart-breaker he must of been, how many girls who couldn't swim must have ventured out beyond their depth for the pleasure of being rescued. And then Farrell had a couple of years at the University of Boston. Boxing. Study. Good times; and working with his father at the theatres in summer until Billy the Midget came along with a vaudeville act and wanted a sort of manager and bodyguard combined.

Charles Farrell took the job; the job that finally landed him in Hollywood and teamed him, after the usual desperate extra experiences, with Janet Gaynor in this miraculous marriage of two shadows upon the screen.

Now, from his father and mother Charles Farrell had a rich inheritance: love of beauty, courage, understanding, and self-confidence. His parents believed in him; so he believed in himself. His father wasn't afraid to quit the sea for the show business. His mother, artistic to her fingertips, worked out her own system by which she could incorporate her love of art in her life. It is easy to see what such an example and inheritance would do for a boy who already had the blood of sailing adventurers, strong men, vital men, in his veins.

Then, too, Charles Farrell had all the makings of a great lover. When he fell in love it was a long hard fall. When he was eleven he fell in love. She wouldn't, at first give him a tumble. He says: "She was a ritzy kid. Perhaps that's why I fell for her."

This love affair lasted right up until the time he left home, after quitting college to adventure with Billy the Midget. I wonder what happened to that girl? I think Charles Farrell owes a lot to her.

It was after Farrell had won through his first hard time in Hollywood and was playing bits that he met Virginia Valli who permitted him, after a house-party, to drive her home in his car. This car was a flivver; it had cost thirty dollars. Richard Arlen, recalling



the incident adds that "Charles was so excited that he rolled on the floor when he told about it." Well, who'd marvel at that?

I think Miss Valli must have been something like the little girl at home whom he'd loved such a long time. For if she was a "ritzy kid" at first she soon got over that. And so did Virginia.

AND now we return to Janet Gaynor. Janet was engaged before she played in "Seventh Heaven." To a dramatic critic. That engagement was broken.

Charles Farrell was certainly a close friend of Virginia Valli's, that lovely creature who had let him drive her home in a flivver. That friendship was probably interrupted.

There is no doubt that Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell fell in love with one another and that something of the glow of their emotion came to us through everything, past camera and lights, direction and screen. No doubt that rumor was right when it later said that they had planned marriage no less than three times, and that, finally, in a fit of resentment, spirit, temper—call it anything you want—Janet wired the young Lydell Peck, whom she had met shortly before, that she would marry him; and Charles Farrell married Virginia Valli and that is that.

The world knows that the four are the best of friends; that they go about together; that Janet's photographs are in the Farrells' home; that Farrell has said openly that she is his favorite actress.

Mr. Peck and Miss Valli have been mighty good sports about all the newspaper and magazine talk and whatever lies back of it. They have the harder part to play; they play it well. I like to think they do so because they are wise and understanding and because they are sure of their own positions. I don't, of course, know.

But I think that perhaps Gaynor and Farrell were a little too ideal. I think, perhaps, being human they couldn't in real life, live up to the perfect marriage of their screen personalities. And realizing this, they were wise, too.

Janet Gaynor's best rôles are sweet rôles, darling rôles. The reason that she is able to play them and not sicken you, not make her screen characterizations utterly blah and colorless, is because she herself has much more depth and fire and capacity for mischief and vitality than the screen rôles would permit. Only because her personality is so fixed, because she has a hard little business head and a shrewd little mind under that glorious crop of hair can she project something to you, which, while not a complete picturization of her real self, is nevertheless, human and real. The girls who have been just sweet and pretty off the screen have flopped and are forgotten. Think of another girl, however, who played sweet, whimsical parts for so many years and of whom the public did not tire in these rôles. That girl was Mary Pickford. She had brilliance and intelligence and a business sense and an understanding of public needs. She still has. And always will.

JANET has, too. If she hadn't you would walk out on most of her pictures. Because she is more vivid than her rôles and stronger and more human, because she is the sort of a girl that most men fall in love with, and because, off the screen she isn't always just wide-eyed and wondering and Oh-Mr.-Smith-This-Is-So-Sudden, she can put something into her screen rôles which is absolutely vital to reality.

United, reunited, as it were in the little world of sets and location, working together under the blazing lights, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are an absolutely perfect example of team work. They click. They are as one.

Off the stage, perhaps it wouldn't have worked—I don't know.

I do know this, however—or is it just one of my hunches? If there is any doubt in either heart that what they did—or didn't do—wasn't for the best; if there is any sentimental, lingering regret for a happiness they had within their grasp and then let pass by because it was too big or too frightening or too—too much like the screen and not enough like life, neither the man nor the girl with whom they have found happiness outside of their work need worry. For they can take out this lost romance, this regret—if any—in their work.

Because—yes, indeed—Janet and Charlie are going to continue to appear in pictures together. Not to the exclusion of all other leading men and leading women, but they will probably make more pictures on a co-starring basis than they will make with other players—at least as far as the immediate future is concerned. Charles Farrell is now working with Joan Bennett in "Wild Girl" and Janet with Alexander Kirkland in "Tess of the Storm Country." Then they'll be together again in Fox's epical "State Fair" and in three pictures after that. And Janet has promised to let her hair grow again and do no more "grown-up" rôles.

In their screen rôles, so divorced from life, they can play out all those mimic emotions and be perfectly satisfied by them. And something of that vicarious satisfaction will come to us all as we watch them. A shadow romance, a shadow ardor to which each gives his personality limited by the demands of the camera. Each, as I have tried to tell you, is stronger than that screen projection. But that is what makes us as an audience thrill and applaud and go away moved and happy. This pair of human screen lovers, this cinema perfect-marriage is perfect *just as it is*. Had they married we would have heard the usual rumors, their private lives would have taken on the gold-fish bowl aspect. As it is now this screen love, this screen marriage is without a flaw and exemplifies for us the ideals of most of us in the audience. Nothing can break or mar it. Long may it last . . . this delightful double life of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, the one played out in full view of the public upon the screen, and the other, as Mrs. Lydell Peck and Virginia Valli's husband, played out upon the stage of real life—and which we have no right to stand backstage and watch.

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# Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 11)

**SHANGHAI EXPRESS** (Paramount)—It all happens on a train running through war-torn China. Marlene Dietrich is the Shanghai Lily, an adventuress. Clive Brook is an army officer. Warner Oland and Anna May Wong are in it, too. Hokum, but very thrilling hokum. **Very good—there's enough excitement in it to amuse the kids.**

**SKY BRIDE** (Paramount)—Richard Arlen plays a stunt aviator who turns quitter after his pal is killed during one of his "stunts." Jack Oakie is the pal. **Very good—and good talkie fare for the youngsters.**

**SKYSCRAPER SOULS** (M-G-M)—Faith Baldwin's story, beautifully produced, of the man who simply must own a skyscraper and of the people who come within his power. Maureen O'Sullivan, Norman Foster, Wallace Ford, Anita Page and Verree Teasdale are also in it. **Very good—though not particularly amusing for the kids.**

**SMILIN' THRU** (M-G-M)—Norma Shearer, Fredric March and Ralph Graves go sugary. **Excellent—but children may be bored.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

**SOCIETY GIRL** (Fox)—A prize-fighter falls in love with a Park Avenue girl and she says, "Oh, but I was just fooling." Whereupon the prize-fighter loses all his fights until—James Dunn and Peggy Shannon are attractive as the two young people. **Good—okay for the youngsters.**

**SPEAK EASILY** (M-G-M)—Buster Keaton and Jimmie Durante are uproariously funny in this. Thelma Todd plays the hot mamma in the case. **Very good—by all means let the children see it.**

**THE STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE** (Paramount)—A bit like "Madelon Claudet" without the appeal of that story. Nevertheless, Wynne Gibson will surprise you with her splendid acting, so you had better see it. **Good—a bit too sad for children.**

**THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN** (First National)—The modern girl again. Ann Dvorak plays her this time—and very capably, too. Richard Cromwell and Leslie Fenton are also in it. **Good—children may like parts of it.**

**STRANGER IN TOWN** (Warners)—An overly sentimental story about a small town grocer and what happens when a big chain store man comes to town. Chic Sale is the grocer and David Manners represents the chain stores. Ann Dvorak is Chic's daughter and of course there's a love story. **Good, if you care for sentimental stuff—all right for children.**

**A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY** (Warners)—A simply told, but very attractive little story about a millionaire who plays "poor" when he sees his family drifting apart. George Arliss is splendid, as usual. Mary Astor plays his young wife and Evalyn Knapp and William Janney are the young people. **Good—children will like it.**

**SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION** (Radio)—This is a classic by now. It's Fannie Hurst's story of the Ghetto and of a famous surgeon who works up from its depths. Ricardo Cortez is splendid as the surgeon. Irene Dunne is his sweetheart. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

**THIRTEEN WOMEN** (Radio)—Myrna Loy and Ricardo Cortez in mental suggestion story. **Fair—not for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

**TARZAN THE APE MAN** (M-G-M)—This is a classic, too. But if you haven't seen it, hunt it up at some neighborhood theatre. Johnnie Weissmuller is great. And the photography is very beautiful. **Very good—just the thing for the kids.**

**THIS IS THE NIGHT** (Paramount)—Amusing farce of the sophisticated type. Charles Ruggles, Roland Young and Lily Damita are in it. A couple of the songs you're always hearing came from this one. **Good—but children would be bored.**

**THUNDER BELOW** (Paramount)—The famous triangle business again—with Tallulah Bankhead, Paul Lukas and Charles Bickford. It all takes place in the tropics and we seem to have seen something like it before. The acting is good, however. **Good—but very dull for children.**

**TIGER SHARK** (First National)—Edward G. Robinson and Richard Arlen in thrilling story of the tuna fishing industry. **Marvelous pictorial value. Okay for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

**TOM BROWN OF CULVER** (Universal)—A different sort of story about a boys' school. Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell and H. B. Warner are in it. **Excellent—fine for the kids, especially young boys.**

**THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE** (Fox)—Action-full and thrilling courtroom drama. Joan Bennett is the girl who suffers at the hands of the law. Comedy is deftly provided by Zasu Pitts and Skeets Gallagher. **Good—all right for the children.**

**TWO AGAINST THE WORLD** (Warners)—Connie Bennett is called upon to sacrifice her good name to save her brother. Neil Hamilton is Connie's sweetheart—and also the prosecuting attorney who is delving into the murder. **Good—but not suitable for the children.**

**TWO SECONDS** (First National)—This story isn't pretty, but it's engrossing and splendidly acted by Edward G. Robinson, Vivienne Osborne and a good cast. Robinson is a simple sort of chap who's life is ruined by a despicable woman who traps him into a drunken marriage for his money. When he goes to the chair for killing her, his whole life passes before him and that's what the audience sees. **Excellent—but too grim for the youngsters.**

**UNASHAMED** (M-G-M)—A murder trial story. Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Young and Monroe Owsley are in it. **Good—not suitable for the kids.**

**UNEXPECTED FATHER** (Universal)—Slim Summer-ville and Zasu Pitts in a very amusing mix-up all about mistaken identity. **Very good—fine for the young people.**

**THE VANISHING FRONTIER** (Paramount)—An historical romance with John Mack Brown doing very well. Exciting action talkie. **Very good—fine for the kids, especially boys.**

**WAR CORRESPONDENT** (Columbia)—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves do a Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt and do it very well, too. The story centers around the late Chinese upset. **Good—okay for the children.**

**THE WASHINGTON MASQUERADE** (M-G-M)—The famous old play, "The Claw," polished up with a lot of new dialogue and beautiful settings for the talkies. Lionel Barrymore does a fine, if somewhat florid, piece of acting as the brilliant, straight-forward senator who falls into crooked hands. Karen Morley plays the adventuress who marries him to betray him. That new ingenue, Diane Sinclair, is a darling. **Good—but the children would find it dull.**

**WEEK-END MARRIAGE** (Warners)—The problems of modern married life, as set down by Faith Baldwin. Loretta Young plays the girl and Norman Foster the man. **Good—children may like parts of it.**

**WESTWARD PASSAGE** (Pathé)—A story of true love which is killed by poverty. Ann Harding is the wife, Lawrence Olivier the husband who tries so hard to make literature and domesticity mix. **Good—but not interesting for children.**

**THE WET PARADE** (M-G-M)—Powerful fictional propaganda for—and against—prohibition. Upton Sinclair's novel is well produced and well acted by a large cast which includes Robert Young, Dorothy Jordan, Walter Huston, Lewis Stone and Jimmie Durante. **Good—but leave the kids at home.**

**WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD?** (Pathé)—A very entertaining story about Hollywood as it really is. Connie Bennett plays the little waitress who becomes a star. Lowell Sherman is marvelous as her director. **Excellent—young folks will like some of it.**

**WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND** (M-G-M)—Sentimental, but very touching. It's the story of a little cripple (Jackie Cooper) who has only one friend in the world—Chic Sale. **Very good—just the thing for the children.**

**WINNER TAKE ALL** (Warners)—James Cagney socks his way to further popularity in this one. He treats his women rough and makes Park Avenue sit up and stare. Marian Nixon is his true love and Virginia Bruce the wicked city blonde. **Good—splendid for children.**

**70,000 WITNESSES** (Paramount)—Phillips Holmes and Dorothy Jordan in original murder-mystery yarn. **Very good—kids will like some of it.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

**THE WORLD AND THE FLESH** (Paramount)—The Russian Revolution crops up again in the talkies. This isn't a very convincing story, but George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins are good. **Good—children will like it.**

**YOUNG AMERICA** (Fox)—A story about boys—and why they don't always behave like little angels. Spencer Tracy, Doris Kenyon and Ralph Bellamy play the grown-up parts. **Good—fine for the kids, boys especially.**

**YOUNG BRIDE** (Pathé)—Eric Linden as the husband and Helen Twelvetrees as the wife in a slight, but entertaining little story about a young couple and their trials and tribulations. **Fair—dull for children.**

## Exposing Andy Clyde

(Continued from page 107)

Andy. "I'm disappointed in ye, my lad. You don't talk like a Scot any more."

After Andy read the part for him, he said, "I'm a bit dubious about ye, but for your father's sake I'll gie ye a chance."

Following that engagement, which lasted fifteen weeks, Andy decided to try the movies. Before the talkies, it was no easy matter for an actor from the stage to get in, and Andy carried spears and played extra parts for three years before he got a real opportunity.

Then one day he was called, with other extras, to work in a Sennett comedy. The company was working on the docks at the harbor. After Andy had worked in one scene, he slipped behind a pile of lumber and changed his makeup. When the director called him for

another scene, he walked on completely disguised.

"Andy!" called the director, with pardonable irritation. Extras are not supposed to keep directors waiting. "Where's Andy Clyde?" But he was amused when Andy said, "Here I am," and he recognized him.

ALL afternoon this went on and six times Andy appeared on the scene in as many different characters. That night the director called the incident to the attention of Mr. Sennett.

"Hmmm," hmmmmed Mr. Sennett, who never overlooks a good bet. "Let's sign up this one-man cast." So Andy got a contract.

For two years he has portrayed the

character of Pop Martin. The huge walrus mustache that he wears is glued on, but his contract says he must grow his beard and that he may not shave. And that is how it happens that Andy is always seen hiding behind a so-called bush. Hiding behind his Pop Martin makeup and his reserve. A reserve acquired on his eighteenth birthday.

In his heart Andy knows that his father acted for the best. The harsh Scotch method hurt, but the motive was right. Andy has never forgotten it. No matter how short a scene, how trifling a detail, it must be perfect.

Well, that's Andy Clyde. The man who says, "What chance have I to get a girl?" What do you think? Would you like to have him as a boy friend?



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